FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

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JANUARY 1977 $2.00

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HAIRY TALES OF THE CIA IN EUROPE BY PHILIP AGEE

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BLACK VOODOO MAGIC IN NEW ORLEANS BY ISHMAEL REED

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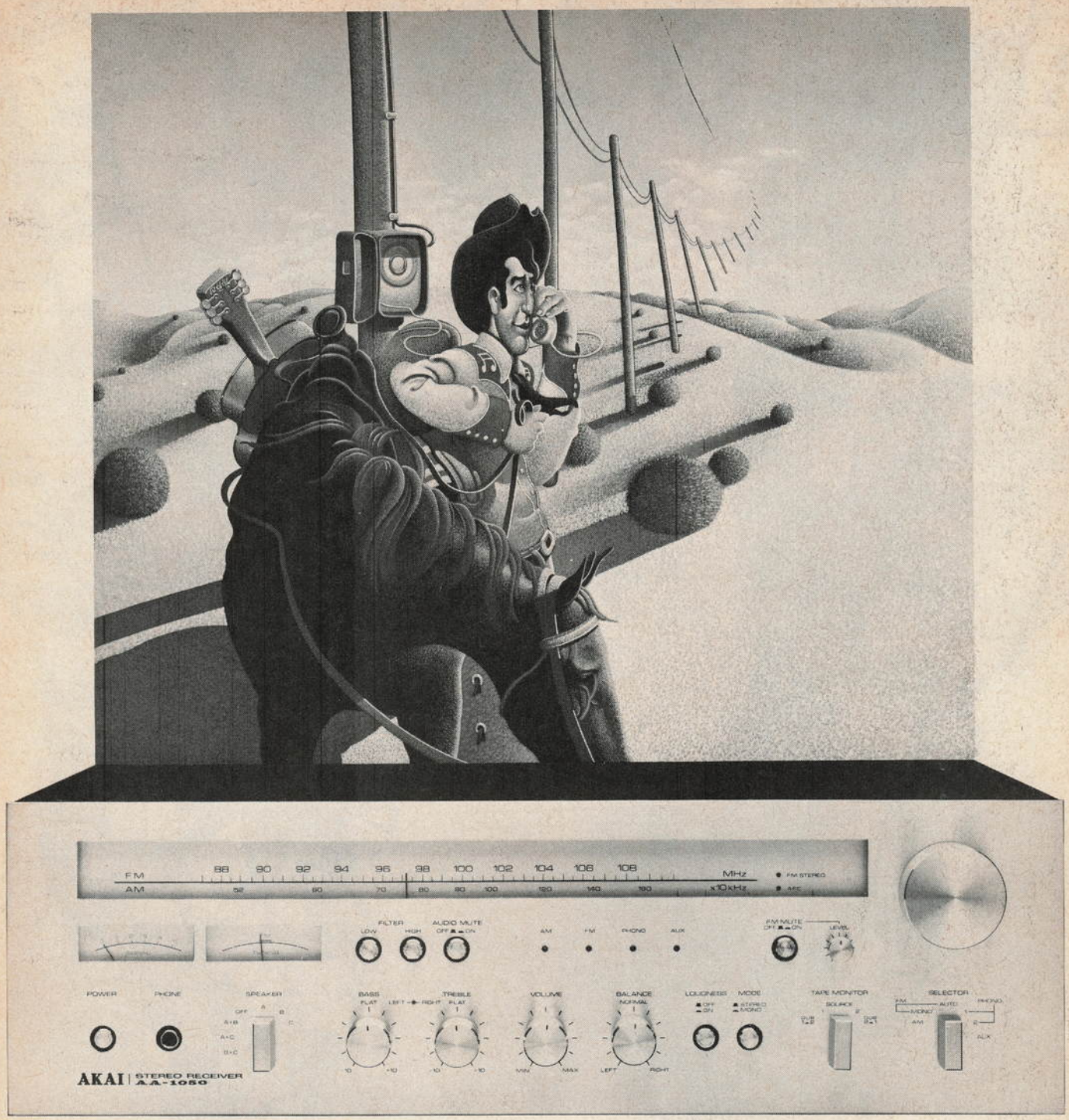
EUROPEAN HAND LANGUAGE,
HALF-TIME GLADNESS AND THE INCREDIBLE
SEARCH FOR THE
AMAZING LOST CONTINENT OF ATLANTIS



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VOL. 6 NO. 1 JANUARY 1977

6
MAIL

15
OPENERS

25
SEX TAPES

30
REVUE

36

LISA MEI-LEE
The Chinese tea ceremony explained.

42
MEN'S LIB
by Herbert Gold
Yak, yak, yak, yak.

45
THE BEST OF SEX IN AMERICA
Best putdown: "I already *have* an asshole in my pants."

50

ATLANTIS
by Robert Anton Wilson
20,000 theories under the sea.

54
THE CIA IN EUROPE
by Philip Agee
and Steve Weissman

58
ANN MARIE
No surgery, no silicone, no tricks. She's all real. Honest.

67
MILITARY EDSELS
by Bill Efros
The Pentagon's biggest flops.

70

DANCING CLASS
How to shake your ass but appear civilized.

76

EUROPEAN HAND CHATTER
Nonverbal communication from across the sea.

78
ANIMALS SPEAK OUT
by David Chagall
Primates are bending our ear.

81
JEANNE
She kissed the city goodbye.

90

CONVERSATION WITH FEDERICO FELLINI
The major educator of the eyeball takes a long, hard squint at *Casanova*.

93

BIONIC LADIES ARE COMING
Future lovemates will come in transparent crates.

98

HALF TIME!
by Charles Monagan
The greatest show on turf.

101
CAN TABLE HOCKEY POLICE ITSELF?
by Christopher Cerf
Advice to the adventurous; tips for the foolhardy.

104

EXCLUSIVE! AMAZING! INCREDIBLE!
by Judith Hennessee
Scuz tabloids clean up.

108
FIVE HOT ITEMS
A retrospective of Francis Giacobetti's lenswork.

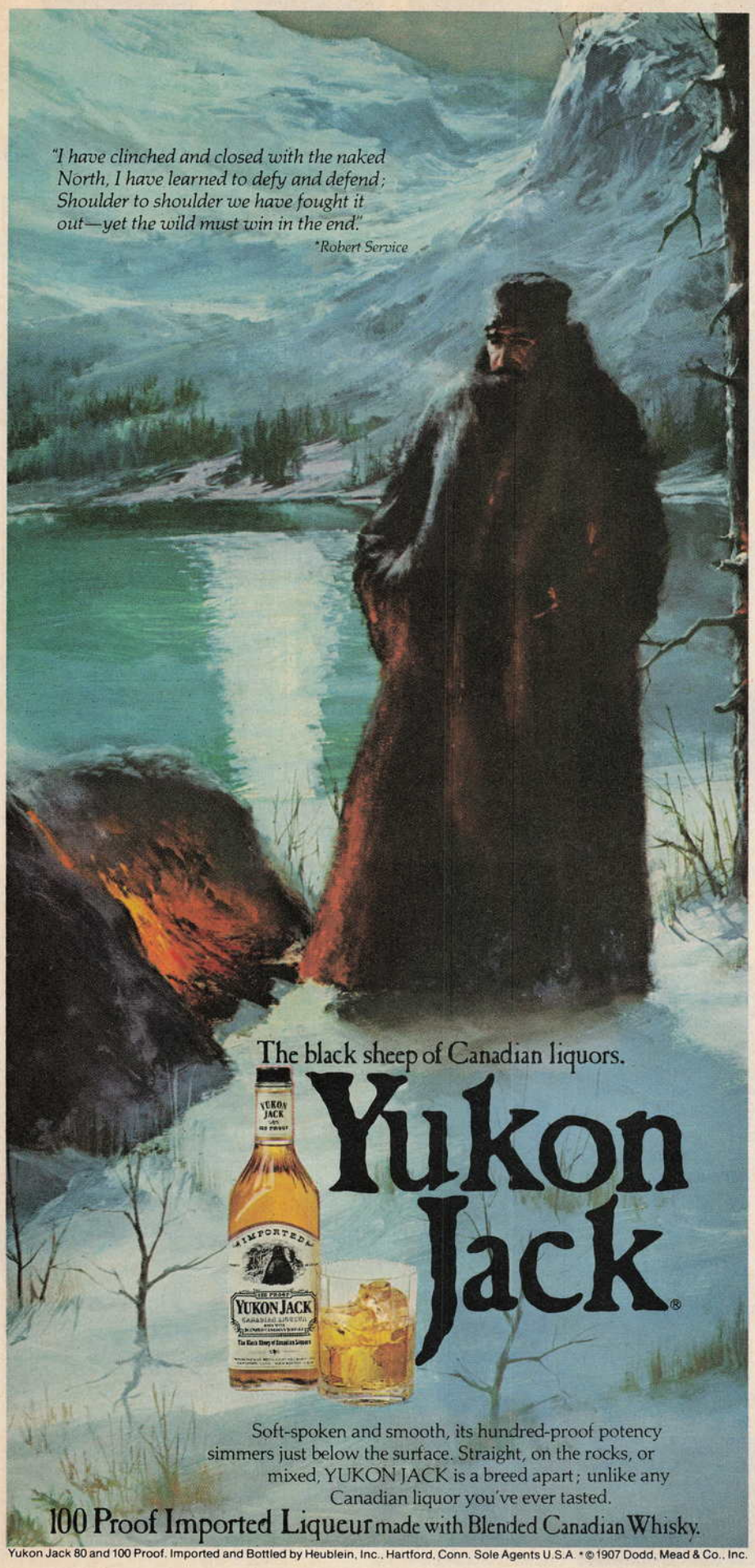
118
CLEAN UP YOUR ACT
Do your epidermis a favor: Make it tingle and smell good.

121
ONE MILE HIGH
How to solve in-flight boredom.

124
VOODOO IN NEW ORLEANS
by Ishmael Reed
The new South meets that old black magic.

133
DOLLY BIRD
Our heroine once again goes into the breach.

149
WHO
Jacqueline Bisset, Jodie Foster and Robert Edmund, that's who.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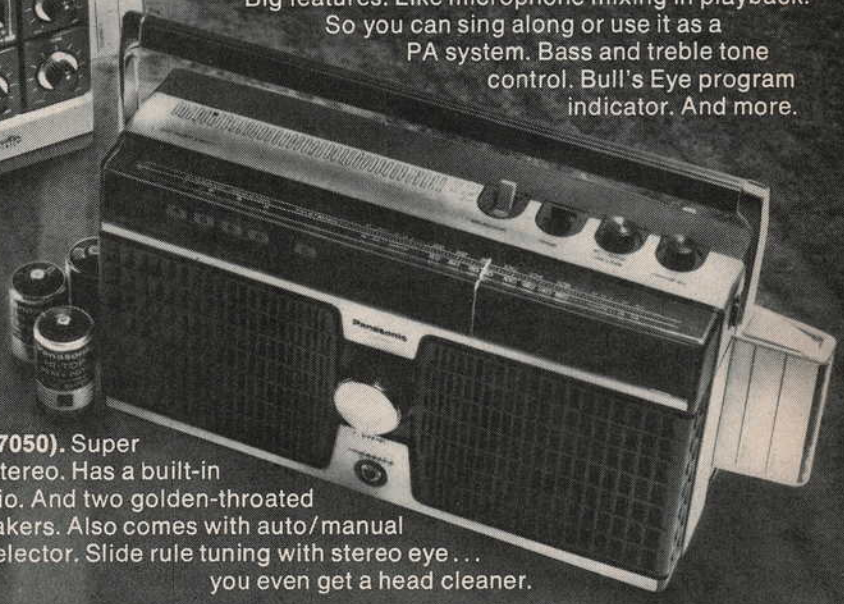

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Rising up Anger-y

I've been a fan of Kenneth Anger ever since I saw his film *Scorpio Rising*. I bet I've read just about every article ever published on him, but John Calendo's *Kenneth Anger Rising* in the October OUI is by far the best. Most articles about Anger either praise him to the skies or damn him as the worst kind of pervert, but Calendo obviously appreciates Anger's genius without falling for the man's bullshit.

BILL SCHOLL
Los Angeles, California

Walt Disney was a transvestite? Clara Bow liked to gangbang with a football team? Shame on you, Calendo, for publicizing the demented ravings of a lunatic. For all that Calendo pretends to poke fun at Anger, it's quite clear that he just *loved* listening to the juicy gossip.

MARY MEYER
Cincinnati, Ohio

Tell them Willie boy is here

So Willie Sutton is a good guy because he only robbed banks and never molested anybody in any way? Have we all become so inured to crime that we applaud a man who has the heart not to kill people when he robs them? Ed Linn, in his *Conversation with Willie Sutton* (October), gives the impression that Sutton is just a clever guy who used his head to make money the best way he knew how. Such a gentle chap. Such a sweet guy. Such romantic nonsense.

MARGARET ADAMS
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Reading the Sutton interview reminded me of an incident that happened some 20 years ago. Way back in the Fifties, I saw a mug shot of Sutton in which he sported a very thin mustache. I thought that he looked rather dashing, so I grew a similar mustache. When I wore my hat at a jaunty angle and smiled I was told that I slightly resembled the infamous Sutton.

At the time, I was boss bill poster for the Christiani Brothers Circus, and as such, I landed in a certain Tennessee city one Saturday evening. As I casually walked downtown, I was suddenly snatched by the fuzz, tossed into a paddy wagon and taken to a very secure jail where I was fingerprinted. I didn't know what was going on until I heard a guard say, "Yup, that's Sutton!"

During the night, they discovered that I wasn't Sutton and they let me go after trumping up a drunk charge. What really burned me up, though, was the discovery that the desk sarge, or someone, pilfered about $150 from my wallet.

I still feel very kindly about the man I was mistaken for, and I'm glad to read that Sutton is out of jail and is doing well as an author.

ART "DOC" MILLER
Starke, Florida

The ears have it!

In the October *Openers*, there is a contest to "Name this star." One of the two bisexual girls is a cocktail waitress, the caption says, and the other is a famous Hollywood movie star. I don't

know about the girl on the left, but the one on the right is most assuredly Elizabeth Montgomery of *Bewitched* fame. The nose and upper lip are unmistakable and the ears are proof positive.

DOUGLAS WALTERS
Anaheim, California

The girl on the right is Sally Struthers.

MARTIN L. HARRIS
Chicago, Illinois

The one on the right must be the cocktail waitress because the other girl is none other than Faye Dunaway.

NIMA YAKUBA
New York, New York

Wrong-o, boys and girls! You can do better than this. We received scores of guesses as to the identity of the movie star, but all of them were incorrect. Actually, Jeff Cohen, our very own photo editor, came the closest with his

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guess that the girl on the left is John Travolta. Watch this space for further developments.

Flu-zy story

James Gorman's piece *How the Swine Flu Got to be That Way* (October) really broke me up. I always knew that the official Government explanation of the term swine virus was a cover-up. I'm glad that OUI had the courage to publish the unvarnished truth about those low-life pigfuckers. Perhaps now we'll discover what really causes chicken pox.

CHUCK TOCE
Hartford, Connecticut

Fun with Fifi

The story and pictures that make up *The Seduction of Fifi* (October) are beyond a doubt the most delightfully sexy I've ever seen in any magazine. I've always thought that the name Fifi belonged solely to toy poodles, but from now on any mention of Fifi will remind me of the innocent Miss Wooster who was cajoled into a *ménage à trois.*

I've been trying for years to talk girls into posing nude for my camera, but with no success. Do the Cooper-Smiths have any advice for a talented, but shy, young photographer?

JOHN MCLAUGHLIN
Atlantic City, New Jersey

Mrs. Cooper-Smith says that the best way to deal with reticent young girls is

with a firm hand and a soft tongue. Mr. Cooper-Smith adds that it doesn't hurt to get down on your knees and beg.

Elevating thoughts

I always thought that I was rather weird because all of my sexual fantasies take place in elevators. Thanks to Ralph Keyes for letting me know in *The Secret Life of Elevators* (October) that I'm not alone in my aberration. I find it impossible to get on an elevator without mentally undressing every occupant, male or female. I never do that in restaurants or on the street, only in elevators. Strange, huh?

In the apartment building where I live, I once did a quickie in the service elevator. It was rather late at night, and I'd been doing my laundry in the basement. There was a young guy down in the laundry room who wasn't quite sure how to use the machines. We chatted a bit and I showed him which buttons to push and then we rode up the elevator together. We both stared silently at the numbers over the elevator door, but the sexual vibes were unmistakable.

I saw him again when I went back down to put my clothes in the driers. This time he stared at me for the entire 16 floors and I felt my nipples get hard. A half an hour later I went back down there to fold my laundry. He finished at the same time and helped me carry some of my stuff to the elevator. As soon as the door closed, he pushed me into a corner and began kissing me. His hands quickly went under the bathrobe I was wearing, and when he discovered that I had no other clothes on, he flipped up my robe and entered me from behind. I leaned my elbows into the basket of warm laundry and thrust my hips back at him. After a few minutes, he reached over and pushed the button for the top floor. An incredible flush of excitement came over me as we rode up the 25 stories. I don't think that I've ever been so immediately and intensely turned on in my life. Once we got to the top, we rested for a moment and then rode silently back down to our respective floors.

I've seen the guy several times since, usually in the morning when we're both dressed for work. I never look at him and he never looks at me. We both just stare at the numbers over the door—and remember.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Detroit, Michigan

When I read the elevator article, I immediately thought of the time that my girlfriend Kay and I got stuck in an elevator while seeing the sights in New York. I always had a healthy fear of elevators, but Kay loves them and it seemed to me that she wanted to visit practically every tall building in the city. One day, after we'd already seen the Empire State Building and the World Trade Center, we found ourselves stuck between the 31st and 32nd floors in some building full of art galleries. I was really nervous. I immediately imagined us hurtling some 30 floors to a most certain death.

Kay, however, found the situation quite exciting. She wanted to make love right then and there, but I was too nervous. So she leaned back against the wall and began taking pictures of me—we both had cameras around our necks. At

first, I just stared at her in amazement, but I had to grin when she began a coy striptease, clicking away at me all the while. I couldn't resist picking up my camera to take the enclosed picture. As she unveiled the second nipple, I took off my camera and said, "Well, we all gotta go sometime," and I kissed her. At that moment, the elevator started to move and within seconds we were rescued. You know, I'm kind of sorry that we weren't stuck there longer.

TONY FUENTES
Miami, Florida

Different vibes

Jerome Clark did an excellent job of chronicling the activities of the Texas Brownsville Bird in his article *Unidentified Flapping Objects* (October).

I have pursued such elusive entities as Bigfoot, the Loch Ness Monster and the Brownsville Bird since the mid-Fifties. As I reported in my book *Mysteries of Time and Space*, I've seen piles of these creatures' dung, measured their footprints, examined tufts of their hair and observed the carnage they sometimes wreak on farmers' cattle and dogs. But I've never seen even one of them with my own eyes.

As a result of my research, I have developed the theory that these entities are both real and unreal; they are paraphysical. Perhaps they emerge from another dimension and vibration of time

and space when certain as-yet-undetermined conditions become fortuitous with our own dimension. When they enter our reality construct, transiently real, they prowl around for some time, frightening humans and devouring livestock, and then they either wander back through the aperture to their own dimension or else begin to disintegrate as their vibratory rate fails to adjust to the vibratory rate of our dimension.

BRAD STEIGER
Decorah, Iowa

I read Clark's article about the things that "go bump, crash and eee-eee-eee in the night" with great interest.

I would like to mention that there *is* a highway in the Rio Grande Valley called the longest main street in the world, but it is not U. S. 77, as Clark writes, but U. S. 83, which runs west from Harlingen to Mission and through no fewer than ten cities and towns. It gets its name from the fact that city-limit signs are practically back to back, and each town's downtown area centers on, or used to center on, the highway.

I have some other observations concerning Clark's story, but you'll have to excuse me. My secretary tells me that there is a very large, strange, feathered being outside my door muttering something about equal time in a very high-pitched voice.

RAY NORTON, News Director
KGBT-TV
Harlingen, Texas

A sellout?

I agree completely with Robert S. Wieder's sentiments as expressed in *Bourgeois Is Beautiful* (October). For all that we Sixties radicals presented a countercultural facade, with our incense, beads, black-light posters, water pipes and progressive politics, we have all shifted gears into the Seventies without much of a whimper.

As Wieder points out, our only real break with our parents was our new approach to hedonism. But there's no doubt about it, we've now become the establishment. My former Berkeley psychedelic travel agent is now pursuing a Ph.D. in pharmaceutical biochemistry. My own late-night jam sessions in dingy Oakland bars ended with a degree from Berkeley and my current position as assistant to the president of ABC Records, International Division.

Did we all sell out? I don't think so. All we really did was grow up.

PHIL ALEXANDER
San Francisco, California

Wieder is, as usual, right on target. I think that the flower-child phenomenon was a good one, and I'm glad that I lived through it. Is it really so strange

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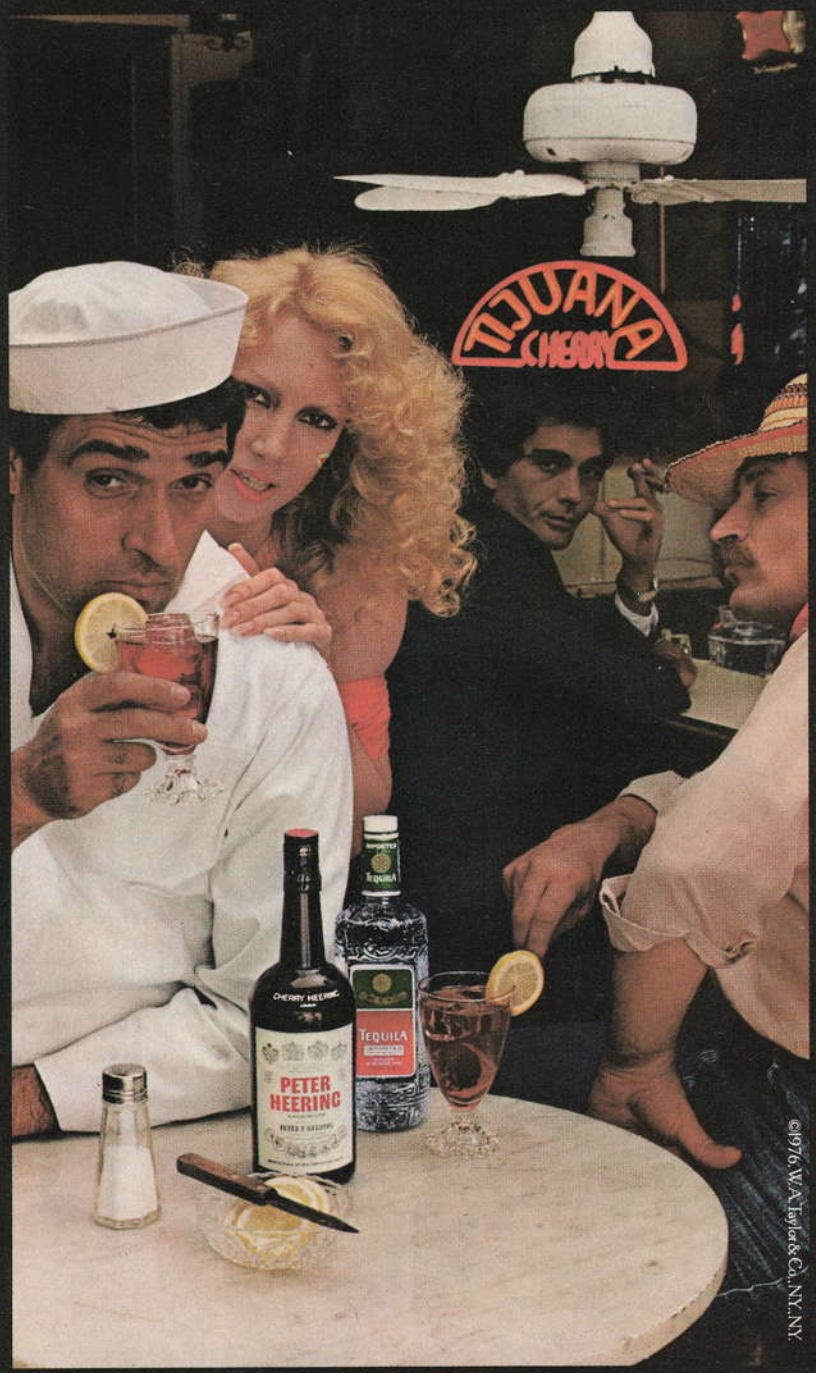

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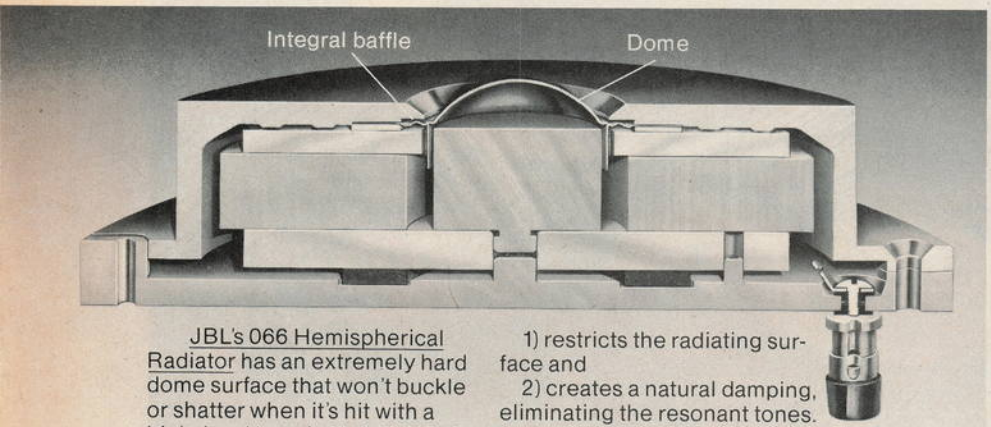

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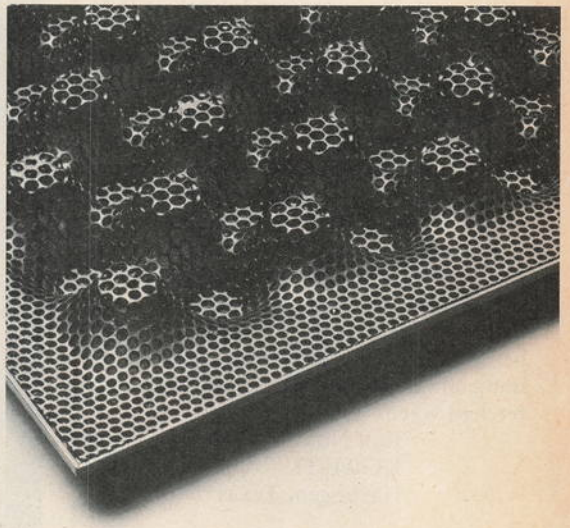

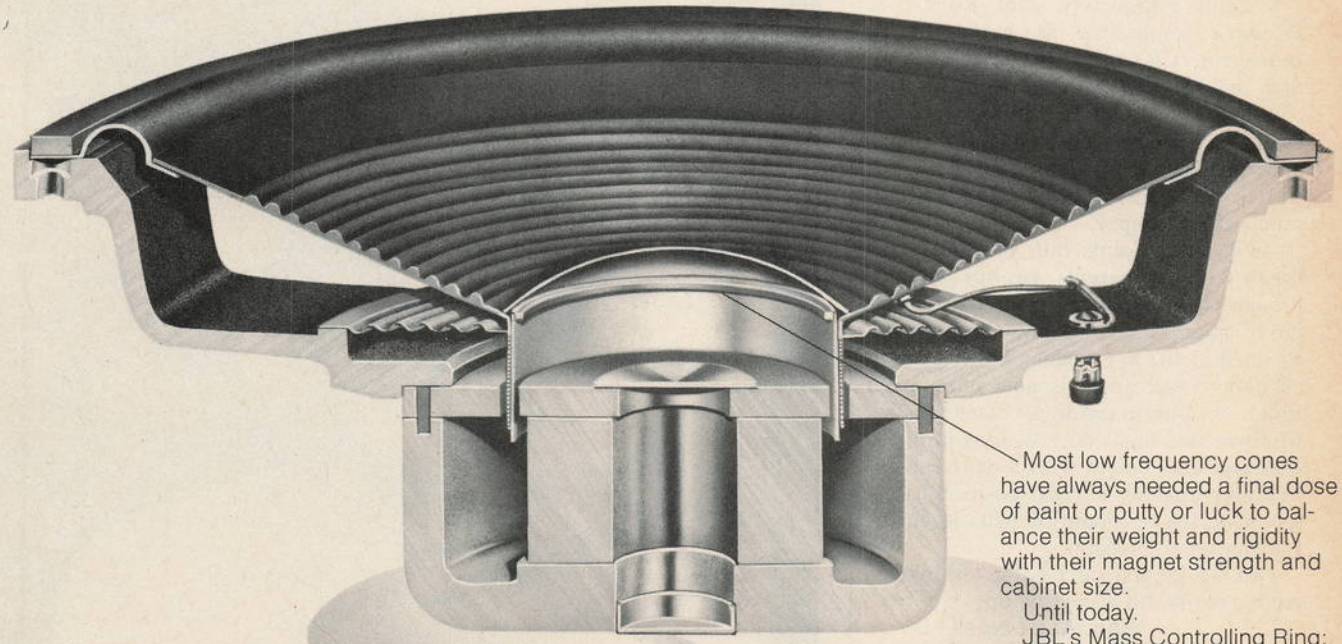

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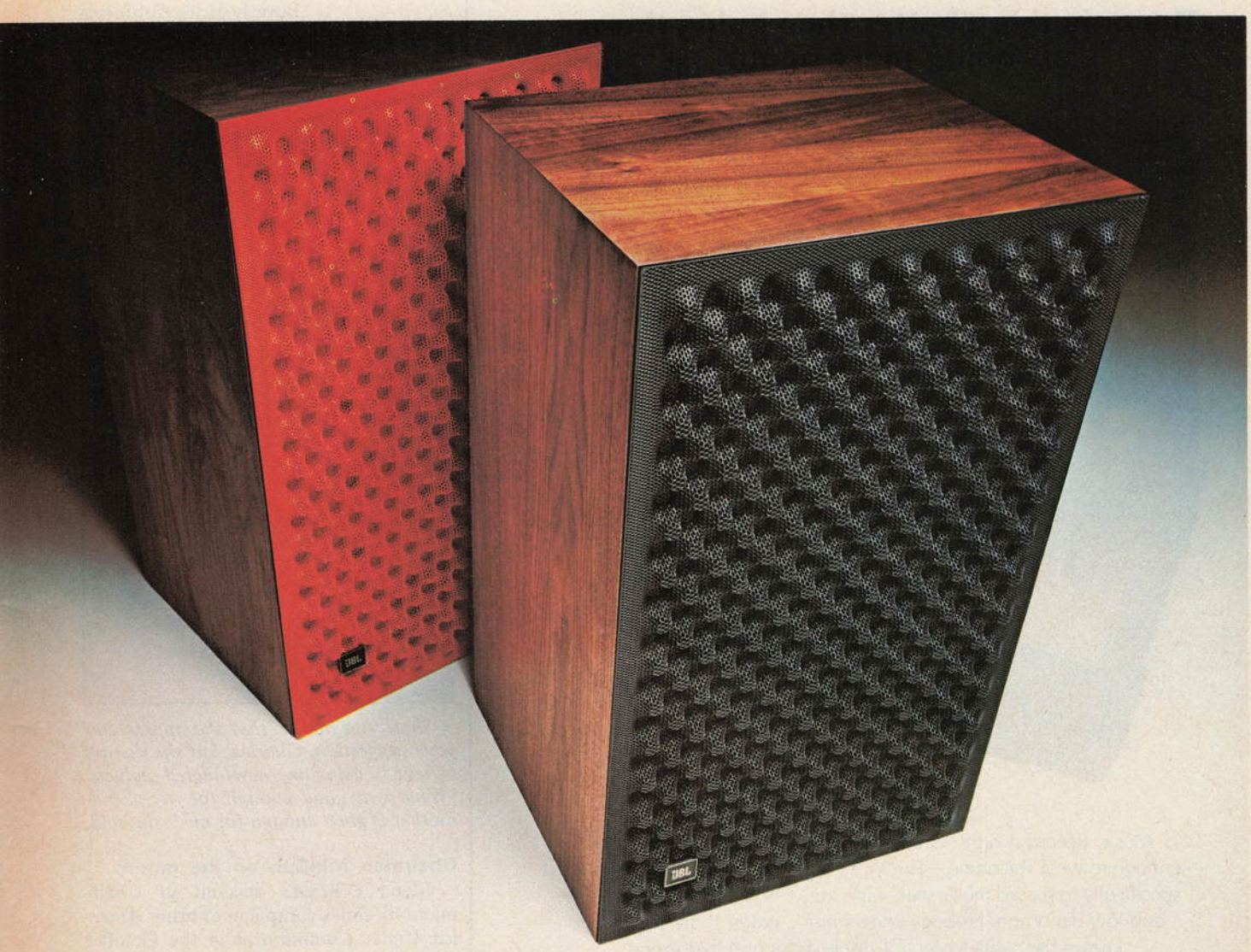
JBL has been at this for more than thirty years, and one thing we've learned to make with the greatest care is a promise.

Promise: If you haven't heard JBL's L166, you haven't heard nothing.



JBL's new L166. $400 each.

JBL

James B. Lansing Sound, Inc., 8500 Balboa Blvd., Northridge, Calif. 91329

The only thing better than being there is being there again

Music. Record it right. On the only premium blank tape good enough to wear the name—The Music Tape™ by Capitol. It's designed specifically to record music with wide frequency response, low noise and low distortion. Nobody knows music better than Capitol... knows the subtle colors of treble, bass and mid-range. Listen. Record. Listen. The Music Tape by Capitol takes you there again and again and again.

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the music tape™
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BLANK CASSETTES, CARTRIDGES & REEL TO REEL

records music

CAPITOL MAGNETIC PRODUCTS A DIVISION OF CAPITOL RECORDS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CA.

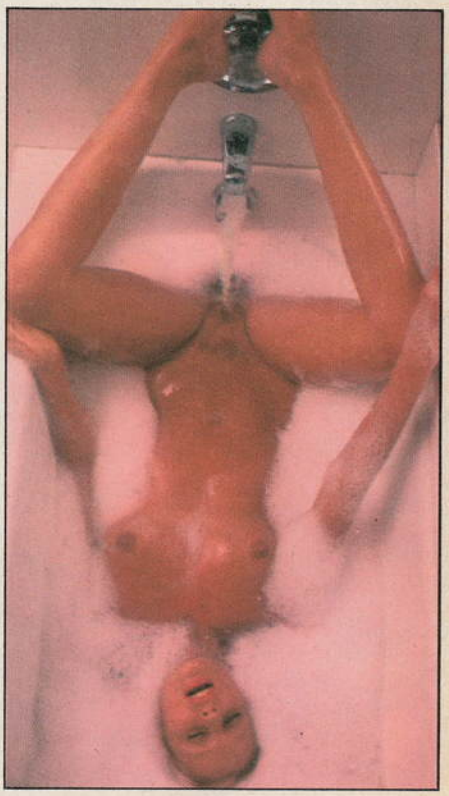
that we've changed with time? I think not; it would have been much odder if we'd all stayed the same.

DAVE MCQUEEN, disc jockey
KSAN-Radio
San Francisco, California

Squeaky clean

It's nice to see that your magazine is publishing some clean pictures for once. I'm referring to those in the October issue of the lovely *Sharleena* washing up and relaxing in the tub. Her position seems a mite awkward, however, and I can't help but wonder why she doesn't purchase one of those new, vibrating shower heads.

CHARLES HUTCHINS
Beverly Hills, California



Sharleena told us that she appreciates your suggestion, Charles, but she doesn't believe in using any newfangled gadgets. "What was good enough for my grandmother is good enough for me," she said.

Chairman Nik-Sun on the march

Glenn O'Brien's account of Chairman Nik-Sun's campaign to bring *America Under Communism* in the October issue is the funniest story I've read all year. I noticed that right after the issue hit the stands, Mao died. He must have split a gut laughing.

ROBERT WHEELER
Seattle, Washington

Address letters to:
Mail, OUI
919 N. Michigan Avenue
Chicago, Illinois 60611

Bad sound is an unnecessary evil.

To hear music beautifully reproduced in the home is one of life's most pleasurable experiences.

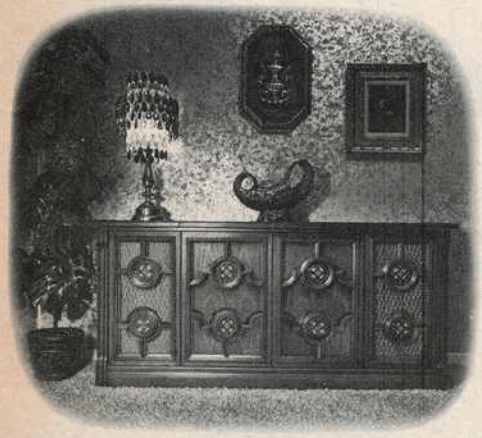
It's also a pleasure that 8 out of 10 Americans have never experienced.

Good for news. Bad at music.

Unfortunately, most people still listen to music played through dinky kitchen radios that weren't intended for accurate music reproduction in the first place.

Or they invest in "magnificent mediterranean fruitwood stereo consoles" which may be easy on the eyes but are generally a blight on the ears.

Some people pick up nifty all-in-one stereo compacts they believe will give them good, high-fidelity sound. But a visit to a reputable high-fidelity dealer will quickly shatter that belief. Because only there will you hear *true* high fidelity and come to realize just how inadequate everything else is.



The $900 worth of fruitwood looks good. The $200 worth of electronics sounds bad.

The simple truth is that only real high fidelity will give you real high-fidelity sound. That means separate component pieces: receivers, turntables, tape decks and speakers, each designed to do its job perfectly.

Pioneer makes more different high-fidelity components than anybody. In fact, we're the leading high-fidelity manufacturer in the world today.

If you don't own some Pioneer components, or some of similar quality (such as those made by Marantz, Kenwood, Sansui and a handful of other dedicated companies) you're probably listening to bad sound. And it's so unnecessary.

This may be stereo. But it's not high fidelity.

Today, in 1976, good hi-fi components (as opposed to bad "no-name" stereo systems which are ridiculously low-priced and provide sound to match) cost no more than many unsatisfactory alternatives.

True, you can assemble a super Pioneer system that costs more than an automobile. But that's equipment designed for the high-fidelity purist to whom expense is no object.

On the other hand, the Pioneer receiver, turntable and speakers shown here cost about the same as the console pictured at left. And when it comes to sound, there's no comparison.

Pioneer also makes equipment that costs still less. So for a few dollars more than a plastic compact, you can have life-size and life-like sound the compact could never deliver.

You see, bad sound is not only unnecessary. It's unjustifiable.

Avoid buying cheap "no-name" stereo in a place like this or you'll end up with no-quality sound.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie, New Jersey 07074.

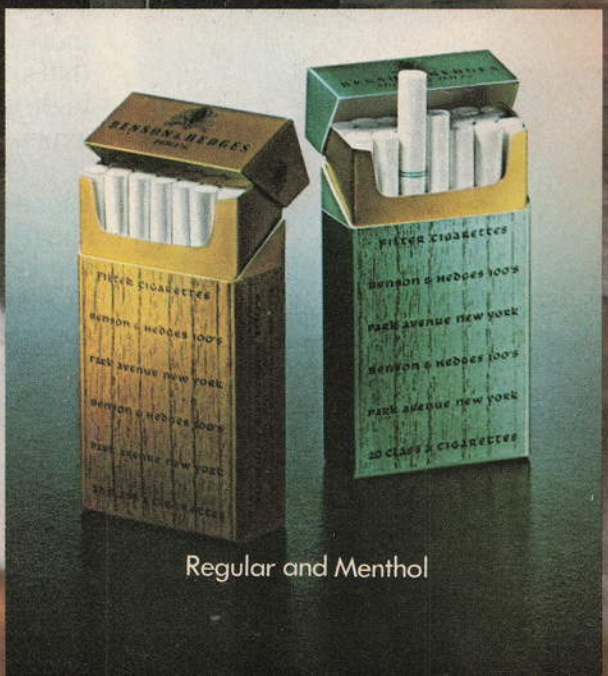
For a brochure describing the full line of Pioneer high-fidelity components and their capabilities, write us. To hear our sound with your own ears, visit your Pioneer dealer.

PIONEER®

©U.S. PIONEER ELECTRONICS CORP., 1976.

If you got bopped doing the bump with your soft pack, try our hard pack.

Benson & Hedges 100's



Regular and Menthol

17 mg. "tar," 1.1 mg. nicotine,
av. per cigarette, by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

OPENERS

Hoosier barber?

Several housewives in Lake County, Indiana, have been victimized over the past six months by a bizarre telephone prankster who identifies himself as Dr. Cummings.

Typically, Dr. Cummings telephones a housewife with the news that her husband has just been admitted to a nearby hospital suffering from convulsions caused by a very contagious parasite. He explains that in all probability, the wife is affected, too. The good "doctor" then instructs the housewife to part her hair down the middle and remove locks, down to the scalp, from several different areas. He then tells the woman to put each lock into a separate bag and to wait for a hospital technician who will be arriving presently to collect the samples.

The Lake County sheriff's office said the caller is almost impossible to trace, because he makes only one call to each victim and follows no set pattern; but in a preventive move, the sheriff's police have warned women in the area to ignore any directives to remove their hair.

One-bun salute

We take the cake from our good friend Father Guido Sarducci (that's Don Novello, if you don't speak Italian) to help us say "Bye-bye, Bicentennial." Father Sarducci even sent a song, *200 Candles (on a Quarter Pounder Bun)*, which goes in part: "You know, it seems like it was only yesterday, you was a pimply-faced coonskin cap of a country, runnin' around the woods beatin' off the Indians and

their bison. Don't you think it's something, now that the Bicentennial is here, all the bison are gone?" Bison? The Bisontennial? Thanks, *o padre nostro*, that wraps it up. *Arivederci*, 1976.

Robin Schwartz, an enterprising New York City photographer, offers you this spanking new New Year's card: Ten dollars buys a box of ten. Write to him at 67 Second Ave., New York, New York 10003 to get yours. Then write to your friends and wish them sentiments appropriate to the season. They'll appreciate the thought.

The king of farts

The you-think-you-have-problems department: From the annals of *The New England Journal of Medicine* comes "Studies of a Flatulent Patient," the bizarre tale of the man who had to fart.

One day in 1974, a 28-year-old man with a five-year history of excessive flatus blew into the office of the authors —four staff members of the University of Minnesota department of medicine. They were glad to see him, because they were ready for a challenge—"the physician seldom deals rationally with a patient complaining of excessive flatus," they said. He was glad to see them, because the advice he'd been given by seven other doctors was to eat slowly

TRICENTENNIAL GOO

Now that all the Bicentennial nonsense is past, OUI wants to remind you all that 1976 marked the tricentennial of the discovery of sperm.

Granted, there is considerable evidence that spermatozoa were in use before 1676. But it was in 1676 that Anton van Leeuwenhoek, with the aid of a medical student named Ham, examined a sample of human semen under Leeuwenhoek's simple microscope, and behold—they got an eyeful of sperm.

While it was recognized at least since Biblical time that semen had something to do with reproduction, precisely what it had to do with reproduction had been previously unknown.

Leeuwenhoek's findings were published, but his colleagues maintained that the sperm were parasitic animalcules that had nothing to do with conception. It was not until 200 years after Leeuwenhoek, when the union of the egg and the sperm was observed, that the true significance of the sperm was finally accepted.

So, even though you've missed your chance to give your tricentennial salute to the discovery of sperm, next time the subject comes up between you and your partner, think of what long hours are spent in medical research and think of Anton van Leeuwenhoek.

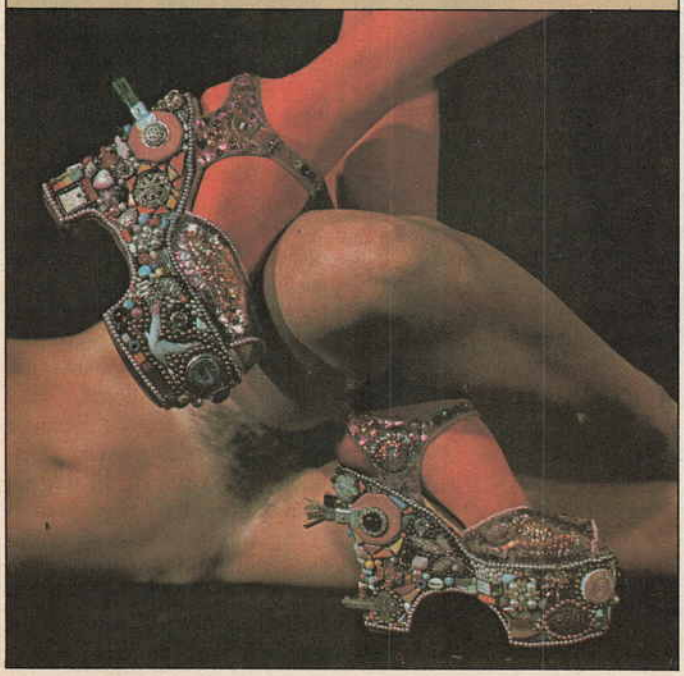
Kicks by Dickens

Finally the fashion-conscious female can spend an outrageous wad on a pair of *equally* outrageous shoes: Kicks by Dickens.

Each pair is custom-designed to fit her feet and needs. Shown here is The Naughty Schoolgirl, featuring a 17-jewel watch, authentic rubber erasers, a school key, mother-of-pearl doves, real bottle caps and a sterling-silver stash box mounted above the heel (of the left shoe only). Capacity of the stash box is one gram of Bolivian flake or about one dozen assorted pills.

Shoes are custom made by Dickens "44" Bascom, of 39 Corte Madera Avenue, Mill Valley, California. Also available at The Boot Hook in San Francisco. Prices start at $750.

—BOB KNICKERBOCKER



with his mouth closed and to reduce the pace of his life. His new doctors scored a grant from the U. S. Public Health Service and got to work.

For a year, the mercifully anonymous cheese-cutter kept detailed flatugraphic records of his farts and belches. He averaged 34 farts a day compared with an age-matched control group's average of 13.6. And he wasn't helped by medication, although he did kick belching after the doctors showed him it was caused by his gulping air.

During an experiment with a 48-hour water-only diet, our hero cut down to ten or 11 farts a day. On a two-day diet of milk, he soared to 141 a day, including an incredible 70 passages in four hours, a performance that the authors say is "pending recognition by the *Guinness Book of World Records*."

The doctors were constricted by the conspiracy of silence hanging over a topic that has interested laymen and physicians since the beginning of recorded history. "In fact," they wrote, "we are unaware of any reports describing studies of a flatulent patient." How, then, could they hope to cure their subject's excretion rate of 346 milliliters of gas per hour—a figure that smothered "the record rate of 168 milliliters per hour for subjects ingesting 51 percent of their calories as baked beans"?

The physicians tinkered with their subject's diet and prescribed a variety of drugs, but all their efforts seemed to backfire. They decided the patient must "harbor a colonic flora unusually proficient at generating gas."

"At present," the report solemnly concludes, "the patient is assiduously testing a variety of foods in an attempt to develop a flatusfree, palatable diet—thus far without even a whiff of success."

Say it with thorns

Pictured top right is another masterpiece from J. Dinh Van, a deep-thinking Paris

jeweler who has a knack for creating trinkets that are not necessary but are certainly sufficient. This solid-gold razor and matching chain will become the cutting edge of your personal fashion statement. Actually, Van assures us, the razor is purely decorative and can't break the skin. But it's the thought that counts, right?

Racket rock

"Mid-gibberish, you came in a bit late. More frantic, please, low cackles. Pick up the tempo, deep moans and low grunts."

What gives? The making of an X-rated film? A Presidential press conference? Why, no, it's just Kirk Nurock directing a chorus in natural sound, a radical new approach to music that uses sounds and noises from the human body exclusively.

According to Nurock, anyone can play first-chair cackle: "Martha Graham once said that every person has a dance. The musical equivalent is also true. Every person has his own song." In natural-sound workshops, Nurock records breath, heartbeat, gurgles, giggles, hisses, murmurs, coughs, whimpers, shrieks, whistles, laughs and sighs and then weaves them into a weird harmonious choral texture.

Nurock, a 27-year-old pianist-composer, has scored numerous Broadway and off-Broadway shows and has played with Chet Baker and Dizzy Gillespie. He also arranges and writes for Doc Severinsen. He believes that his organic approach to music is an exciting adventure and also that it is effective psychiatric therapy. "I've used the

You're going to spend $300 for a receiver? And you never heard of PPR?

Stereo Receivers	Sugg. Ret.† Price	Min. RMS Power Per Channel into 8 Ohms	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power (Max.)	FM Sensitivity IHF '58	FM Sensitivity Stereo –50dB*
SA-5760	$799.95	165 watts from 20Hz–20kHz	0.08%	1.8μV	35.7dBf
SA-5560	499.95	85 watts from 20Hz–20kHz	0.1	1.8μV	36.2dBf
SA-5460	399.95	65 watts from 20Hz–20kHz	0.1	1.8μV	36.2dBf
SA-5360	299.95	38 watts from 20Hz–20kHz	0.3	1.9μV	37.2dBf
SA-5160	229.95	25 watts from 30Hz–20kHz	0.5	1.9μV	37.2dBf
SA-5060	169.95	12 watts from 40Hz–20kHz	0.9	2.0μV	38.2dBf

†Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers. *New IHF '75 standard

PPR is price performance relationship. And we feel it's a meaningful way of judging a receiver because it can tell you how much power, technology and performance you're getting for your money.

And when you look at our price performance relationship it's easy to see why your next receiver should be a Technics.

Of course, we want you to listen to our receivers. Especially since all six have the reserve power to float through complex musical passages with a minimum of distortion and clipping. And they all have rugged transformers. Bridged rectifiers. As well as high-capacitance filtering.

Play a record. You'll hear it the way it was recorded. Quietly and with greater dynamic range. Because we use an overload-resistant 3-stage IC in the phono equalizer sections.

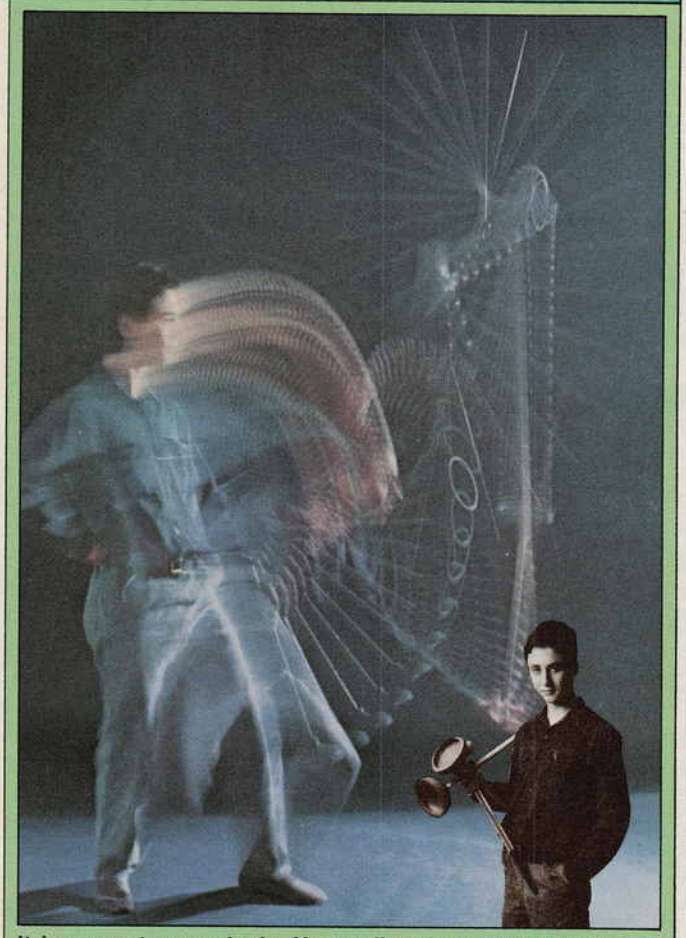
Tune in an FM station. Even a weak one. In addition to hearing all the music, you'll also get increased stereo separation. Negligible distortion. And a minimum of noise. Thanks to flat group delay filters and Phase Locked Loop IC's in the tuner sections.

So if you'd like to know a simple way to discover just some of the reasons why a Technics receiver is so good... it's as easy as PPR.

All cabinetry simulated wood.

Technics
by Panasonic

Plunge right in!



It happens to everybody. Your toilet clogs. Water inches its way toward the top of the bowl. You grab your trusty plunger, right?

Not so fast, friend. If Peter Suber has his way, your plunger and your toilet will part company forever. Suber, 24 years old, founder and president of the National Academy of Plunger Arts and Sciences, editor of *Plunjournal* and multiple gold medalist in the 1972 Plunger Olympics, is intent on bringing the plunger out of the water closet and into the living room.

In six years' time, Suber, a graduate student at Northwestern University, has taught himself and others to balance and throw a plunger with enough dexterity and grace to astonish the most jaded observer. Plungeons, as they like to be called, perform a series of tricks that involve tossing the plunger into the air so that it spins, flips, twists and rotates before they recover it, usually handle side down. Suber makes the tricks look easy, but they're not. Try a simple toss like the Static Single and you're likely to wind up greeting a plunger face to face.

Although he's worked up the half-dozen basic maneuvers into over 100 variations and combinations, Suber was never content to stop at plunger *art*. Like a young Da Vinci, he's spent a good part of the last few years scratching detailed calculations into a bound notebook and analyzing each move of the plunger according to the laws of physics. Plunger art is still in its infancy, but theoreticians have recognized four branches of plunger science: gudgeon theory, sector theory, cusp theory and unified-field theory.

"Physicists don't have their unified-field theory yet," Suber adds. "This is what Einstein was looking for when he died."

So what about the overflowing toilet? "It's still prudent to unclog a toilet with a plunger," Suber concedes, "provided that you have a second plunger—a virgin—reserved for artistic purposes."

—RHONDA STAR HEISLER

technique myself with patients in city hospitals and have been able to find results," he says. He has also conducted workshops at Yale, NYU and many schools and hospitals in and around the New York area.

Nurock was not available for comment on reports that he has signed with Grunt Records for natural-sound renditions of such standards as *Moan River, Shriek of Araby, I've Groan Accustomed to Her Face* and *If You Were the Only Gurgle in the World.*

Recipe rip-off

Tired of eating from Styrofoam dishes on fake-wood Formica tables in stainless-steel and plastic palaces filled with wastebaskets named PUSH? Gloria Pitzer thinks you deserve a break today. Thanks to Mrs. Pitzer, you can now reproduce the delicious meals featured at America's great fast-food restaurants in the comfort and privacy of your own kitchen.

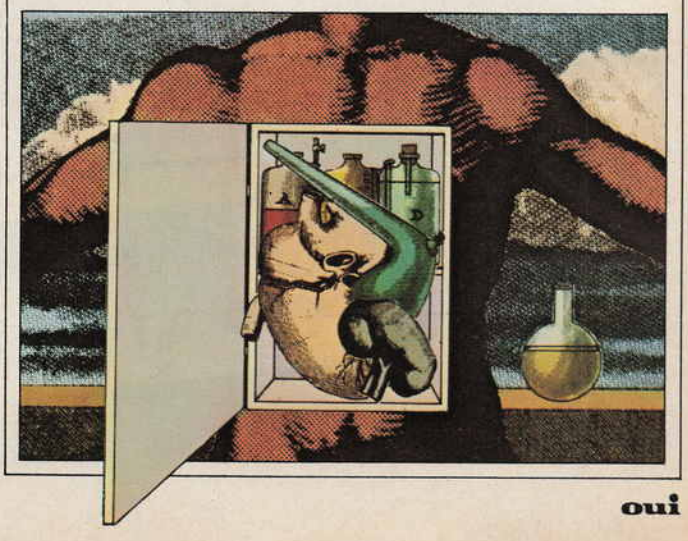
Mrs. Pitzer deals in bootleg recipes. In an innocent-sounding publication named *Homemakers Newsletter*—"Almost a magazine, *not* quite *a* newspaper"—out of Pearl Beach, Michigan, Mrs. Pitzer reveals the secrets of the franchise-food titans—Taco Bell Tortillas, Arby's Thin-Sliced Beef, Burger King Onion Rings and even McDonald's Big Mac Special Sauce.

Mrs. Pitzer also exposes some of your swankier restaurants' menu specialties—Lindy's famous cheesecake, Chasen's hobo steak, the Waldorf-Astoria's hot consomme—as well as the recipes of the stars—Jacqueline O.'s potatoes, President Johnson's baked beans, Gene Hackman's chicken and Mamie Eisenhower's five-pounds fudge. A famous-dish recipe card costs a quarter; five cards cost a buck.

How, you are probably asking yourself, does she do it? Mrs. Pitzer's promotional brochure claims that "Some hotels and well-known dining establishments have generously

$6,000,000 man

For years, high school chemistry textbooks have been selling the human body short by claiming that the basic materials that go into it would bring only 97 cents on the open market. As every wino this side of OUI's Assistant Publisher's office knows, it's a buyer's market. Still, we began to get suspicious when we discovered that the price had not changed in 20 or 30 years. Yale molecular biologist Harold J. Morowitz also got curious. He pulled out a catalog from a biochemical company and started running down the cost of the synthesized materials that make up the corpus of Homo sapiens. His repair estimate listed such items as hemoglobin ($2.95 per gram) and the ever-popular bradykinin ($12,000 per gram). His final total: $6,000,015.44. Of course, if the subject has just snorted a gram of cocaine, that total goes up to $6,000,115.44.



one·point·five

A Paper and a Half

We all know an expert roller, who with a twist and a lick, can roll the perfect cigarette with one, single paper. On the other hand, almost anyone can roll a double-wide. But some of us are still sitting on the fence trying to avoid extremes. Well fellow middle of the roaders, here's something for us: JOB's new **one-point-five,** the perfect size rolling paper. Thin, white, rice paper, bigger than a singie paper, smaller than a double-wide.

JOB, the world's finest cigarette paper now in three sizes: double-wide, **one-point-five,** and single width.

CIGARETTE JOB PAPERS

JOB'S GREATEST HITS

Includes two packs JOB Double-wide papers, white and strawberry; one pack JOB **one • point • five**; and one pack JOB wheatstraws, single. (One sample to a family, please.) **I am enclosing $1 to cover cost, postage and handling. I am over 21 years of age.**

Mr./Mrs./Ms. _____

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City/State/Zip _____

Dept. OU-177

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Show us your skin!

With trembling hands, we opened the letter, and out spilled the bounteous charms of one Francine G., from Amarillo, Texas. The note asked, "How do you like my tan?" Let us count the ways, Francine: one, two, three. Actually, we have never seen such selective tanning. You?

shared their 'house specialties' with her readers. When they decline the invitation to share a recipe, she sets out to duplicate the dish." She says now that even the people who cook up Arthur Treacher's Fish 'n' Chips would want her secret.

We appreciate what you're doing for us, Gloria, but we wish your recipes included an inflatable parking lot replete with all the bustle and hustle of a date night.

—THEODORE FISCHER

Short'nin' bred

"Hey, Pancho!" "Hey, Crisco!" No need to snicker about it, we all know that a certain commonly used household item has greased the sexual revolution for our gay friends. It's gotten to the point where a raised fist is no longer a power salute but a kind of invitation to engage in a tight squeeze. To dress up that invitation, the Trading Post in San Francisco now offers this studded leather wristband. One more reason why Crisco is America's most digestible shortening.

De gustibus garbage: nutritious waste

Back in the early Sixties, a friend of ours at an expensive private school sold his meal ticket and subsisted for the best part of a semester on scraps that he found on people's plates at the end of meals. He wasn't supposed to be ahead of his time—just crazy. But now word comes from Norway that two high school kids have had a great gastronomic holiday, scarfing food out of dustbins as they traveled around by bike. They hadn't planned on eating garbage; but on their first night out, just as they were about to bait their hooks and go fishing, they threw some junk into a trash can and uncovered four eggs, four ham sandwiches, half a packet of paprika-flavored crisps, a tin of mackerel and a can of fruit salad—as well as sausage meat, plum jam, bread and margarine. Well, the hell with fishing—the dustbins were a lot more fertile: One yielded 20 freshly cooked crabs, plus a loaf of bread and mayonnaise—unspoiled. Of course, Pittsburgh isn't Oslo, and a search through your neighborhood's trash might turn up nothing better than the remains of a shriveled Big Mac or a petrified pizza with ambulatory anchovies—and you might have to fight off rats (or neighbors hungrier than yourself) for those goodies. The trick in America is to circulate through the alleys behind the best hotels and restaurants, where you might happen across some lobster tails or some of the bacon that's always thrown out after

The rumbling of the track, the powerful surge of massive diesel engines—yes, friends, there's romance on the rails. This woman has an acute case of fear of flying, so when she travels, she just sits back and lets the Cherry Blossom Special take her where she wants to go.

TREND OF THE MONTH

THE TRADITIONAL TAFFY TUSSLE AND TUG

Sick of watching the snow fall? Nothing on the tube and Edmund Spenser just doesn't cut it anymore? Do as thousands do: Make a whole shitload of taffy. It's easy. Take 10 lbs. sugar, 25 lbs. white corn syrup, 5 ozs. salt, 2 quarts water, 4 lbs. fat and 10 lbs. frappé (which is 10 lbs. white corn syrup, 8 ozs. dry egg whites, 3 lbs. nulomolin). Beat frappé in a blender until stiff and frothy. (It's getting good already, right?) Heat the other ingredients to 260°. Add the frappé. Blend well. Pour onto a buttered slab. Let cool slightly. Take outside edges and fold inward. Pull like crazy. Our taffy mavens want to warn you that this project is an all-night commitment, and that life involves a lot of give and take.

OUI Ts

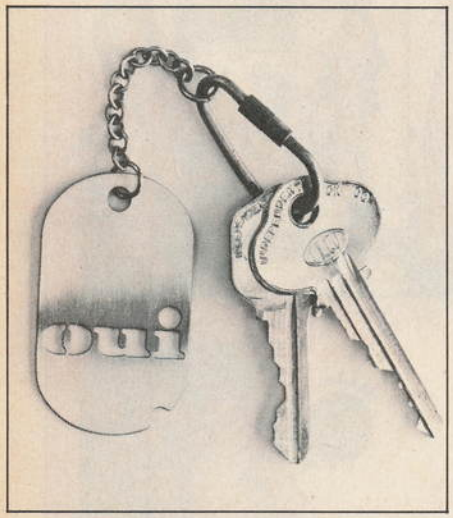
Puff out your chest. OUI T-shirts and other hot items are now available by mail. To order, simply complete and return the coupon. Be sure to include the product number and, where applicable, the size desired; we'll fit you to a T.

SLEEK, FRENCH-STYLE Ts FOR TWO

Put OUI on your chest with one of our handsome T-shirts. For him: navy with white lettering. Sizes small, medium and large WA236, $10. For her: red with blue lettering. Sizes small, medium and large WA237, $10.

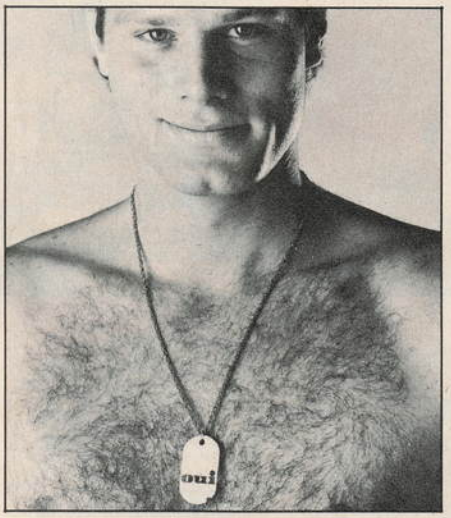
OUI'S CARRYALL

Let your bag be this natural canvas tote with bold red lettering and the friendly OUI logo. Tucked inside, a zippered purse for change or anything else you can think of MM4059, $10.



OUI KEY CHAIN

Next time you score a key, attach it to this useful copper dog-tag key chain with light-satin finish. Start a collection JYO819, $7.50.



OUI DOG TAG

Antique-copper finish, 18″ chain JYO817, $10. 24″ chain JYO818, $10. Shiny-copper finish, 18″ chain JYO820, $10.

OUI PENDANT

OUI wins by a neck with this positive-minded jewelry. The finish is antique silver; with silver-plated 16″ chain JYO821, $7.50.

OUI Products, P.O. Box 3386, Chicago, Illinois 60654

Quantity	Item Number	Size	Cost	Total

Quantity	Item Number	Size	Cost	Total

Name_____

Address_____

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No C.O.D. orders, please. ☐ Payment enclosed.
(Please make checks payable to OUI Products.)
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Please add 75¢ per item for shipping and handling _____

Illinois residents—add 5% tax_____

TOTAL _____

NOTE: Prices subject to change without notice.

031

breakfast. Maybe you could get a portable table—like the one W. C. Fields used to push around Hollywood—and set yourself up for a stylish dinner on whatever street corner seems most fecund. Especially good days for scavenging might be January first and the fourth Friday in November. We advise hunting behind hospitals only for the most adventurous.

Cultural fallout from the Sixties has finally settled. The new *Webster's Collegiate Thesaurus* shows that intoxicated and insane won the synonym sweepstakes. It is now possible to say drunk 46 different ways and crazy 41 different ways.

Love's Charley horse

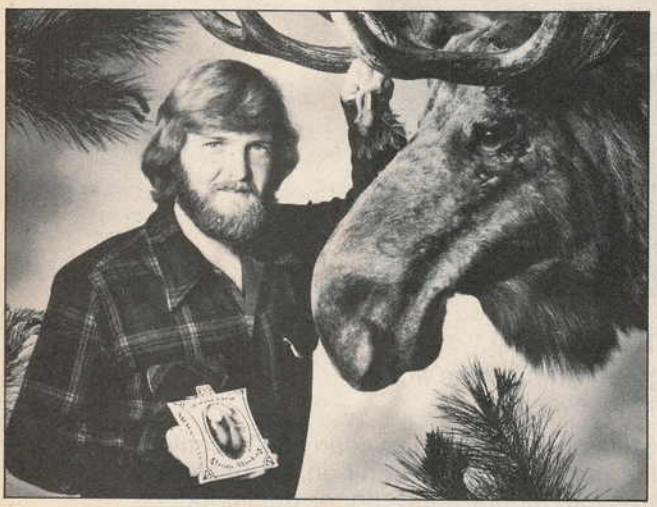
Incredible! People have come up with yet another way to fuck themselves sick. It is our unpleasant duty to warn you that some of those things you so much enjoy doing to each other may lead to the dangerous condition science has labeled genu amoris.

Our favorite medical journal, *Arthritis and Rheumatism*, reports that a 31-year-old woman complained to her doctor of a mysterious pain in her knees, "which had started insidiously one year previously." She had given up her job, stopped bicycling and skiing, but the pain continued. When a review of her daily activities revealed no likely cause, she was given some medicine and advised to avoid doing anything that might strain her knees.

After two months without relief, she returned and confessed that perhaps there was one little thing she had forgotten to mention. " 'You see, doctor,' she said, 'I always have sex on my knees.' " Seems that a year before, she and her partner had stumbled upon a position so satisfactory that "intercourse several times a day was not unusual." She would kneel on the floor while her partner, "a very vigorous and athletic man, assumed certain positions that, for full comprehension, would require illustrative material beyond the scope of the report." For the illustrative material of this and other "musculoskeletal misadventures," the journal's readers are directed to *The Joy of Sex*.

With some reluctance, the patient straightened out her sex life and the genu amoris went away. But sometimes, especially late at night, she feels minor pain in her knees. "Patellofemoral crepitus persisted," the article wistfully explains, "but tenderness was absent."

Ah! Sweet moosetery of life



The gentleman on the left is Keith Iverson. What he holds in both his hands comes from the gentleman on the right. They are mooseberries. You know: little moose by-products. Iverson has oven-dried these organic materials and with some attractive packaging has produced Mooseltoe. "With Mooseltoe, a person can expect not only more kisses but moosier kisses. If you've ever been kissed by a moose, you know what I mean," Iverson explained. We've been kissed by a moose only once, and although we would rather not explain the circumstances surrounding the event, we know what Iverson means. They are distinctly different. Your turn, thrill seekers.

The fireworks of 1977 have begun, right here in *Openers*land. But before we go out and do something we'll get caught at, let's give thanks and send checks to these editorial contributors: Ken Doll, Theodore Fischer, Aaron D. Kass, David Mamet, Don Novello, James Petersen, Bury St. Edmund, Richard Smith, Carl Snyder, Susan ("I just spilled champagne on my boxer shorts!") Subtle, Nancy Waller and Gale Wiley. Art credits: *Openers* and *Merci* box touch-ups, Dennis Magdich; Hoosier barber, John Youssi; tricentennial, Kevin Fishback; $6,000,000 man, George Kenton; *de gustibus*, Fred Nelson; knee jerk, Connie Fisher. Photo credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Ken Frantz; bun on fire, Don Novello; New Year's card, Robin Schwartz; Kicks by Dickens, Bob Knickerbocker; say it with thorns, Andreas Mahl; plunge right in, Stuart Markson; Crisco arm belt, Ken Doll; railroad, Don Peterson; taffy tug, Dennis Scott. Special thanks go out to Little Stitch Sewing Shop for the taffy-loving rag doll. And if you're into deep partying, give your car keys to a friend. Kiss both goodbye.

GREAT GOLF
GREAT SKIING
GREAT MEALS
GREAT SHOWS
GREAT FUN

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SEX TAPES

STARFUCKERS

At some time or other, probably everyone has a sexual fantasy about making it with a celebrity. It's hard to imagine any woman kicking Robert Redford out of bed, or any man refusing a date with Princess Caroline of Monaco. To sleep with a superstar is to become one, or so the starfucker hopes. Rock groupies have received most of the press, but the phenomenon is much more widespread than that. Most of us are content to let our dreams remain at the fantasy stage, but, as this month's "Sex Tapes" reveal, the dedicated starfuckers among us will go to great lengths to meet the objects of their affections.

Barbara E., 22, secretary: My best friend is an incurable starfucker. The word must have been invented to describe Gloria. She'll fuck anybody who has had his name in the paper. The Joffrey Ballet was in town last week, and as soon as the program was over, Gloria split for backstage in hopes of rubbing up against one of the dancers.

"Half of those guys are probably gay," I shouted after her. "Why do you even bother?"

"That's OK," she yelled back. "I'll just give 'em head."

See what I mean? Incurable.

Terry H., 25, rock musician: I can't tell you too much about groupies. Every rock group has its fans, of course, but I've met only one dyed-in-the-wool starfucker, and that was Scorpia. She didn't just come to a concert and holler and wait at the stage entrance; she followed our band to three cities. Actually they were towns. In the Midwest. I mean, this kid followed us to the *pits*. Still, nobody would touch her because she was jail bait. She couldn't have been older than 13 or 14, and she looked 12.

After we gave the last concert of the tour, we went to a party at the house of a local, responsible citizen—the culture coordinator of this particular pit city, you might say. He was really nice—square but nice—and the place was enormous.

Before long, I noticed that the other guys in the band were disappearing; first Zap, then Richie and then Eric. Each one had a strange look on his face when he returned, but none of them would say anything.

I finally excused myself to call my old lady back in New York and I headed for the phone in the poolroom. Just as I said, "Hi, honey. God, do I miss you," who walks through the door but Scorpia. I waved at her to go away, but she paid no attention. Now, picture this: I'm in the basement where these really straight people live and anybody can walk in at any time; I've got my old lady at the other end of the horn, and this kid starts groping me.

I cut the conversation short and I'm pissed, because I just know what's going through my old lady's mind back in New York. "Get lost!" I tell Scorpia. "Who invited you anyway?"

"Aw, come on," she says. Then she informs me that she wants to give me head. Right this minute. I may be lonely, but I'm not that lonely, not in the poolroom of the house of the chairman of cultural affairs. No way, I tell the kid.

She tells me that she gave head to all the other guys in the band and I'm the only one left. That's right, down by the bridge with Zap, in the garden with Richie and by the pool with Eric. Scorpia goes on to tell me that she's done all the best rock bands in the country. The names she named! I couldn't believe it. For her, getting a rock star to shoot off in her mouth was like getting an autograph. No way, I tell her again.

"They all say that," she tells me, "but I'm fourteen years old and what do you suppose would happen to you if I screamed bloody murder that you were raping me?"

The little bitch. What the

"What if I screamed bloody murder that you were raping me?"

hell do you do when you're damned if you do and damned if you don't?

I just sat back, closed my eyes and let her fumble with the snaps of my jeans. Soon I could feel her hot little hands inside my Jockey shorts, pulling at my cock. And those little hands were experienced, let me tell you.

Finally she gets it out, and it's limp. Doesn't faze Scorpia a bit. She dives down and scoops my cock *and* my balls into that big mouth of hers.

There she is, munching on my future, all of it, and I'm thinking, "Jeezuz Keerist, somebody's bound to come in here at any second." She gets me hard anyway, the little bitch. I feel my cock rising like dough inside her munching oven. Oh, does she know how to give head! Her tongue is probing my pee-hole and licking around the top of my cock as if it were a quickly melting ice-cream cone.

All of a sudden she grabs ahold of my balls with one of her hands and starts milking them. I go crazy; I mean absolutely up the wall. Something snaps and all of a sudden my body jerks and my cock starts to throb and out it all comes. Sticky goo in bouncing gobs right down her alimentary canal.

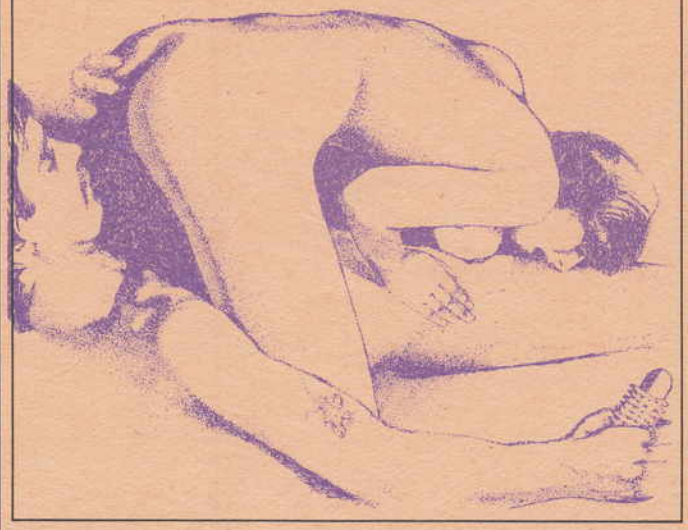
Scorpia swallows, licks her chops and wipes her lips with the back of her hand. Then she tucks the old hose back in my jeans, climbs up off her knees and leaves the room without saying a word.

Rowena J., 32, librarian: I've never been one to wax poetic over physical attributes; besides, any intelligent person knows that virility is not related to giant genitalia or even good looks. I prefer my romantic entanglements with intellectual giants.

Thank God for Mensa! That's the national organization reserved for people with unusually high intelligence quotients. I'm a member. At Mensa meetings, members meet people of similar intellectual capabilities and exchange ideas and explore relationships.

At one Mensa meeting, I met a brilliant Harvard professor who shall remain nameless because he *is* a nationally known person. He lectured, I recall, on the economic decline of America as a world power, and no speaker I'd ever heard electrified me so, not even Adlai at the United Nations.

"He began to use filthy, obscene language."



At first we chatted about his speech. I was particularly interested in the correlation he made between sexuality and economics. He invited me to his hotel room and I accepted. He was very lean and angular—bony is how less sensitive people might describe him. He did look a lot like Tony Perkins.

He took my breasts in his hands and massaged them lightly. Then he lowered his mouth and began to suck on my right nipple. I told him that the left one was particularly sensitive and he shifted his mouth and went to work on it with gusto. I reached between his legs and took his flaccid penis in my hand. He moaned, moved his mouth away from my breast and pushed my head downward, indicating that he would like me to fellate him.

I heard the drawer of the night table open and I felt his thin, long fingers between my legs, prodding my labia and caressing my clitoris.

"The progressive intellectual is not afraid of progressive sexuality," he whispered to me. And then I felt something hard and slick and cold penetrate my vaginal opening. It was a mechanical phallus (I loathe the word dildo).

There I was, sucking on the thick shaft of his rigid penis, swallowing it nearly down to his testicles, and he was slowly pressing his mechanical sex toy deep inside me. No man I'd ever had felt quite that big inside me, and when he turned on the vibrator I felt as if places inside me that had never before been touched were being ravaged. I wanted to howl and shriek—not from pain but from the excruciating pleasure of the experience. I felt exactly as de Sade's Justine must have felt. God, it was glorious!

As if that weren't arousing enough, his monolog suddenly shifted in tone and he began to use filthy, obscene language. "Suck that cock!" he spat out savagely. "Go on, you little bitch, take it all the way down your throat—down to my balls. Keep sucking! And use that tongue!"

I was terrified—choking on the length of his throbbing cudgel. My God, I thought, what happened? What had I gotten myself into? The man was one of our nation's most respected intellectuals. A Harvard professor.

"Open those thighs, you little cunt. Daddy's gonna ram his dildo up inside that tight little cock canal until you're choking on it!" he said. My head swam, I could feel his fingers brutally prying the lips of my vagina apart, wider and wider. It was like an insane erotic dream. My thighs were wet from excitement, oozing with lubricant. I felt wide open, vulnerable, the primitive sex object of a Neanderthal man *cum laude*! A thousand little explosions seemed to go off deep inside me, and I convulsed uncontrollably. I was drowning in this incredible tidal wave of orgasmic pleasure, rocking and falling and leaping against the hard rod embedded deep inside my cunt. Yes, cunt—there are times when you can't avoid the word. And then thick, salty semen exploded from the round head of his penis and rocketed deep into my throat.

Afterward, he recited Baudelaire to me.

Alex L., 27, accountant: I'm just crazy about female tennis players. I'm lousy at tennis myself, but I joined an indoor tennis club last year just so that I could have an excuse to watch the women play all year long. In the spring and fall, I hang around the high school tennis courts, but most of the teenagers just wear cutoffs or jeans. It's those little tennis dresses that really get to me. Especially the ones with the little ruffles, like those that Chrissie Evert used to wear. That bit of peek-a-boo femininity on a firm, muscled body is a combination that makes my blood churn.

Once I was a ball boy at a professional tennis match. I would crouch along the sidelines and watch for loose balls on the court. A girl who'd been in the finals at Wimbledon once was playing, and I spent most of the match in a state of constant arousal. Every time the girl—I'll call her Janie—would rush the net and lean over so that her panties showed I'd get a hard-on. Janie was a very aggressive player and she rushed the net often. It isn't easy to run across the court trying to hide a hard-on for two hours. I

never volunteered for that job again, but I do go to courts often to watch her play.

I have a recurring fantasy about Janie. She comes into the clubhouse from playing tennis and she's all hot and sweaty. As she takes off her damp tennis dress, I come up behind her and hold her tightly. After a moment's resistance, she melts into my arms and we slide down to the cool tile floor. I lick the sweat from between her breasts and tear the ruffles off of her panties with my teeth. She clamps those long, lithe, suntanned legs around my neck and pulls my head close to her perspiring pussy. I pull off what's left of her panties and dive in, relishing the taste of salt mixed with her own sweet feminine juices. I grab her tight little ass and lift her off the floor; my tongue attacks her clit and she moans in ecstasy. After she climaxes, I leave quickly. My last image is of her lying there, her long legs still twitching.

Brian P., 30, disc jockey: I guess you'd have to call me a roller-derby groupie, and it's all because of Winona. I was a classic bookworm, and my sexual life was jacking off in the bathroom after everybody else had gone to bed.

Naturally all the good-looking girls were out to catch the jocks; the rest were female counterparts of myself, titless scholars with hairy eyebrows who hadn't gotten around to having nose jobs.

And then there was Winona. Winona was really big—nearly six feet and with boobs that belonged in the record book. Mother Earth at 17, that was Winona.

She always wanted to be on the football team, but in those days, girls took home economics and left the rough stuff to the boys. Can you picture being tackled by a broad like that? A couple of the bigger guys did play grab-ass with her once or twice at lunch and titty-bump in the halls on the way to home room, but after she bounced a couple of them off the wall, nobody went near her. She laid up the captain of the football team for two weeks once with her knee. His brother Saulie, a little person like me, told me that the guy's balls were the size of cantaloupes. After that, the jocks stayed clear of her; so did I, except at lunch. We were both outcasts and we sat at the same wooden table.

One day Winona asked me if I wanted to go to the roller derby with her. She usually went alone, she said, but this time she had two tickets. I really kind of liked her, so I said sure.

Let me tell you, every one of those derby broads was as big as Winona and they just beat the shit out of one another. The crowd loved it every time one broad belted another and a body went sliding across the floor and crashed into a wall, or a bench, or somebody else. I was stunned.

"Someday," Winona said, "I'm gonna be queen of the roller derby and everybody's gonna love me." Can you beat that? All I heard was bloodthirsty morons screaming their heads off. To Winona, it was love.

Finally we got up to go. As we passed by a deserted corner of the arena, Winona stopped and said, "Why don't you kiss me? You can close your eyes and make believe I'm Emily Benson." Emily was the cute cheerleader who went with the captain of the football team before Winona creamed his balls.

I was really terrified. I wanted to kiss her and yet I didn't want to kiss her. What I really wanted to do was get my sweaty little hands on those gigantic boobs, but I figured if she could do what she did to the captain of the football team, she could make me sing soprano in a boys' choir for the rest of my life.

I kissed Winona with my eyes open, and just to be safe I kept both of my hands on her shoulders.

"You wanna feel my boobs?" she asked, and without waiting for an answer, she reached behind her back and unhooked her bra. Seconds later, her tits came tumbling into my hands, and I felt as if I were catching an avalanche. Jesus, it was fantastic!

We slid down to the concrete floor and Winona unzipped my pants. It was my first time. I don't know if it was Winona's, but she seemed to know what she was doing. She raised her head and took in my cock until she had almost all of it down her throat. I was so excited that I came almost immediately. She swallowed noisily and kept my cock in her mouth even after it began to shrink. I went soft for about two minutes before I began to get hard again.

"Fuck me, Brian," Winona said next.

She guided my cock toward the wet place between her legs. I couldn't see a thing. All I could do was feel her body beneath me in the dark. She was like a sort of island of flesh—wet and trembling.

I felt my pecker slide inside a tight warm space. Winona began to moan and wiggle, and I was sure that we were going to get caught, but I couldn't stop pumping. Suddenly Winona shook as if there were an earthquake inside of her.

I thrust home like a scared jack rabbit and exploded. I stayed inside her for a long time afterward, listening to the far-off sounds of the crowd and the derby ladies caroming around.

Winona never did become queen of the roller derby. Her family moved away that summer, and I never saw her again. A few years passed and I started going to the roller rink by myself. I still do. The noise and smell of the rink really turn me on. I've even made it with a few of the derby ladies. Know what? Winona was the best.

"Winona never did become queen of the roller derby."

Joy L., 20, bookstore clerk: I don't know if this counts as starfucking—I guess I'll have to call it stargroping. Once I went out with an author who is probably one of the most famous male chauvinist pigs in America. He had come to autograph his latest book in the bookstore where I work. After work, a group of us trooped over to a bar and I found myself next to the author. By eight P.M., we were pretty sloshed and I realized that Famous Author's right hand was inching up my thigh. Very casually, I worked my hand into his crotch. There was practically nothing there! No wonder the poor man drinks so much. ▣

SEX TAPE LETTERS

Strange places

It seems that nearly everyone has done it in an airliner at least once in his life, but I doubt if many people have been able to pull off screwing in a small private plane. That's exactly what my doctor friend and I did, as we flew to a small state college to participate in a health symposium. The plane could seat six, but there were just the pilot and the two of us. As Duncan and I cuddled up in the last seat, the vibrations of the plane set our genitals buzzing. We decided that the noise of the engines would be more than enough to drown out any noise that we made, so we got right down to it. After a while, we encountered some turbulence, but the bouncing around only increased our pleasure. By the time we landed we were both primly back in our seats. We thought we had pulled it off until the pilot braked, gave my friend a wicked grin and said, "Sure were some strange crosscurrents we ran into back there, Doctor."

LORAYNE W.
Crestline, Ohio

Would you believe that I once did it at the top of the Empire State Building? Yep, the 102nd floor. One night my boyfriend and I were out walking around the city when all of a sudden we realized we were in front of that old tourist mecca, the Empire State Building. Like most New Yorkers, neither of us had ever entered it. Even though it was a chilly, overcast night, we went up to the observatory. No one else was there and outside the visibility was zero. The room at the very top is rather small. It's glass-enclosed and is accessible by either elevator or narrow staircase. Periodically the guard would come up and look around, but since we were the only people there and we didn't appear likely to do anything wrong, the guard disappeared.

After a while, we got bored just staring at the fog and we started to fool around. Even though we couldn't see anything, we felt as though we were at the top of the world, and the thought made us both dizzy. We started kissing; Colin's tongue snaked down my throat and I closed my eyes and felt even dizzier. His hands came up to my breasts and both of us were surprised at how quickly my nipples got hard. I reached down to massage his cock through his jeans and he moaned. I could feel his hardness straining for release.

We stopped petting for a moment to catch our breath. I looked at Colin. He had a silly grin on his face. He raised an eyebrow questioningly and I said, "OK, let's." Colin pulled down his pants and shorts with one motion, but then he got them tangled in his sneakers. He lost his balance and rolled backward on the floor, laughing. His cock stood straight up in the air and waved hello. I knelt down and kissed the knob of his prick; a drop of clear, salty-tasting liquid was already oozing from the tip. I stopped for a second and slipped out of my jeans and panties. I didn't want to trip on them, so I threw them a few feet away. Colin motioned me to move into a 69 position, so I put my knees on either side of his head and then leaned down to take his cock into my mouth. It slid easily down my throat. I squeezed the base of his cock with one hand and the shaft seemed to grow another inch. I started pumping hard with my mouth, and every second or third stroke I'd take him as deep into my throat as I could.

Meanwhile, Colin reached up and began playing with the folds of my cunt. My juices flowed easily and soon he was wiggling two fingers inside me. I kept on stroking and sucking him, but it was getting quite difficult to concentrate. My blood churned and I began to see stars. Then Colin took his fingers out and pulled my wide-open, juicy cunt right down on his face. I thought I was going to faint. His tongue slathered the wetness from my clitoris to my anus. My nerves jangled and I could feel the first waves of orgasm surge through my body. I clasped my thighs tightly to his head and rocked up and down as I came.

I opened my mouth wide to scream, but Colin's cock was still lodged up against my palate, so I simply groaned and the vibrations of my throat set off his cock. A thick jet of semen poured into my mouth. I just had time to swallow before I collapsed on his stomach.

Suddenly both of us realized that the guard or some other visitors might come in, so we scrambled to our feet, threw on our clothes and took the elevator back down. When we changed cars at the 86th floor, I thanked the guard for a lovely evening. He looked at me with a puzzled expression, but I just smiled. I'm sure that he figured out what I meant, however, for when I got home I realized that I'd left my panties behind.

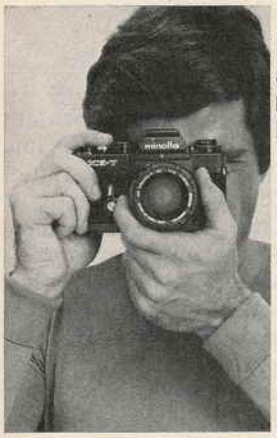
BARBARA Y.
New York, New York

Last week my girl Sue told me that she wanted to see a porn movie. She'd never seen one before. I'd been to some X-rated flicks years ago, but I always wondered what it would be like to take a girl along. Neither one of us cared what film was playing; we figured that they were all probably pretty much the same, anyway.

I had brought a bottle of tequila to loosen things up. The *(Continued on page 174)*

Illustrations by Leon Tadrick

Eleven questions to ask yourself before buying a 35mm SLR.



Knowing what to look for now in a 35mm SLR can save you money and prevent problems later on.

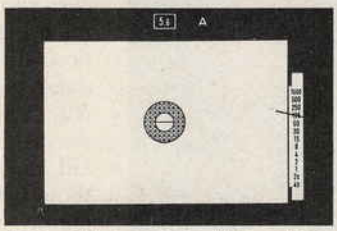
1. How much camera do I need? Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features. Like interchangeable finders and focusing screens, motorized film winding, self-timers and multiple-exposure capability. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills.

2. Is match-needle or electronic auto-exposure control best? Minolta offers both, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you.

Generally a match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta SR-T match-needle cameras offer a wide variety of features and prices.

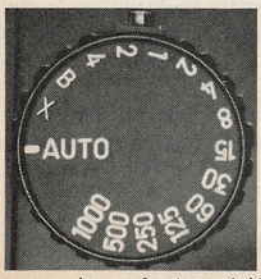
Minolta's newest 35mm SLR's have electronically controlled shutter speeds. So even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta's electronic SLR's, you'll find features like interchangeable viewfinders and screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second and multiple-exposure capability.

3. What should I look for in the viewfinder? First of all, a bright image. So you can see clearly and focus easily. Judge this by comparing several brands under the same light conditions.



Then, exposure information. The more the viewfinder shows, the more you know about how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save on a simpler camera.

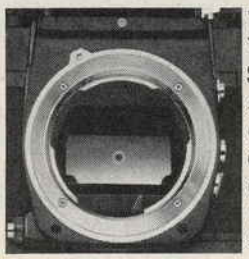
The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects.



4. What range of shutter speeds do I need? Most picture taking is done at speeds between 1/60th and 1/500th of a second. But to stop very fast action, higher speeds are handy to have. And slower speeds are useful for available-light shooting and spectacular night shots. Depending on the Minolta model, you can get speeds as fast as 1/2000th of a second and as slow as 16 seconds.

5. What is a "fast" lens, and do I need one? The more light a lens lets in, the "faster" it is. Faster lenses like an f/1.2 or f/1.4 are more expensive, but nice to have if you do a lot of shooting in dim light.

6. Why is the lens system important? Interchangeable lenses let your camera grow with you. Minolta offers almost 40, from a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto. Minolta makes all their own lenses to insure compatibility with Minolta cameras.



7. How fast can I change lenses? You shouldn't have to miss shots. So Minolta developed and patented a bayonet mount that lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. And unlike other bayonet mounts, Minolta's doesn't require you to realign f/stops afterwards.

8. How should the camera feel? Solid. Comfortable. Not too big, not too small. Your fingers should fall naturally into place on the controls. Advance the film wind lever. If it feels gritty or rough now, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?

9. How should it sound? Press the shutter button. Noisiness means either vibration or inadequate damping of moving parts. Or both. The newest Minolta shutters are a joy to hear because you almost can't hear them at all.

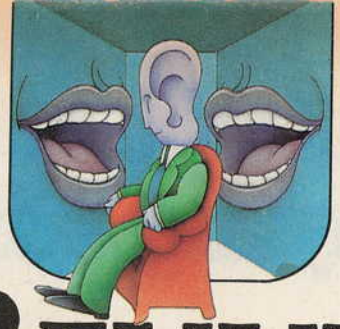
10. How do I judge craftsmanship? Compare. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside the camera.

11. What is the camera's reputation? Be sure to ask friends about Minolta. Since it's the best-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

And if you'd like literature on Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Dr., Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Anglophoto, Ltd., P.Q.

Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.



REVUE

Mano goes to the baths; has a ball

The Ritz is our first fruit farce: I laughed until my wrists were limp. It's straight unstraight slapstick—Keystone Cops in the steam room—with, thank God, no more consciousness-raising than caffeineless coffee. Homosexuals, like any other pervert class—Italians, say—can be funny. Gay people have this marvelous enema bag full of types, gestures, strategies, locutions; all half-satires on normal sex anyhow, all fat with kinetic potential for comedy. Until now, though, you had to choose between *Boys of the SS* or a Why-me,-Lord? melodrama in which some young lad, whose mother uses Brut, will finally find fulfillment and love in the men's room at Schraffts.

The Ritz is a hi-guy Grand Hotel: ten bucks for 12 hours and all you can be eaten. Hitler might have designed it while killing time in the last bunker: glitzy neon-lit banisters, *beaux-arts* fountain. Enter naïve, plump Gaetano Proclo (Jack Weston) who represents you and me set down in Pooveland without a Texaco road map. He is immediately jumped by an insane "chubby chaser" wearing black galoshes. Proclo is on the lam from *mafioso* Carmine Vespucci (Jerry Stiller), also naïve, who ends up in underwear and garters and gun belt, with the foot of someone's bed handcuffed to his left wrist. Meanwhile Rita Moreno presumes that Proclo is a big Broadway producer, and everyone else presumes that she is a transvestite. Moreno's comic tour de farce—Spanish accent spat out, so many rose-fever sneezes—is upsoundstaged only by F. Murray Abraham's low-flying, skinny queen. Abraham might be a Chinese menu: one from column A, one from column B: splendid. Richard Lester has directed. Lester films move the way your best pro football teams run their two-minute drill: violent, choreographed action; time out; action; time out. Lester doesn't direct, he sends in plays. *The Ritz* has been rated R—an injustice—its sensuality is cryptic and discreet. If your kid can figure out what's going on, he should be locked in his orgone box at night.

Men in drag, particularly straight men in drag, are a comic tradition. Billy Wilder has used the device several times (*Some Like It Hot* and *One, Two, Three*). Since well before 1900, scions of New England aristocracy, who wouldn't expose their navels on a public beach, have crossdressed for the Hasty Pudding Club kick line. In contrast, women who wear male attire aren't comic, and not just because seven out of ten women you meet today dress like stevedores.

What is funny about hirsute décolletages or Pan-Cake make-up over five o'clock shadow? In *The Ritz*, Abraham, Proclo and Proclo's "chubby chaser" do an Andrews Sisters routine; then Jerry Stiller is forcedressed as some kind of Lexington Avenue working girl. These

PREVUE: *Monsieur Klein* is the best thing Joseph Losey has done since *Accident*, nine years ago. Had he, however, not featured the incorrigibly wooden Alain Delon in the title role, it would have been even better and might have earned Losey another prize at Cannes. It is Losey's first French film and he has done a superb job of evoking the twilight time of World War Two when France lost its civilized conscience in a four-year spasm of cowardice.

Monsieur Robert Klein is a prosperous art dealer cashing in during the war years by buying cut-rate masterpieces from Jews on the run. One day he discovers he is being mistaken for another Robert Klein—a Jew and a troublemaker. The film follows Delon's efforts to track down this second Robert Klein and lays bare all the ambiguities of identity, personal loyalty, public courage and duplicity that made up the agony of the wartime Occupation. The film ends in the 1942 roundup of Paris Jews—a roundup executed by the French themselves with an efficiency and thoroughness that must have greatly impressed the Germans. Losey's handling of the theme is nicely understated—the shocks come quietly. Michel Lonsdale is excellent as Klein's treacherous friend and counsel and Jeanne Moreau brings her own special mystery to the exquisitely drawn role of the other Klein's wealthy mistress. But there seems that nothing can be done about Delon. He is highly successful these days as a producer and boxing impresario, activities more suited to his ice-cold, stainless steel, impregnable safe-deposit box of a personality.

—JACK ALTMAN

moments have authentic humor. Why? Think a bit. Clue: Clowns put on lipstick and false hair. Comedy is a matter of pretense, disguise. Yet man-as-woman humor derives not from parody or stifled embarrassment but from lack of craftsmanship: ineptitude. Men don't do it well. Femininity is an art form, a profession one trains for. Hell, did you ever try painting on eye-liner or, worse, unhooking your own bra? Where a man does achieve some success, his effort can be grotesque (e.g., *Psycho*, *The Tenant*). By contrast, to be male, it is merely required that one get out of bed in the morning.

Yet, truth is, homosexual men who gussy themselves up in drag are better at being women than are most women. It's the zeal of a convert. And it's no longer comic. Three years ago, as a prank, I took some unsuspecting friends to Club 82, the famous New York transvestite night club. The girl was attractive. Her escort was a Green Beret with three or four important medals for bravery in Vietnam. I expected indignation. Instead the Green Beret was so smitten by what he saw that he whistled, half-shinnied onstage, attempted to make at least one assignation. His girlfriend didn't appreciate this. Fact of the matter is: She had been outclassed. "I could never be that beautiful," she told me. "I haven't the time and I don't know how." It was a tribute to superior art. In time, while women welsh on their responsibilities as women, homosexual men may become the pattern for what is feminine. They already cut our hair, decorate our living rooms, design what we wear. To them, glandular secretions aside, being female is a creative act.

But *gay*. My foot, gay. That's like calling a hamburger Salisbury steak. I mean, when last did you come across homosexuals who were content, let alone gay? *The Ritz* is a bench mark: our first gay gay film. Maybe, after all, homosexuals will be liberated from the significant oppressors—themselves.

—D. KEITH MANO

Twisted sisters

The DiDi Glitz Priority Pie is 19 percent Utterly Gorgeous Outfits, 11.3 percent Trips to Miami Beach, one percent Sex and 21 percent Fascinating Devastating Love Affairs. DiDi breaks up with Ricky when he calls her house a dump. A Scorpio met at the Velvet Funk Lounge abandons her at the Cloud 7 Motel. She becomes "a new you" at the Golden Fountain of Youth Beauty Haven. DiDi is almost persuaded to marry bald, ugly Basil Fomeen until she catches Basil wearing her clothes. Her girlfriends cheer her up with a Tupperware party.

As a fat drudge of a teenager, another

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TITTERS, **Grand Central Station**
New York City, New York.

***Titters* is a new book billed as "the first collection of humor by women." The emphasis, however, should be on the humor, not on the women. The humor in this collection is accessible to anyone who likes to laugh—which mostly means men, of course, since, among us guys, it is a well-known fact that women, as we know them today, simply *don't have* a sense of humor.**

With a few exceptions, that is. These must now include the editors of *Titters*, Anne Beatts and Deanne Stillman (two frequent contributors to OUI's *Openers* section, by-the-by), as well as the dozens of writers who contributed to the book. The exceptions must also include art director Judith Jacklin and the dozens of artists she employed to produce the lavishly illustrated book.

Some exceptions! Together they have produced the most witty, clever, artful and art-filled collection of original humor by any sex since, oh, *The Concordat of Worms*. It is funny, yes—but more, it glimmers with the icy brilliance of crafted glass.

Among the most stunning contributions are a wicked ten-page *Ms.* magazine parody; a war-comic lampoon titled *Babes in Arms*; a portfolio of illustrations called *Rock Nightmares*, which mocks *Rock Dreams* and features Jim Morrison's public penis display; a self-parody, by cartoonist Dale Messick, of her *Brenda Starr* strip; a how-to-pick-up-girls guide for girls; a sex-fantasies confessional parody; and a wonderful literary parody by editor Beatts called *Fear of Fucking* that is far better than the original.

No doubt, *Titters* is well worth the $15 price tag that Macmillan so whimsically attached. It has more laughs than *The Final Days* and more pretty artwork than *The Birds of Western Samoa*. Not to mention *The Concordat of Worms*.

So, fellas, you need not hesitate to buy and read this collection of so-called women's humor. You'll love every lavish, icily brilliant page of it. Just don't let any womenfriends read *Titters*. They just might laugh their tails off, and that, God knows, would spoil everything.

—TERRY CATCHPOLE

character called the Bunch has her first fuck in the front seat of a car with a greaser she's just met at a dance ("It's so ugly. Looks like gizzards."). Trying to be a groupie, she glumly blows one of the Fugs (of the politically and sexually radical Sixties rock band, in case you've forgotten), thinking "I hate this. . . . It's torture. . . . I'm no good and it wasn't fun." When she comes home late, her father smashes her already beleaguered head against the wall. Later in life, a thin Bunch constantly stoned on diet pills is married to Weasle and living in Tucson. After leaving her husband, she has an affair with her art teacher, "gets into drinking" and decides to use art "to tell everyone what I think . . . and it's not very nice!"

Who are these strange ladies? The dyspeptic duo are the stars of a comic book, **Twisted Sisters,** from Last Gasp, the folks who gave you *Amputee Love*, *Gay Heartthrobs* and *Women's Comics*. *Sisters* is a breakthrough in comic-book art. It is the depressing, true-life non-adventures of people more ordinary and boring than you are.

Diane Noomin and Aline Kominsky, who created the comic book, are refugees from New York City's Jewish hinterlands. After broken marriages, they moved to San Francisco and met during production of the early issues of *Women's Comics*, a publication for new feminist artists. After an ideological rift with *Women's Comics*, they decided to go out on their own.

Noomin sees the flamboyant DiDi Glitz as an alter ego—"what I might have become as an alternative to the way I am." DiDi is a composite of a lot of people Noomin grew up with. The Bunch is based more directly on Kominsky's own life but is "not necessarily strictly autobiographical." A self-described primitive artist, Kominsky draws the Bunch from a raging need to express "the horror of being a sexually precocious teenaged girl with Jewish parents from Long Island." Noomin and Kominsky are now working on sequels to *Twisted Sisters*.

Although the characters do not always look the same from frame to frame and anticipated climaxes and jokes often don't come about, *Twisted Sisters* has a raw honesty that is bound to attract a loyal following. It has already, in fact, received what amounts to the Academy Award for underground comics: Distributors in Texas are returning the book. It's "too weird."

—THEODORE FISCHER

Zoot-suit gumbo

In Manhattan, they dance to it at all the smart *boîtes noires*, from superpriced Regine's to the pimp-and-player bars off 42nd Street: **Dr. Buzzard's "Original" Savannah Band** (RCA). It's *disco* minus the yawns. "Atomic Cole Porter" is how Stony Browder, Jr., the band's mastermind, describes his shimmering flying-down-to-Rio sound—a tapioca of Hollywood candy music, big-band accents and an irresistible bump-ba-bump beat.

Cory Daye of the boudoir eyes and big *rumba* chassis is the featured vocalist. Cruising above Browder's rapidly changing landscape of Coconut Grove melodies, she bucks the music with a voice that's as dry as a martini and jazzily off-pitch. Formerly one of Browder's high-school squeezes, Daye was thrust into the band's star spotlight after more professional thrushes proved unable to sing Forties swing against a Seventies voodoo beat.

"This is the mulatto sound!" says fast-sassing lyricist August Darnell, who looks like Mr. Slick from his blown-out do to his two-tone caramel shoes. "We're number one on the Eastern Seaboard, but AM radio is afraid to play us. White-collared folk can't handle the fact that we are the future. America in the next twenty years will be a nation of mulattos! We're gonna free the creoles from the concentration camps!" Now usually what you expect from a *disco* group is a beat. Not politics. And

never literacy. But Darnell, who just won a playwriting grant, puts forth literate, clever songs about dapper daddies in zoot-suit city and a love so bright that you have to wear sunglasses at night and Tommy Mottola (in real life, the band's manager), who's "blowing his mind on cheap grass and wine" ever since his baby started moonlighting as a whore. "For misery," goes the album's most celebrated tune, "*cherchez la femme*."

Composer, lyricist and gal vocalist grew up together in Harlem and now share a house with their drummer, Mickey Sevilla, and vibes man, "Sugar Coated" Andy Hernandez—and, oh yes, a cocker spaniel, the very platinum Mr. Limelight, who also, so they say, "sings" on the album. But then the Savannians like to kid a lot, jiving that Frank Sinatra sat in on their recording sessions or that they turned to music "after lives of crime proved unrewarding." They get weirdest when speaking of Dr. Buzzard, a Wizard of Oz–type bandleader who ran a medicine show down South and who may or may not exist.

"Dr. Buzzard is engaged in world travels at the moment," says Daye without even the hint of a wink. "He sends messages through Stony, but he *is* real. We just tend to make him bigger than life because we love him. We're all into this art-deco Hollywood fantasy."

Part of that fantasy will include a major-city tour. "We plan to make each theater look like the jungle night club in *Mighty Joe Young*," Browder promises. "Wildcats behind glass windows. Tables and chairs and palm trees instead of theater seats. Cory singing on a swing over the audience. It might even rain in the motherfucker!" —JOHN CALENDO

Books on basic training

Publishers have gone back to the basics: how to fuck. How to be a father. How to stay single. How to change your sex. How to self-destruct. *Basics.* Are the books worth reading? Well, that's another question.

A Book of Men: Visions of the Male Experience (Stonehill) at least deserves a look, as it offers advice from various literary giants, including Jung, Ionesco, Nabokov, Pavese, Hesse, Kafka and Namath. You might open to something like the advice from Charles Mingus on how to fuck: "Every woman you touch will come back for more of your sweets and she'll tell you these same words: She'll tell you she ain't never had nothing like that done to her in her life before." The book's editor, Ross Firestone, has also included instructive sections on being a son, a husband and a father, for those in need of *those* basics.

Fathering, by Maureen Green (McGraw-Hill), claims to be about a creative act. Fine and dandy. Who would argue with that? Well, Green thinks someone does. And without any encouragement from us, or thoughtfulness or inventiveness on her part, she proceeds to explain, defend and propound the obvious. I suspect this book was originally planned as a lead article for the women's pages of a newspaper. And then something went wrong. Basically wrong.

Similarly basic is Margaret Adams' effort **Single Blessedness** (Basic). Adams tries to convince us that not marrying offers pleasures not to be sneezed at. Yet the more you read the more your nose tickles. At times, she's got to be joking. She offers personal advice on how to explain chastity to nosy friends. You're facing an empty sack, for example, and a buddy calls up and sneers, "Hear you and Jane busted up. Who're you planking now?" Adams suggests telling the friend you're going to bed with David Copperfield, or Becky Sharpe, or some such character from the world of books. As Adams explains, you will thereby weave an "amusing web of potential intrigue and fantasy." Adams is amused at the prospect that friends will wonder: "Who is Middlemarch? And what about Uncle Vanya and dark hints of

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SHULTON

She smiles pretty, but boy, does she smell! Be glad you don't get to scratch and sniff, because this lady is about to undergo the healthful effects of a garlic atomizer. If you're not ready to brave the Japanese Flow of Life machine, take a whiff of *The Book of Garlic* by Lloyd J. Harris (Holt, Rinehart and Winston). The author, a rabid lover of the stinking rose, has amassed more garlic trivia than you can shake a clove at. And it masquerades as serious history and clinical evidence. There's even a liberated chapter called "Women in the Garlic Movement," which is followed, of course, by a selection of recipes. An example of consciousness-raising cuisine: Roast the little guys and toothpick for hors d'oeuvres. Harris' garlic chauvinism crosses national borders. He includes his Alburrian passport (Alburria, in the Gulf of Oman, is the world's greatest exporter of garlic and its currency is called garlucks), plus a traveler's guide to that garlicked paradise. Harris' enthusiasm will leave a funny taste in your mouth unless you're as twisted about garlic as he is. Better to drop into the Gai Landais restaurant in Paris, where garlic is so pervasive that little chunks of the stuff dot the legumes and the *confit de canard* as though they were pats of butter. It's a more palatable way of letting garlic mince its way into your consciousness, and, airfare excluded, the meal will cost the same five garlucks ($10) as Harris' odoriferous book. —NAN MUIR

archetypal incest?" I'm not kidding. And neither, apparently, is Adams.

Next time that phone call comes I'll tell my friends I'm curling up in bed with **Transvestites and Transsexuals** (Delacorte), although, to judge from the dust-jacket photo, most readers would prefer being next to the author, Deborah Heller Feinbloom. Feinbloom reports that in addition to homosexual transvestites, there are plenty of heterosexual ones around. That should relieve at least a few crossdressers.

It's a serious book: a spin-off from graduate-school thesis research. But it has moments: the night, for instance, when Feinbloom is accepted in the group as an honorary transvestite. Previously, in dressing and applying make-up for the monthly meetings, she had experienced a bad case of nerves: The boys were so critical of one another's dress and make-up. What would they think of hers? But that night!

Through person-to-person interviews, Feinbloom came up with impressive information about a little-documented sexual minority. She then put together the perfect book for the man who is tired of sticking to his guns.

•

What do you call a fellow who deliberately but for no reason he can identify drives a car into the middle of the Sahara Desert, and who then complains bitterly about being there? Understand, he doesn't stay there for just a couple of days; he stays for over a month. Through daily sandstorms and brain storms. He just stays there, bitching and scribbling complaints in his journal.

Or a fellow who lives in Paris, locks himself in an apartment with friends and imagines somehow that he and they are central cogs in the Algerian struggle for independence? And who thereupon proceeds to become terrified. And to write bitterly about the terror.

Or a fellow who meets a swami and decides that, because he gets warm feelings from being in the presence of the swami, he will abdicate his selfhood and

just let the swami take over? And then tells about it: "I stood near the front of the room and looked at the faces crowded together before me. For days, I had had the haunted feeling that, one by one, I had replaced the parts of my body with Baba's. Now, as I pursed my lips together and my eyes drifted closed, my face became his. The warm, thick darkness I gazed at was the space of his awareness. The sharp, throbbing ache behind my eyes was Baba's egg hatching." Call it the how-to-self-destruct manual—or **Three Journeys, an Automythology,** by Paul Zweig (Basic). At the end of the book, Zweig strongly hints that he's through with writing. Certainly he gives the impression that he's glad to be done with this particular job. It must be a bitter experience for him to believe that everything he has done in his life turned to shit. And, then, in giving up his will to another, wondering if he's done the right thing. How can he be certain, if he's always been wrong before? And especially when so many are watching—as they would watch a man teetering on a window ledge high above the street. Unfortunately the suspense lasts only as long as the book stays open. Unless Hollywood starts raking it in with personal-disaster films, we will thankfully not be seeing this self-lacerating piece of automythology again.

—William Hunt

Yes, Virginia, there *was* showbiz before soap operas

When the Hollywood movie studios made all those sappy backstage musicals about vaudeville and burlesque, they pissed on their own heritage. Yet those films are the only sources of information most of us have about the development of American showbiz. Fortunately a conscientious researcher has written to the rescue. Robert C. Toll's **On with the Show** (Oxford University) is as thorough and as hilarious a history lesson as you can expect from a jumbo $20 coffee-table book.

Toll covers the evolution of American popular entertainment from colonial times through the mid-Twenties—from Ricketts' Riding Circus to Ziegfeld's Follies, to be exact. Though his book is a trifle stingy with visuals, it's crammed with tidbits about the careers of the producers and performers.

The book is divided into 11 sections, each detailing a side of showbiz both sleazier and more inspired than the last. Highlights include a short biography of P. T. Barnum, the man whose name conjures up images of the original three-ring tent show. Barnum got his start in 1835 by buying one Joice Heth, an ancient, 49-pound black woman who he claimed was the 161-year-old mammy of George Washington. He staged personal appearances during which Heth would reminisce, for a paying audience, about what a scamp Georgie had been.

The great Florenz Ziegfeld, who staged the most opulent musical revues in history, broke into the business by selling tickets to view a bowl of amazing Invisible Brazilian Fish; however, his career didn't get on track until he started displaying amazing visible women. This tradition started in America in the late 1860s when Lydia Thompson and Her British Blondes invented the format known as the girlie show. Thompson clearly understood the taste of the times: She advertised that she never hired any woman who weighed less than 150 pounds. She also horsewhipped a Chicago newspaperman who impugned her morals.

Another theatrical trail blazer was Adah Isaacs Menken, a daring 19th Century actress, whose shtick was to wear tantalizing flesh-colored body stockings as she tore across the stage tied to the back of a horse. Menken also led a personal life that was a bit ahead of its time: She seduced British poet A. C. Swinburne on a ten-pound bet, moved in with him and left him when he told her, "My darling, a woman with such beautiful legs need not bother about poetry."

On with the Show does what every good coffee-table book is supposed to: It supplies a year's worth of odd cocktail-party chatter. Did you know that there was once a 5000-seat theater on Staten Island that was so big that Civil War battles complete with cavalry charges were staged in it? That *Uncle Tom's Cabin* played in this country for 30 years before the title role was played by a black actor, because white producers assumed that the part was too complicated to be played by one of those simple happy colored folk? That in 1849 a jingoistic New York audience rushed the Astor Place Theater in an attempt to lynch an English actor, and that in the ensuing riot the National Guard killed 31 persons and wounded 150 others?

The hell with the coffee table. Put a copy of *On with the Show* in your bathroom, where it will be *read.*

—Bury St. Edmund

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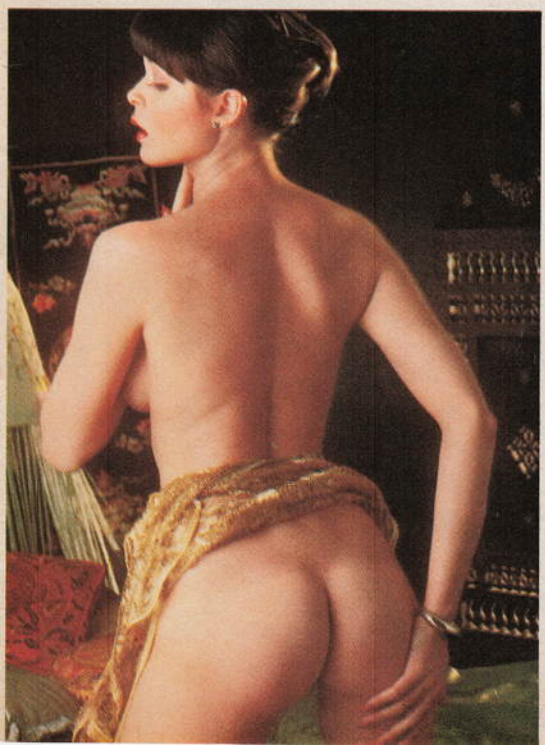
THE CHINESE TEA CEREMONY EXPLAINED

Photography by Suze

The Chinese tea ceremony is her own invention. It is adapted from the Japanese tea ceremony, which is time-honored and traditional. But the Chinese tea ceremony is Lisa's idea, and it is one of a kind. The Chinese tea ceremony consists of arranging one very ornate teapot alongside two cups in such a way that the stem of the pot looks like an elegant, slim phallus rising above a pair of testicles. That's what the Chinese tea ceremony is, and there's no sense being coy about it. Lisa isn't. The tea is allowed to steep. Somewhere farther along the pike than we will go, the tea is poured. A second actor sometimes enters in. The fan is part of another of Lisa's inventions, the Oriental fan dance. The Oriental fan dance is adapted from a similar art form of Spanish origin and consists of a series of moves designed to call attention both to the places

where the fan is and to the places where it isn't. A mature understanding of the psychology of human perception has gone into making the fan dance the highly effective performance art it is today. It is easy enough to be formal or even ritualistic without becoming rigid, Lisa believes. Lisa is not rigid. Watch the way she moves at the bottom of these two pages. You don't call that rigid, do you?

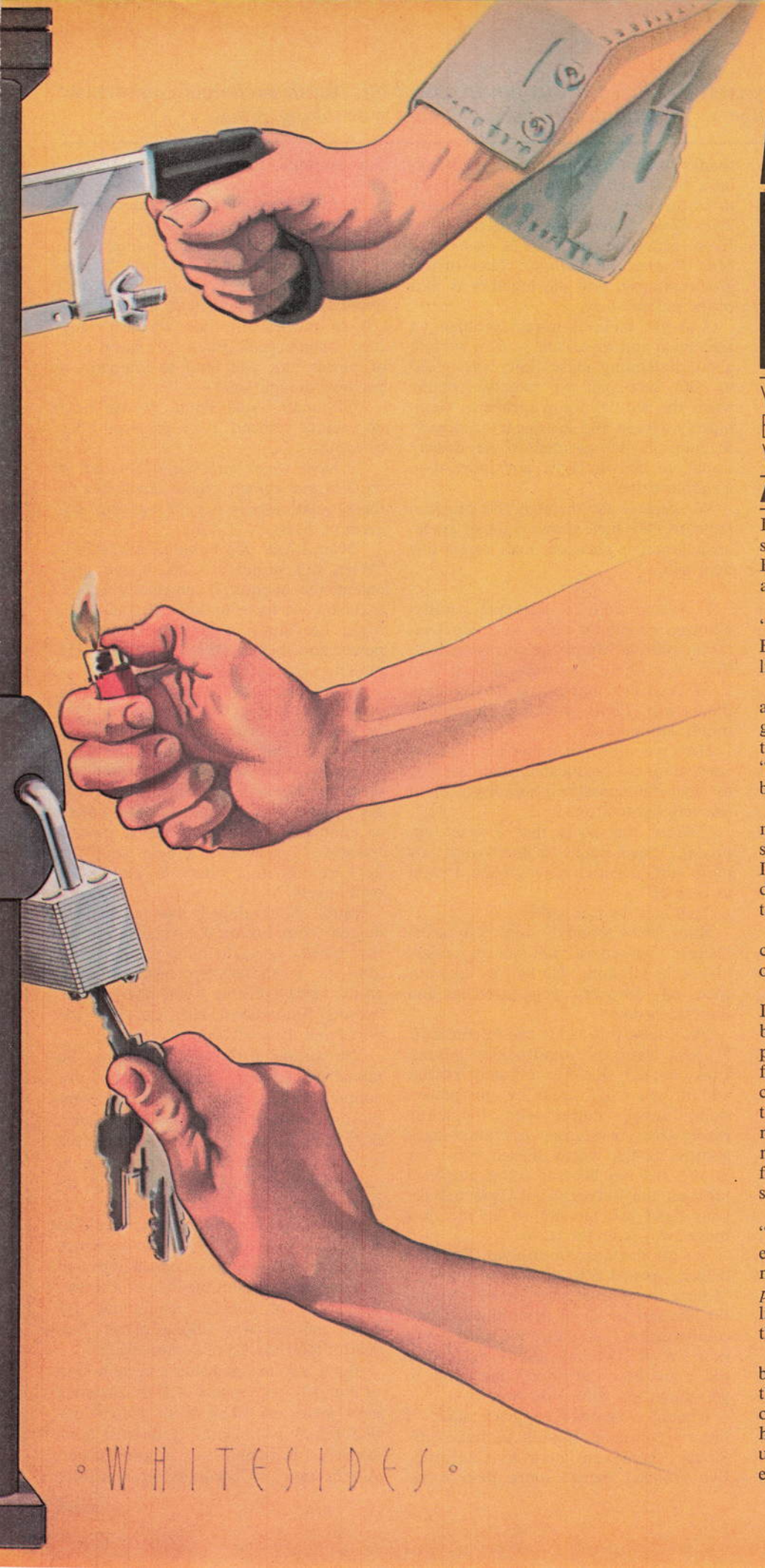
NOTICE HOW SHE USES THE FAN



KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BUDDHA

Lisa is not exactly Chinese. She was born in Taiwan, and though her mother was Chinese, her father was French, and she was adopted by an American military family that took her to California where she learned English and went to school and acquired knowledge. By training, she is a singer. She likes classical music and light opera and popular songs that aren't "here today and gone tomorrow," she says. Once

she accepted a job as an airline stewardess, but an affair of the heart got in her way, and she began to resent having to be away from home. Sometimes she works in a restaurant. She is also a model. Her apartment is decorated in the style of a Western movie about the Orient—a place that Fu Manchu would have felt comfortable in. Her telephone is rigged to a tape-recording device that makes it possible for her to listen to her callers leave messages. She rarely picks up when the phone rings, but she is not hard to get if she likes the messages she hears. She returns calls as promptly as is compatible with keeping people from guessing that she heard them call. When she listens to the phone ring and to the messages that callers leave, she sometimes lolls on her day bed. Her lolling is quite unceremonious—unlike her fan dance and her tea service.



MEN'S LIB

WANT TO CHANGE YOUR EVIL MACHO WAYS? WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT?

ARTICLE BY HERBERT GOLD

I had responded to an ad that read simply: "MEN'S ANTI-SEXIST POTLUCK: Bring food to share, ideas to discuss and toys to play with. Child care provided."

Now, Brad, our nonleader, said, "What's our goal? To get our shit together. Eliminate sexism in America. Would you like to sing some songs first?"

Ben was working with his crayons in an Oriental-rug coloring book. "Let's get right down to the burning issue of our time: the gay-straight issue," he said. "Can I walk down Castro Street and not be treated as an object?"

A very *femme* young man in bracelets, nose ring, satiny clothes, a pink thrift-shop grandma's hat, said: "Just because I'm pretty, people want to fuck me. I don't want to be an object, even if I want to feel free to hug and kiss people."

His friend, a curly-haired boy in riding costume, sociologized, "Peer pressure is one of the strongest pressures we feel."

Apparently this was going to be work. In the quest for group male reality, I had brought food and drink (to share) and prepared myself for *a cappella* singing followed by gay-straight relating, child care, fathering, competitiveness and power trips. Filled with the desire to know myself as a man today, I was going to do my best to live with jargon. I, too, had a few troubles. I took a bite from an anti-sexist doughnut.

"I feel, I feel," said a weight lifter, "that if you could do away with the whole ejaculation trip, you could have many multiple mental orgasms. An erection is *pain*, you know. Pumping iron is more like pleasure. Sex is a trip, a power trip, they laid on us."

A sturdy young man in Levis, boots, beads, T-shirt—one of the generation that has never worn a jacket without snaps or a zipper—argued for casual sex. "I have sex with certain people. I call them up; they want to. It's nothing heavy, exploitive or traumatic. We relate. We chat

MEN'S LIB *As the evening progressed, I realized it was fun to sound off; fun to exchange confidences and doubts, consolations and angers. Something like basic training was taking place.*

a while first, maybe afterward. We both want it, so what's the evil?"

The weight lifter was brooding. Thoughts were on his mind. "I'd like to find a woman weight lifter who is really beautiful, so we can be really together," he mused.

The butch member of our group's gay contingent whispered to me: "We're a nice peer-groupy group, aren't we?"

I nodded, hoping that this was the correct response. I looked to the table. Cold-blooded Herb is warmed by the friendly potluck stew. The coffeepot leaks hot water and coffee all over the goodies on the long table. Tony, a young poet, cleans it up. He says, "I like to feel like a woman sometimes—to activate the woman-space in me—to maximize the feminine side of my being."

At this point, I decided that this anti-sexist potluck group was not for me. I thought they were all-right people, but not the people with whom I wanted to explore male identity.

What was I looking for? Not more American improvement. Not improvementism. How to live with failed marriage and love? Yes. But that's abstract. Am I comfortable? *No.*

I explain a facsimile of these feelings to different people who conduct groups. I also say that I plan to write about the help I find, and also that I have a bad temper for foolishness.

"Have I got a men's group for you!" Rod, one of the listeners, says. "Come on in. You're welcome. Please come."

•

What is all this men's liberation about? Bear with me for a moment of theory—sort of like reading Marcuse and Marx before you make the revolution out there in the gritty streets. I'll try to keep it down to a paragraph or two. The nut of the problem is how to deal with what society wants men to be (men have trouble living up to it) and what women want men to be (that has changed radically) and what men want men to be (unfearful, unmiserable, even brave and happy, if such be possible). Redefine masculinity? The shelves are filled with books about women, dramatizing and prescribing for the unleashing, unlocking, unchaining. And along with these works, a few men, fellow travelers like Marc Feigen Fasteau (he took his wife's name when they married), tell us that androgyny is the future, men becoming more like women, women becoming more like men, orgasm becoming less like the explosive unity of polar antagonists; and the ease that human beings have always sought will suddenly appear in the middle class, thanks to sharing the housework. Books have titles such as *The Male Dilemma* or *Unbecoming Men* or Feigen Fasteau's *The Male Machine*—apologetic titles. Even groveling titles: *The Liberated Man Beyond Masculinity*. That sexism and capitalism will die together is part of the mission here.

And yet there is a real problem, a real need, and we all feel it. Can we talk about redefining masculinity? We need to. But how can we merely redefine when the old definition (peace to Hemingway, Nixon and Kissinger) is already so limp at the perimeters? It doesn't stand out convincingly, any more than a codpiece does.

We can't walk through the problem anymore. We have shown enough gracelessness under pressure. Let's ring a few doorbells.

•

I walked into a carpeted, cushy-pillowed encounter room in a hip Unitarian church. My phone correspondent, Rod, was there. So were Chuck and Fred. And last, but by no means least, there was Pauli—fucking, incredibly mindfucking Pauli.

Here we were: an upper-middle-class enclave of well-educated men seeking to have our consciousness raised, or at the very least, stroked.

"Where I'm at is that I want approval," cried Pauli. "I don't want any more shit, negativity, judgment. I want to be me!"

That was the icebreaker.

Rod, our adenoid, hip, Unitarian "helper," looked at Pauli and responded, "Uh-huh. Uh-huh." He had us take our shoes off, do a few yoga stretches and then sat us down.

Pauli took this as his cue to continue. "I don't want any mindfucking talkers. I take enough shit. I'm a man of power, and if you can't stand by my power, stand away! Power"—he frequently made that two-finger quotation-mark gesture as his words flowed on—"my power, it's too hot for some people. I turn up the burner. If it's too hot for you, don't ask me not to be me, just move away from the stove."

We all introduced ourselves. Rod, the helper, opened a window onto himself: "I have to be professional at everything. I'd like not to be so determined. Chef, cabinetmaker, studies, anything. But now I've got two kids, a boy eight years old, a girl five, and I don't like things to go wrong. My wife—uh, later."

Chuck, a bearded engineer, said: "I don't have male friends to talk with. Since I came out here to California, I've realized there's more than work. For example, there's fun, plus there's, oh——"

"Getting into yourself?" Pauli coaxed.

"Something like that," said Chuck, who then went silent, lost in thought.

"I hate competing," said Fred. "Sometimes I find myself breaking pencils and hyperventilating, I want to express myself so much. But then when it's my turn, I can't speak. Pauli, you have a lot of power, but you tend to interrupt a person's thought and——"

"Oh, man," said Pauli. "I can help you center yourself. I can give you a lot of comfort."

"I have wives and daughters and a mother and women friends, and some of those relationships are in varying degrees of disarray," I said.

"Man, I hear you talking," said Pauli. "What this group can do, it can give one another support, it can give love. Not that shit we have to take all the time. Man, I'm angry. I got to express my power and they're all stopping me!" He pulled in frustration at his earring.

It was clear that Pauli was going to crowd us, using us for his purposes; that he was skilled or at least experienced in groups and this was a medium in which he swam; that some of us would attempt to be calm as a means to resist his "power"—I thought of his power as emotivity, febrility, hysteria, powerlessness. "I hear you, I hear you," he kept saying, in a hurry to get to his own angers.

Pauli, it developed, has a medical degree from Boston University. He's a psychiatrist, specializing in family problems at a Kaiser-plan hospital. He's easily identifiable as a member of the helping professions. He's got two ex-wives and three children.

We continued to exchange news. We talked about our families, ambitions, competitiveness, ease with the self, compulsions about sports, money and jobs. Surprisingly, at this first meeting, the man-woman issue did not come up in any important way, although Pauli referred to an ageist and sexist society.

As the evening progressed, I realized it was fun to sound off; fun to exchange confidences and doubts, consolations and angers—and without the help of a screw-top bottle of chablis. Something like basic training was taking place. This recruit felt the start of comradeship.

But I also realized that a certain kind of competitive, verbose, self-dramatizing man got to me. "This Pauli. I don't dislike him," I thought. "I distrust him. An actor. A manipulator. A mindfucker. A reflection *(Continued on page 163)*

The Best Of SEX IN AMERICA

This is it. The list you've been waiting for. Here at last. The genuine article. Look no further. Accept no substitutes. Thorough and definitive. Once and for all. Until next year.

Best screwing in public: Harry Reems's conviction on obscenity charges in Memphis, Tennessee, as a result of his performance in *Deep Throat*.

Best position by a Presidential candidate: Jerry Brown on Linda Ronstadt.

Best jailbird: Yvette Mimieux in *Jackson County Jail*.

Best jailbait: Marie Osmond.

Best live-sex show: The U. S. House of Representatives.

Best ten-four outside C.B.: Marc Stevens.

Best reason to do it until you need glasses: Gloria Steinem.

Best actress with her hyphen still intact: Ann-Margret.

Best new biodegradable laundry idea: Edible underpants.

Best flavor of edible underpants: Wild cherry.

Best American virgin: St. Thomas.

Best Italian virgin: Santa Maria Goretti.

Best gay magazine: *Christopher Street*, "The Gay Magazine for the Whole Family."

Best straight magazine: *Scientific American*.

Best reason to make sure of who's running with you, Jesus: Episcopal priest and author Malcolm Boyd's disclosure that he is gay.

Best down-and-in target in pro football: Phyllis George.

Hyphen intacta

Ten-four

Until you need glasses

Best sex-change operation: Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, according to the *Blueboy Magazine Consumer Guide to Sex Surgery*; the cost of the operation is $5000.

Best ass on ice: Peggy Fleming.

Best patriot going down in history: Former Army general and right-wing activist Edwin A. Walker, who was arrested in Dallas for making a sexual advance on a plainclothes police officer. Runner-up: Onetime Supreme Court nominee G. Harrold Carswell, who was arrested by Tallahassee vice cops in a bus-station men's room.

Best reason to have a reporter on the floor: Catherine Mackin, NBC News.

Best seat in the House: Representative Patricia Schroeder, Democrat, of Colorado.

Best way to be sure of a Happy Rockefeller: The new $300,000 official Vice-Presidential bedroom in Washington, D.C.

Best commercially disguised sex device: The Shower Massage by Water Pik.

Best commercially disguised sex film: TV's Noxzema Shave Cream commercial, featuring Farrah Fawcett-Majors cooing about smooth and creamy "great balls of comfort."

Best nondisguised sexual ad copy: The Red-Hot-Love Doll—"Hold me . . . Squeeze me . . . Dress me . . . Kick me . . . Bite me . . . Suck me . . . Fuck me . . . But . . . Respect me!"

Best soft-core candy: Spearmint Freshen-up, also known as Cum Gum.

Best athletic supporter: Marjorie Wallace.

Best reason why you're nobody 'til somebody loves you: Jon Peters, who took over as director of friend Barbra Streisand's film *A Star Is Born* (of which he was already producer).

Best T-shirt: The orgy shirt from Pleasure Chest.

Best-singing alleged wife beater from South Philly: Fabian.

Best snow: Phoebe.

Best way to take the "l" out of public broadcasting: Valerie Perrine in the P.B.S. production *Steambath*.

Best new white man's burden: Donna Summer.

Best album cover: *Trick Bag*, by The Meters (Warners).

Best low blow: Olympic boxer Sugar Ray Leonard, who was hit with a paternity suit shortly after winning a gold medal in the summer games at Montreal.

Best sex guide: *The Washington Fringe Benefit*, by Elizabeth L. Ray.

Best way to pass for black: Fiesta-colored condoms.

Best way to attract streetwalkers: Wing-tipped shoes and an Alpine hat.

Best way to avoid streetwalkers: A skateboard.

Cum gum

Floor reporter

Athletic supporter

White man's burden

Baby Brother

Ass on ice

Orgy tee

Best in bed:
Joey Heatherton, the Serta Perfect Sleeper girl.

Best in bed if you can't have Joey Heatherton:
Custom-made sheets of combed Egyptian cotton from Porthault of Paris; $200 and up per sheet.

Best use of breasts in a continuing dramatic series:
Angie Dickinson in *Police Woman.*

Best reason to take a day off:
Birgitta Tolksdorf who appears as Arlene Lovett on *Love of Life* (CBS).

Best licked Dick:
Richard M. Nixon.

Best way to rise to the colors:
The Bicentennial dildo.

Best classified ads:
The New York Review of Books.

Best overbite:
Louise Lasser.

Best build:
Lindsay Wagner, *The Bionic Woman.*

Best nude beach:
Black's Beach, San Diego, California, which is legally "clothing optional."

Best radical cheek:
Jane Fonda.

Best panelist to be on top of on *Hollywood Squares*:
Elke Sommer.

Best body language:
Lola Falana as the Fabergé tigress.

Best advance in medical science:
The rectal barometer.

Best water sport:
Donna De Varona.

Best beaver in a family film not produced by Disney Studios:
Genevieve Bujold's nude underwater sequence in *Swashbuckler* (PG).

Best foreign affair:
Princess Anne and her Olympic mount, Goodwill.

Best advice:
Bite your cheek and do mathematical problems in your head.

Best new bizarre perversion:
Mercy fucking.

Best new New York perversion:
The live-hamster codpiece.

Best closet queen:
Patricia Hearst.

Best quickie:
Senator James Buckley's Republican Presidential campaign.

Best boy:
Mattel's Baby Brother Tender Love doll, which comes equipped with lifelike male genitalia.

Best girl:
Mattel's Growing Up Skipper doll, which develops a bosom when its arms are raised.

Best new suburban sex device:
Double-knit dildos.

Best confirmation of Orwellian prophecy:
Videotape dating services.

Best autoeroticism:
Linda Vaughn, Miss Hurst Shifter.

Best lubricants:
Time, affection and Castrol 10W-30.

Best way to leave a lasting impression:
Stimula ribbed condoms.

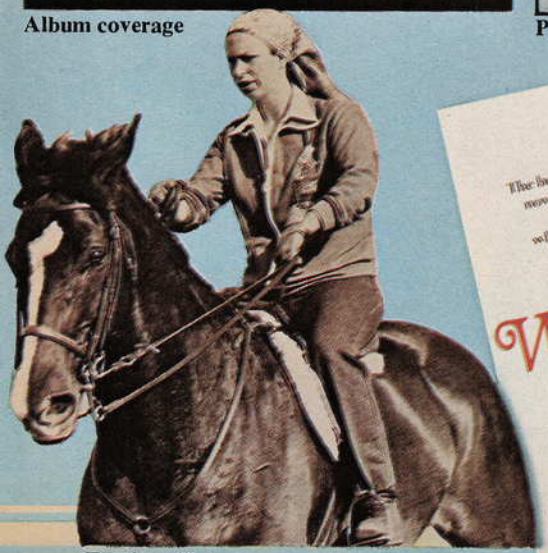
Album coverage

Pubic broadcast

Rise to the colors

Serta sleeper

Hollywood square


Foreign affair

Sex guide

Well built

Best TV hustler: Barbara Walters, who left NBC after receiving a five-year, $1,000,000-per-year contract from ABC.

Best literary hustler: Judith Campbell Exner, who received $300,000 for the exclusive newspaper-serial rights to her then-unwritten memoirs of her alleged affair with John F. Kennedy.

Best cheerleader: Chrystie Jenner, whose husband, Bruce, won the gold medal in the Olympic decathlon in Montreal.

Best holiday: August eighth, National Nude Beach Day; so declared by the nude-activist Beachfront U.S.A. group.

Best publicized set in tennis: Men's tennis champion Richard Raskind, who underwent a sex-change operation and then competed in the women's division of the U. S. Tennis Open under the name Renee Richards.

Best country-and-western set: Dolly Parton.

Best musical set: Bette Midler.

Best TV set: Adrienne Barbeau.

Best color set: Pam Grier.

Best rock set: Re Styles of the Tubes.

Best movie set: Jacqueline Bisset.

Best pre-set: Jodie Foster.

Best back seat: The Datsun 280-Z (you didn't think those loading-deck straps were for luggage, did you?).

Best dumb blonde on a quiz show: Carol Wayne, *Celebrity Sweepstakes.*

Best dumb blonde on a comedy show: Mary Kay Place, *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman.*

Best dumb blonde on a Congressman: Elizabeth Ray.

Best bitch: Patti Smith.

Best book title: *How to Get Balled in Berkeley*, by Anne Steinhardt (Viking).

Best vibrator: John Deere riding mower model 214.

Best way to guild the lilies: Margo St. James's crusade to unionize prostitutes.

Best new lilies in need of guilding: C.B. hookers.

Best fall from Grace: Princess Caroline of Monaco.

Best unnatural act: The Runaways.

Best 51st way to leave your lover: Claudine Longet.

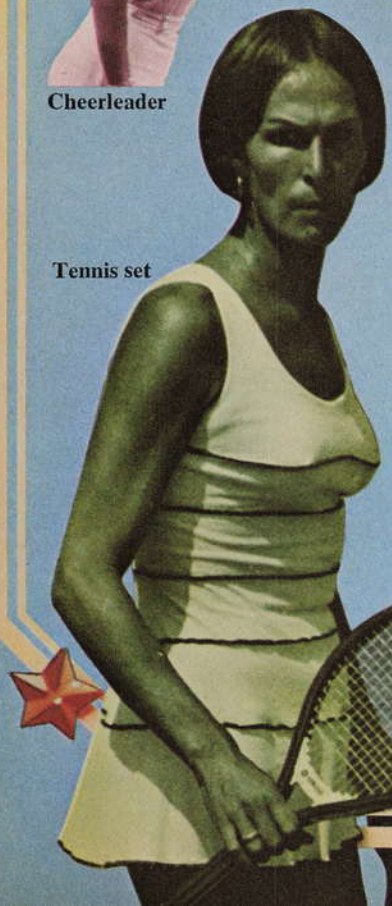
Best switch from a family model to a fancy Porche: Muhammad Ali, who left his wife, Belinda, and four children to take up with stunning Veronica Porche; Belinda Ali later sued for divorce.

Best cock in the movies: John C. "Johnny Wadd" Holmes.

Cheerleader

Back-seat winner

Bitch



Tennis set

C&W set

Musical set

TV set

Best cock in the movies, emeritus:
The Pathé rooster.

Best prick in the movies:
Charles Bronson.

Best new end man:
Former Secretary of Agriculture Earl Butz.

Best soft-core lithography:
The paperback cover of *Black Sunday*, featuring a phallic blimp easing its throbbing hardness over the waiting open lip of a quivering sports arena.

Best Greek widow:
Jacqueline Onassis.

Best deposed widow:
Isabel Perón.

Best black widow:
Coretta King.

Best Head:
The Arthur Ashe Competition 2 racket.

Best divorce:
Carol Lawrence and Robert Goulet.

Best marriage:
Brenda Starr and Basil St. John.

Best local anesthetic:
Waukegan, Illinois.

Best local anesthetic if you can't make it to Waukegan:
Stud Spray.

Best 33⅓ S/M:
The Rolling Stones's *Black and Blue* album.

Best target for stones cast by those who are without sin like McDonald's is without burger meat:
Jimmy Carter, upbraided by the press for telling his *Playboy* interviewer that he had looked at women with lust in his heart.

Best reason to run for the White House:
Susan Ford.

Best dirty trick:
That turned by the Salt Lake City policewoman decoy who arrested Representative Allan Howe.

Best blow job:
Hurricane Elaine.

Best French tickler:
Jerry Lewis.

Best reason to stick it in her ear:
As Marabel Morgan writes in *The Total Woman*, "A woman's most important sex organ is her brain."

Best border town:
North Troy, Vermont.

Best leather bars:
On the windows of any Gucci boutique.

Best punch line:
"And I stuck my thumb in the ass of the biggest Bengal tiger in all of India!"

Best middle-age spread:
Georgina Spelvin.

Best rape:
Margaux Hemingway, by Chris Sarandon, in *Lipstick*.

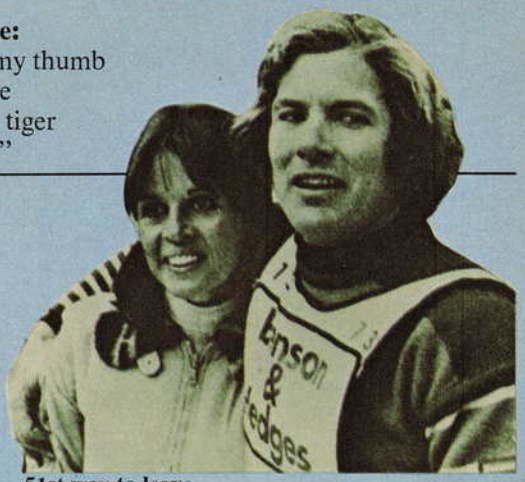
Best place to be raped:
The Howard Johnson Motor Lodge in Westbury, New York. Singer Connie Francis was raped there in 1974; she sued the motel for negligence in the area of security and was awarded $2,500,000 in damages.

Best put-down:
"Thanks, but I already *have* an asshole in my pants."

Prepared by Maury Z. Levy and the staff of OUI magazine.

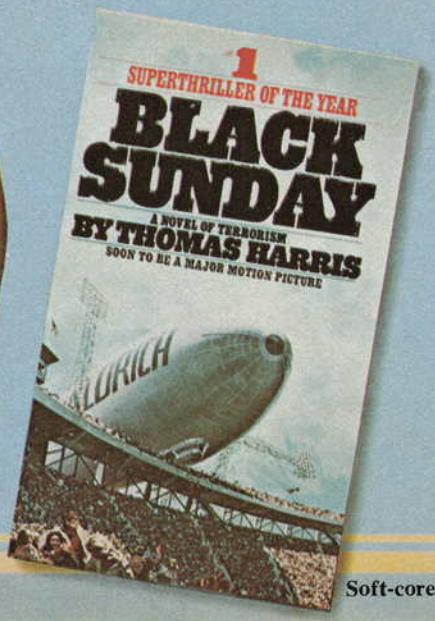
Vibrator

Fall from Grace

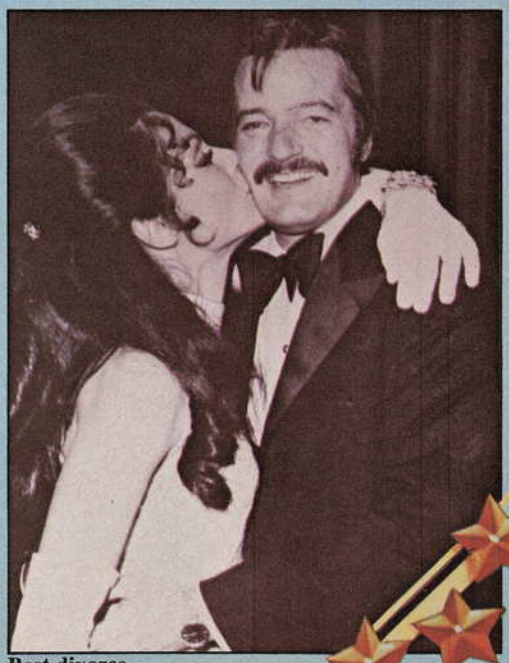


51st way to leave

Movie Wadd



Soft-core litho


Best divorce

Lettering and Border Illustrations by John Youssi

Atlantis: 20,000 theories under the sea

Article by Robert Anton Wilson

Illustrations by Paul Alexander

What it is or isn't

Originally Atlantis was the name of an alleged lost continent that sank into the Atlantic Ocean around 9000 B.C. This version, which is the origin of all Atlantis lore and theories, cannot possibly be true, but that doesn't really matter, because if Atlantis isn't an underwater continent, maybe it's an island or even a lost city on dry land. Atlantis has been identified by various seekers in Spain, Sweden, North Africa, Russia, Mexico, Sri Lanka and California, among other places. Now the eminent Dr. Jacques-Yves Cousteau is off on a year-long, $2,000,000 search for Atlantis in the Aegean Sea.

Who started it all?

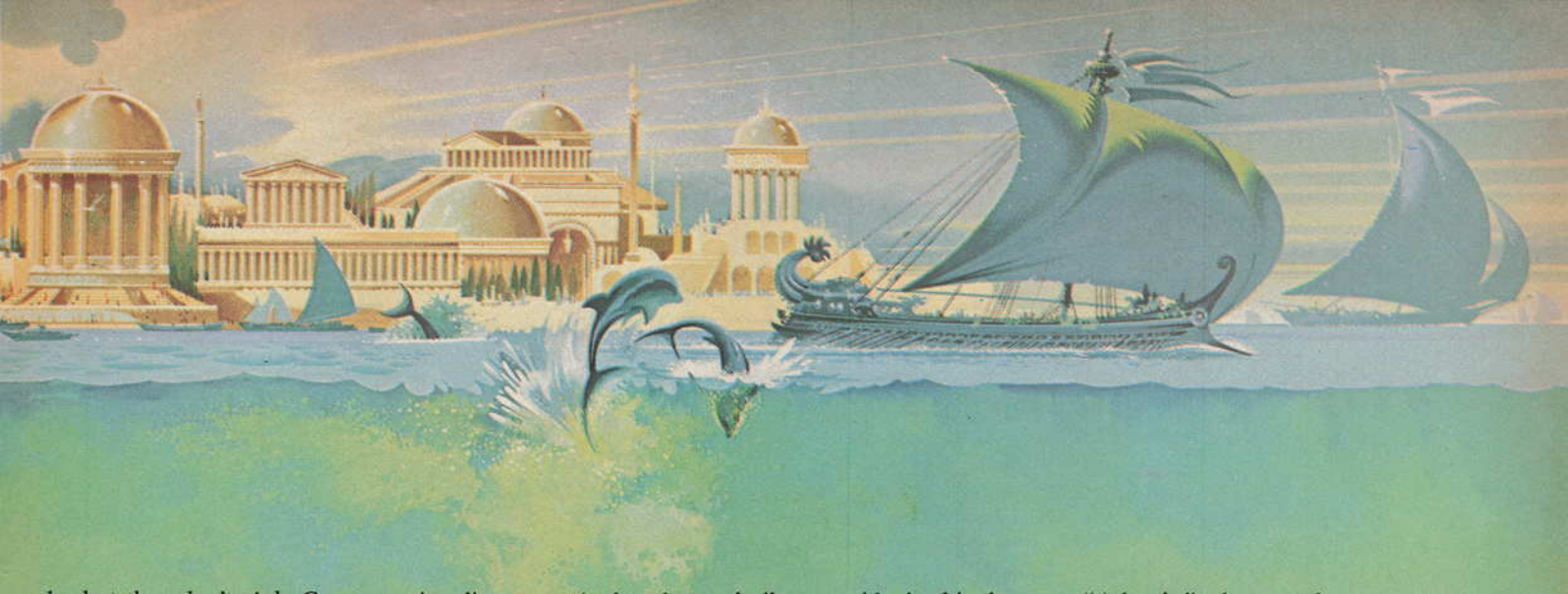
Platon Aristokles (better known as Plato), that's who. Actually Plato didn't claim to have any personal knowledge of Atlantis: He merely reported hearing about it from his uncle Critias, a Greek politician even more unsavory than Spiro Agnew. And Critias, in turn, heard it from his grandfather, another Critias, who heard it from Solon, another politician, who claimed he heard it from an anonymous Egyptian priest. Worse yet, this yarn claims that Atlantis and Athens fought a war in 9000 B.C., and we now know that Athens didn't even exist until around 800 B.C.; many historians regard the whole Atlantis tale as Plato's contribution to patriotic mythology, since the Athenians were the heroes of the story as he told it, and he was an Athenian.

Did the ancients believe Plato?

Evidently not; there are hardly any references to this yarn in surviving manuscripts. Aristotle, Plato's pupil, did mention it, but dismissed it as a fable. Pliny the Younger also mentioned it, with the noncommital phrase, "as far as we can believe Plato." The first one who did take Atlantis seriously appears to have been a nutty Christian theologian named Kosmas Indikopleustes, who added some details of his own to bring the tale into harmony with Holy Writ. According to Indikopleustes, Atlantis was the Garden of Eden and the ten kings of Atlantis (in Plato) were the ten generations between Adam and Noah (in *Genesis*). Nobody but fundamentalists and flat-earthers takes this seriously nowadays.

Could there be a lost continent in the Atlantic?

Absolutely not—unless everything we know about geology and oceanography turns out to be wrong. Continents may drift apart, and probably



do, but they don't *sink*. Coast lines and sometimes islands sink, so we can imagine a continent sinking, but it doesn't really happen. (For an analogy: We have seen Olympic weight lifters raise several hundred pounds over their heads, so we can imagine Superman raising a skyscraper on edge; but in the physical universe, the skyscraper would not rise: It would fall on him.) Oceanographers certainly do not know every square inch of the Atlantic bottom, but they know enough of it to agree that there is no continent lying down there.

Could Atlantis be smaller than a continent?

If Plato got his dimensions wrong, yes. And if he got his directions wrong, Atlantis could be *anywhere*. It is on the assumption that Plato was in fact wrong about dimensions and directions that the search for Atlantis continues.

Why look for Atlantis?

Archaeology is a notoriously incomplete science, and any new expedition might make a major discovery. Archaeology is incomplete because it does not produce weapons or products that can be mass-manufactured, so governments and big foundations are more inclined to donate huge sums to more practical sciences such as physics, which gave us atomic bombs and TV sets. Most of the places where important archaeological discoveries might be made (e.g., in Egypt and Mexico) still have not been excavated systematically, for lack of money. As Dr. Cousteau said, when leaving on his expedition to find Atlantis, "Of course we will be successful. Even if we don't find what we're looking for, the search is always worth the effort."

Could Atlantis be a generic name?

We know virtually nothing about the origins of civilization, or language, or religion. Atlantis has become a generic name for one of the four most popular theories about these enigmas of man's becoming and other mysteries of the prehistoric ages. In order of scientific respectability, these four theories are:

1. The parallel-development theory. The human mind is much the same everywhere, this school argues, and the problems of survival on this planet are also much the same, so the logical deduction is that every major civilization appeared independently. The Mayans and Egyptians both built pyramids, in this theory, because it was natural for man to invent the architectural-geometrical ideas that led to building pyramids.

2. The diffusionism theory. The ideas found in all the great civilizations, this theory contends, were invented at one place at one time, and spread from there; e.g., either the Mayans copied Egyptian pyramids, or the Egyptians copied Mayan pyramids. The intrepid Professor Thor Heyerdahl is a hard-core diffusionist theorist, and his daring voyages across the Pacific and Atlantic via primitive boats or rafts were attempts to prove that such diffusion could occur long before advanced technology appeared on earth.

3. The lost-civilization, or Atlantis, theory. This is the ultradiffusionist position that claims that the one place where everything was invented is a now-forgotten civilization that became the basis for Plato's admittedly half-fictional Atlantis. The Mayan and Egyptian pyramids were copied from those in the generic "Atlantis," wherever that was.

4. The extraterrestrial theory. Language, civilization and pyramids were all given to us by ancient astronauts from an advanced civilization in outer space.

Almost all of the evidence used to support any one of these theories will reappear, somewhat reinterpreted, in the presentation of the other theories. The first two (parallel-development and diffusionism) have usually been argued by scholarly persons with careful documentation, and the latter two (Atlantis and the extraterrestrial) often by flamboyant writers with careless documentation.

Prominent Atlantologists

In 1680, a Swedish scholar named Olof Rudbeck proved that Atlantis was in ancient Sweden and that the capital of Atlantis was in his own home town, Uppsala. In 1685, Georg Kasper Kirchmaier proved that Atlantis was really in South Africa.

At the end of the 18th Century, Jean-Sylvain Bailly proved that Atlantis was in the Arctic Circle, near Spitsbergen. About that same time, Delisle de Sales proved that it was in Central Asia. At the beginning of this century, the German anthropologist

Leo Frobenius (who also got Picasso interested in African art and thus mutated modern painting) put Atlantis back in Africa, but, contrary to Kirchmaier, insisted that it was in the northern part of that continent, around Sudan.

In 1952, rocket pioneer Willy Ley and sci-fi writer L. Sprague de Camp proved once and for all that Atlantis was in what is now Cádiz, Spain.

In the late Fifties, a Greek seismologist, Dr. Angelos Galanopoulos, again proved once and for all, beyond all doubt, that Atlantis was really the sunken island of Thera, in the Aegean Sea. An English oceanographer, James W. Mavor, found a lot of evidence in the late Sixties, while diving into sunken Thera, that Galanopoulos was right. Dr. Cousteau is currently diving there to clinch the case for the Galanopoulos theory.

Some more far-out Atlantologists

Augustus Le Plongeon, the archaeologist who first excavated the Mayan ruins in Central America, was frustrated by the fact that there was no way to translate the Mayan hieroglyphics. He determined to stare at them long enough for the meanings to appear to him by intuition. Although this procedure is not generally considered scientific, Le Plongeon got results that satisfied himself. He deciphered that Atlantis was, by God, in the Atlantic Ocean after all, that it was called Móo, and that Egyptian civilization was founded by a royal lady of Móo, herself called Queen Móo, who became the cow-headed goddess Isis in Egyptian art. Virtually no other scholar has accepted this translation.

Dr. Paul Schliemann, grandson of the famous Heinrich Schliemann who excavated the ruins of Troy, claimed to have outdone grandpa by finding the ruins of Atlantis. Later, it turned out that his evidence was not exactly found but more precisely manufactured by himself, and that's against the rules in science.

Colonel James Churchward proved that Mu (his corrected spelling of Le Plongeon's Móo) was really in the Pacific, not the Atlantic. Madame H. P. Blavatsky, of the Theosophical Society, did even better. She found a third lost continent, Lemuria, in the Indian Ocean and proved that it had been inhabited by bisexual ape men.

Karl Georg Zschaetzsch proved that Atlantis was the ancient homeland of the Aryan race, who were originally all vegetarians. He added that it was destroyed because the Atlanteans became alcoholics. This theory was a favorite with Hitler because of its racist slant and its anti-booze theme. But Adolf was more interested in a fourth lost continent, Thule, allegedly located in the North Atlantic. (He heard about Thule from Hörbiger, the nutty engineer who also convinced him that the sun was made out of ice.)

W. Scott-Elliot—a major influence on the fiction of H. P. Lovecraft and on the enigmatic writings of Richard Shaver (see following)—proved that the Atlanteans had battleships, telepathy and priestesses in transparent silken gowns. Lovecraft lifted a lot of Scott-Elliot's rhetoric, to make his horror stories more convincing, and added R'Lyeh, a lost island in the Pacific ruled by a monstrous being named Cthulhu.

Shaver, borrowing from both Lovecraft and Scott-Elliot (especially those priestesses in transparent nighties), published his revelations in the pulp sci-fi magazines of the early Fifties. They were written like fiction of the most juvenile sort, with lots of fast action and short sentences, but Shaver and his cohorts always claimed that the stories were true. The thesis was that Atlantis and Lemuria both existed; also, that their citizens invented atomic bombs and flying saucers and that the survivors are now living *inside* the earth, which is, of course, hollow. They come out in their flying saucers through a hole at the North Pole.

Shaver also led a crusade against the deros—*de*ranged *ro*bots—which were designed by the Atlanteans and then, like Frankenstein's monster, turned mean. Shaver, himself, positively saw them in caverns under New York City.

He says.

Atlantis in literature

In addition to Shaver and Lovecraft, many other writers have explored the Eldritch mystery of the sunken continent. Robert E. Howard, creator of the famous

blood-and-thunder Conan the Barbarian series, also wrote a group of tales about King Kull of Atlantis—a superhero of the Conan (or Tarzan) variety whose mighty muscles were often pitted against wicked antediluvian wizards and serpentmen. Namor, the Sub-Mariner of Marvel Comics, is prince of Atlantis and seems to be of the same genetic superstock as Conan and Kull. Aleister Crowley, the most controversial of all modern occultists, wrote his own novel about Atlantis, in which the lost continent came to a bad end, because it abandoned the law of Do What Thou Wilt (a phrase from Rabelais that Crowley made the center of his own teaching) and became embroiled in morality and repression. Even Taylor Caldwell, queen of the women's novelists, has done her own Atlantis saga (*The Romance of Atlantis*), and Donovan has written a song about it. Finally, as if the poor lost continent hasn't suffered enough, an obscene, subversive, blasphemous and pornographic three-volume sci-fi saga, *Illuminatus*, seriously claims that the world has been governed behind the scenes by a circle of Atlantean mad scientists for the past 30,000 years.

The Cayce prophecy

Edgar Cayce, an American with remarkable talents for psychic healing and (sometimes) for prophecy, predicted in 1940 that part of Atlantis would rise again in 1968. Parts of submerged buildings *were* found near the surface of the Atlantic, near Bimini in the Bahamas, in 1968. This has been a great comfort to all those seeking Atlantis in the Atlantic. Those who are seeking Atlantis elsewhere say the buildings appeared to be part of a Mayan settlement.

Etymology

Ignatius Donnelly, one of the most scholarly, if erratic, Atlantologists, was fascinated by the name that the Aztecs gave to their legendary land of origin, Aztlán. Just say Aztlán-Atlantis three times aloud and you will see how suggestive this is.

Others have been equally struck by the name Attala, the alleged homeland of the Berbers of North Africa. Attala-Atlantis is rather persuasive, too, if you say it a few times.

Charles Berlitz, grandson of the Berlitz who founded the language schools, claims a common Atlantean origin for Aztlán, Attala, Atlas (the Greek god, but also a king of Atlantis in Plato's story), Avalon (the Celtic paradise), Tlapallan (home of Quetzalcoatl, in Mexican myth) and even the name of the Antilles Islands, which might be part of sunken Atlantis, he reckons.

But Mark Twain claims to have known a scholar who derived the American Middletown from the Hebrew Moses. It's easy. You just drop the -oses and add the -iddletown.

The Bermuda Triangle

The allegedly Atlantean ruins found under the Atlantic near Bimini are in the enigmatic Bermuda Triangle where so many ships and airplanes have disappeared mysteriously. Berlitz and others have wondered if Atlantean machinery, still working but based on scientific laws unknown to us, might be slurping these craft down to the bottom or outward to the fifth dimension or something like that, a sci-fi concept that is also found in Lovecraft and Shaver.

The sun-god problem

Sun gods, or divine beings with halos around their heads, are found in religious art almost everywhere. Atlantologists claim that these beings were all derived from the protoprimus sun god of Atlantis, Ra—origin, they say, of the Egyptian Ra and even, according to some, of the Hindu Ram. Parallelists say that the sun god is just a natural primitive concept, based on mankind's need for the sun to make his crops grow. Jungian psychologists, who are genetic parallelists, say further that the sun god is an "archetype of the collective unconscious." The Von Däniken school, of course, says that the sun gods are ancient astronauts with their space helmets on.

Thera

Dr. Galanopoulos' claim that the real Atlantis was the sunken island of Thera in the Aegean Sea is now the most popular theory among scientific Atlantologists. Unfortunately the capital city of Thera is 11 miles wide and the capital of Atlantis, in Plato, is 110 miles wide. An error of 99 miles, however, is nothing to Atlantologists. Plato's dimensions are all wrong, anyway, they point out, and Galanopoulos even explains why Plato was off by a factor of ten. The Greeks, he says, confused the Cretan symbol for 1000 (⊙) with the one for 10,000 (⊕).

Quite simple, really.

You just drop the -oses and add the -iddletown. ▣

THE CIA IN EUROPE

WITH ALLIES LIKE US, WHO NEEDS ENEMIES?

ARTICLE BY PHILIP AGEE AND STEVE WEISSMAN

The dark hand of the CIA is appearing all over Western Europe, especially since the decline and fall of right-wing dictatorships in Portugal, Spain and Greece, and with the growing appeal of the Euro-Communists. Everywhere you look, from Lisbon to Bonn, the American embassies now contain large CIA stations, staffed with such top-hand veterans as the longtime World Federalist and trade-union expert Cord Meyer, Jr., who has been serving as the Chief of Station in London since 1973. And since the assassination in Athens of Richard Welch, the CIA Chief in Greece, the Agency has every reason to regard the Old World as the new front line, much as it did in the early days of the Cold War.

But what do all these spooks do in Western Europe? How do they spend their days? Are they only diplomats in drag, or do they pose some fundamental threat to democracy in Europe—and in the United States?

The answers are slowly coming in, many of them provided through the prying and probing of Europe's best journalists. So we'll simply tell a few of the tales—from how the CIA learned to love Socialists in Lisbon to how it recruited mercenaries for Angola in the wilds of downtown London—and leave it to the readers to fill in the blanks.

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The first bomb wrecked a crowded bank on the Piazza Fontana in the heart of downtown Milan, killing 16 people and injuring more than 100. During the next hour, a second device was discovered near La Scala Opera House before it exploded and three more blasts

Illustration by Joe Saffold

THE CIA IN EUROPE *In mid 1973, the Italian government uncovered what many had feared to be: a major Fascist conspiracy right at the heart of the country's armed forces.*

went off in various parts of Rome, injuring another 26 people.

Five bombs had been set to go off within an hour in five crowded spots in Rome and Milan on the afternoon of Friday, December 12, 1969. It was the biggest massacre in Italy since World War Two. It was also the start of a bizarre series of conspiracies and cover-ups, as the chiefs of Italy's top-secret Defense Intelligence Service (S.I.D.) joined hands with angry bands of old-fashioned Fascists in a concerted campaign to create chaos and force the Italian military to overthrow the elected government.

Beatings, bombings, armed attacks and riots—the violence mounted until December 1970, when longtime Fascist hero Prince Junio Valerio Borghese led several hundred followers in an attempt to seize the Ministry of the Interior building and the headquarters of Italian radio and TV. The would-be *putsch* was pure comic opera—called on account of rain or some last-minute slip-up—and when it was exposed, the Black Prince was forced to flee to Spain. But the message of the Borghese coup was clear: next time the real thing.

During the following months, the campaign took to the streets, as a shadowy mix of small gangs from in and around the Neo-Fascist Movimento Sociale Italiano (M.S.I.) openly attacked the headquarters of left-wing groups and assaulted anti-Fascist foes. In the wave of purely local protests that swept the provincial capital of Reggio Calabria, in the toe of the Italian boot, Fascist thugs set up shop as advisors in urban guerrilla tactics and were soon leading full-scale riots. Tension spread throughout Italy and everywhere the average *paesano*, whether left-wing or right, began to wonder aloud how long the Italian Republic would stand.

Then, in mid 1973, the government uncovered what many had feared to be: a major conspiracy right at the heart of the Italian armed forces. Several of the small Fascist groups—from the Mussolini Action Squadron to the well-connected Ordine Nuovo—had joined with leading industrialists and military officers in a plot to overthrow the government and to resurrect a Fascist state. They called themselves the Rosa dei Venti (the Rose of Twenty), and according to secret plans that emerged later, they had compiled a list of more than 1600 political leaders whom they would assassinate following the coup.

The police arrested the principal leaders, but the violence continued, both from the left and the right; soon, the police uncovered yet another plot, this one including plans to kidnap the president of the republic, destroy major bridges and pipelines and assassinate another list of politicos. The police arrested still more conspirators, this time snaring the man entrusted with protecting the republic against subversion, General Vito Miceli, head of S.I.D.

According to the authorities, Miceli and S.I.D. had helped to cover up Prince Borghese's coup attempt and had also participated directly in provoking the violence that the Fascists had hoped would lead to a military coup. This included the use of *agents provocateurs* to plant the bombs in Milan and in Rome back in December 1969 and in much of the violence that followed.

Even as Miceli and his allies were preparing to defend themselves against treason charges, an American Congressman named Otis Pike and members of his Select Committee on Intelligence were learning how the CIA in Rome had in 1972 passed $800,000 to "a high local intelligence officer." This officer turned out to be the very same Vito Miceli. According to a copy of the Pike Report that was later leaked to *The Village Voice* and a more extensive version translated from the Italian magazine *Panorama*, the American ambassador to Italy, Graham Martin, had pushed the Agency into giving Miceli the money for a massive propaganda campaign; Miceli would run the campaign, and he would use as his chief collaborator an Italian journalist whom the Americans knew to be a member of the central committee of a far-right political group.

To his credit, the CIA station chief in Rome found the whole project too explosive for his taste. General Miceli was too closely linked to the far right; he didn't know enough about running propaganda; it was too much money; and the Agency had no control over how it would be spent. But the strong-willed Ambassador Martin got the support of President Nixon and, apparently, of Henry Kissinger, and in the end, the CIA chief had to do what he was told—which was to give the money to Miceli and let him spend it as he saw fit.

"Do you really care if [his] propaganda efforts are successful?" the unhappy station chief asked Martin.

"Yes, I do, but not a helluva lot," replied the ambassador. "The important thing is to demonstrate solidarity for the long pull."

The Pike Report ended its account of the story by noting that the "intelligence officer" was later involved in a far-right scheme to overthrow the government and that he had been charged with conspiring in a plot that was leading to a *colpo di stato*. For the record, Miceli has since won a seat in the Italian parliament as a candidate of the Neo-Fascist M.S.I., and another M.S.I. deputy, Pino Rauti, has been identified as having been the right-wing journalist who was Miceli's propagandist collaborator. Rauti, one of the best-known Fascist ideologs in all of Europe, was a central figure in an international network that included right-wing terrorists and the secret police of the old Greek, Spanish and Portuguese dictatorships; he was also the founder of the Neo-Fascist Ordine Nuovo, which Italian government officials banned in 1974 for its part in the campaign of terror.

The CIA, of course, has given financial assistance to a wide spectrum of anti-Communist groups in Italy. According to the Pike Report, the Agency gave $1,000,000, most of it to the Christian Democrats, in the crucial elections of 1948, and as much as $75,000,000 to pro-West parties and affiliates in the years that followed. These groups included Social Democrats, Republicans, Christian Democrats, religious factions, and "free-trade unionists." As recently as January 1976, word leaked from the U. S. Congress that the Agency was still playing Santa Claus, dividing up a reported $6,000,000 between friendly Italian political groups, including the Christian Democratic faction headed by Prime Minister Giulio Andreotti.

Until the Pike Report revealed the Miceli affair, however, the Agency appeared to have kept the Fascists at a respectable distance, using them largely as shock troops and providing them with indirect support through the Christian Democratic right-wingers. But when the CIA is shown funding Fascists directly—well, it causes one to wonder what M.S.I. party leader Giorgio Almirante, an official in Mussolini's final government, had to talk about when he met in Washington in September 1975 with an official from President Ford's top-level National Security Council.

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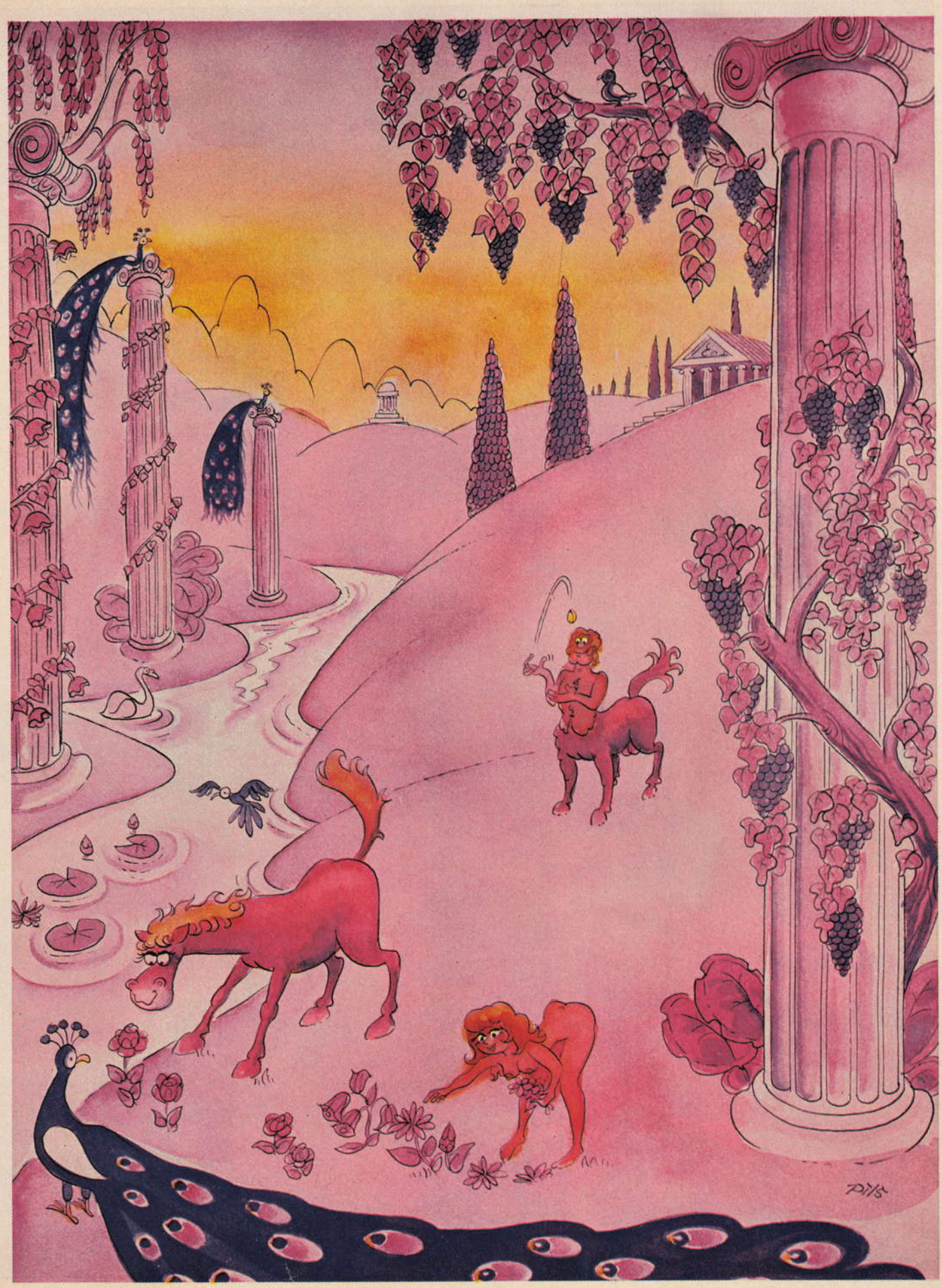
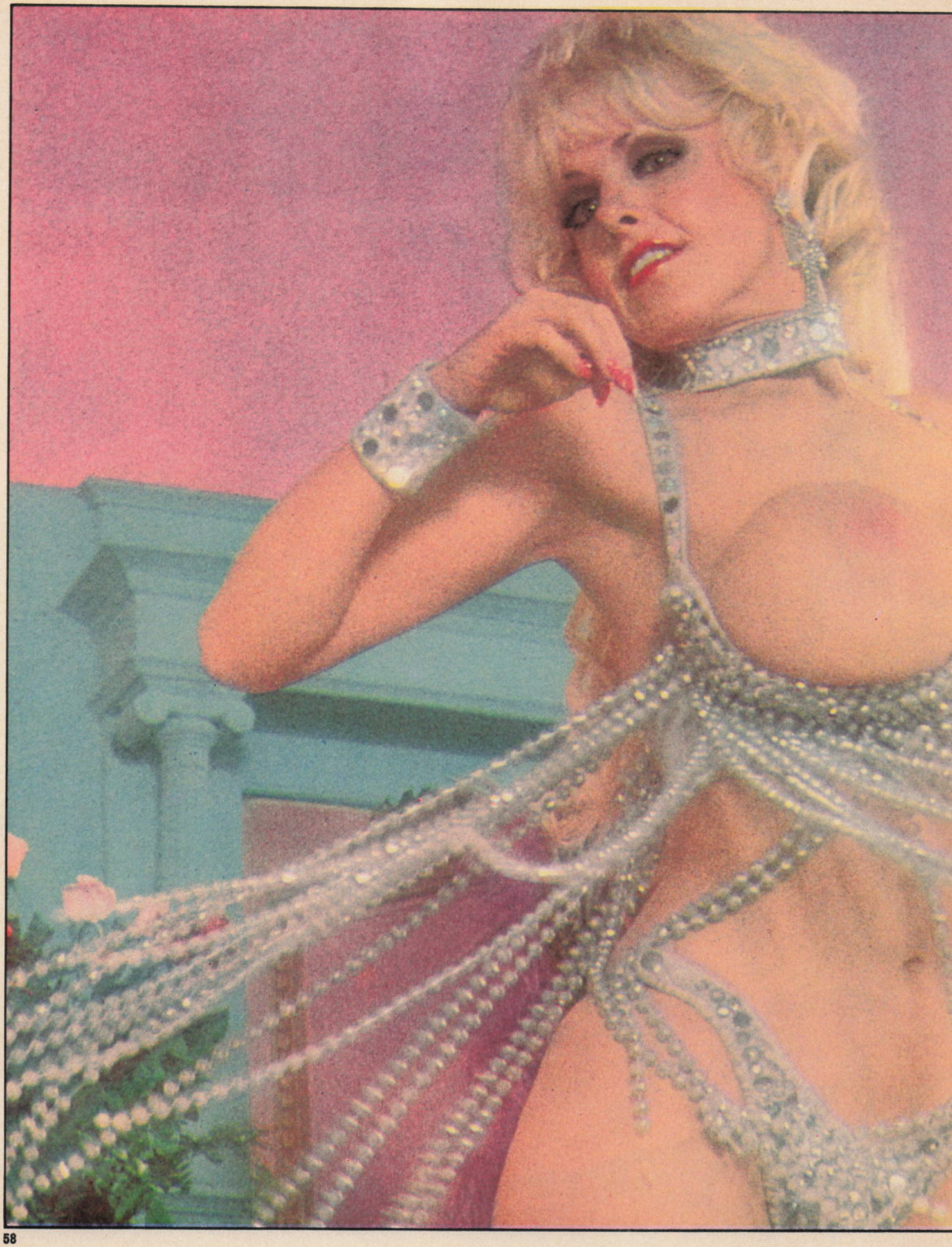
"Kill Willy Brandt?" asked the startled Englishman. *(Continued on page 141)*

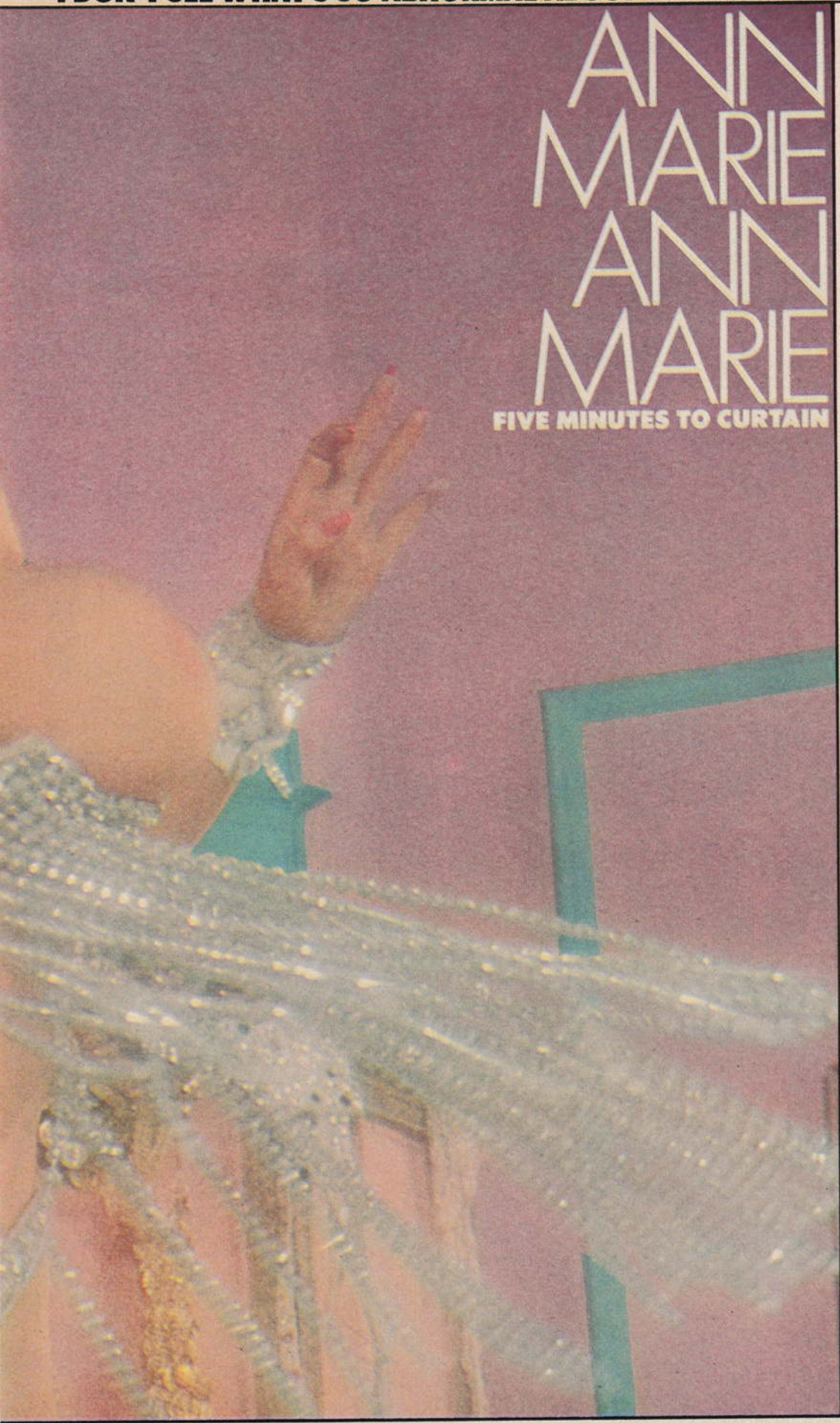




"I DON'T SEE WHAT'S SO ABNORMAL ABOUT BIG BREASTS."

ANN MARIE ANN MARIE

FIVE MINUTES TO CURTAIN



She really is the girl next door. She grew up in a Polish Catholic neighborhood in Chicago. She went to dancing school, sang in the church choir, rooted for the Cubs and was high school homecoming queen. She doesn't drink, doesn't smoke and doesn't believe in premarital sex. Honest. The only thing that makes her different from any other 22-year-old all-American girl is a few extra inches of bustline. Ann Marie still doesn't understand all the fuss. When she goes to the grocery store, the manager stops her because he thinks she is making off with a dozen cantaloupes. When she goes to a Chicago Bears football game, 50,000 people stand up and applaud. She can't even walk down the street without someone crashing into a tree. When she turned 21, Ann Marie decided it was time to make some money from America's obsession with her breasts, so she went to work in night clubs. Within weeks, she became the highest-paid exotic performer in the U.S., and shortly after that, she appeared in Russ Meyer's "Supervixens." She still believes in God. "He must be a tit man," she says, "because He gave them to me." We sent Assistant Editor Sharon O'Hara to ask Ann Marie what it's been like to grow up as an embodiment of male sex fantasy. O'Hara began with the obvious question:

OUI: How old were you when your breasts began to develop?

ANN MARIE: I got my first bra when I was eight years old. I wore an undershirt over it to hide it. You see, I was a tomboy and I liked to climb trees. Sometimes one of my straps would get caught on the branches and that was very embarrassing.

OUI: What was it like for you at school?

ANN MARIE: Once a boy who sat behind me traced the line of my bra straps with his ink pen on my blouse. Everybody started to laugh and when I went home my mother really threw a fit because the ink was indelible and stained the blouse.

OUI: Did your mother ever

Photography by Pompeo Posar

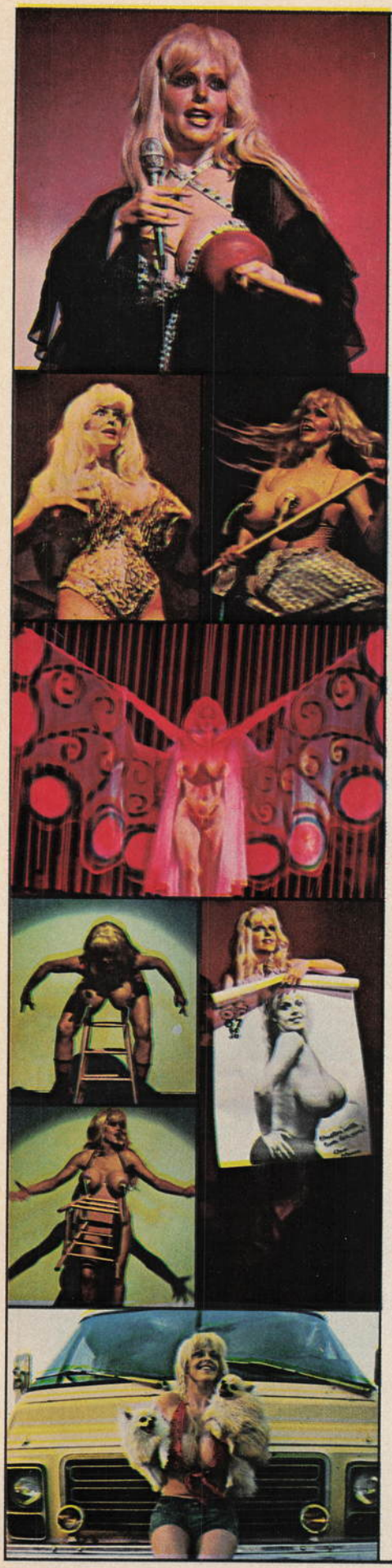
say anything to you about breasts and sex?

ANN MARIE: Not then. When I was young, I didn't really connect breasts with sex. I mean, I didn't know anything about sex. I just thought that big breasts were natural. My mother's are bigger than mine even though she's shorter than I am. Of course, she's a little plumper, too. But we both have small waists and that's what makes our breasts look so large in comparison. I always thought that my mother was beautiful and I was proud to be like her. By the time I was 12, I was aware that people thought that big boobs were sexy, but I didn't know what sexy meant; I just knew that it was some sort of positive attribute. At 12, I already had a 40-inch bust, and it was at that age that I first saw a copy of *Playboy*. My older brother had one in his desk and it was the issue with Jayne Mansfield in it. I thought that she looked terrific and I spent the next couple of years trying to look just like her, imitating her make-up, and so forth. I imagine I looked pretty comical with all that eyeliner and mascara, but then so did a lot of my friends. Everyone talked about Jayne Mansfield and how gorgeous she was and it was more positive reinforcement about the beauty of big breasts. Of course, I knew that in school some of the kids made jokes about my size behind my back, but it wasn't as traumatic as you might think. The kids who knew me just accepted me; it was the kids from other schools who made a big commotion.

OUI: How was that?

ANN MARIE: I loved sports—football, basketball—and I went to all the games I could, even in junior high. I remember once when I was 13 years old, a busload of basketball players from another school pulled up to play our team and they all started hanging out of the windows and screaming at me: "Oh, wow! Hey, did you see that?" I couldn't believe it. I was just standing there, doing

Left to right, top to bottom: Three-year-old Ann took a vacation; at the age of four, she began five years of tap and ballet lessons; at 13 and 42 inches (and growing), Ann was prominent in her high school class (she was also an A student); at 15, she reigned as homecoming queen; two years later, when the yearbook picture was taken, she made plans to attend the University of Illinois, where she did a cheesecake picture to prove to disbelieving classmates that she was all real (the bootlegged photo was sold in campus bookstores); at 19, she went to a Bears/Packers football game in Chicago and nearly started a riot; a night-club act followed, in which she demonstrated her talents as a singer and comedienne, as well as her other assets; her show caught the attention of Russ Meyer, who gave her a role in *Supervixens* (bottom, center). At 22, she now earns as much as $5000 a week.



OUI went to see Ann Marie's act at Dirty Harry's bar, now the Moody Blue, in Iowa City, Iowa—a college town. The crowd was young, and there were almost as many women as men. Top to bottom: Ann clowns with a bathroom plunger and then with a broomstick with which she mimics the pencil-under-the-breast test. She sings. She vamps. The butterfly costume is her pride and joy. It was designed by a seamstress in Montreal, but Ann works on it herself in the evening. Next Ann demonstrates the tensile strength of her bosom by picking up a bar stool with it. She gives away an autographed poster to a gawker in the balcony. Bottom: She poses with her dogs in front of the recreational vehicle she travels in. At no point in her act does she take off her pasties. What she does is not primarily a sex show, she says.

nothing. The same sort of thing happened to me time and time again. Worse than the kids, though, were the coaches. I had some friends in those other schools, and the word got back to me that the coaches thought I was 21 and that I just sneaked into the stands because I liked the attention. Can you believe that? Even now, people who come to see my shows think that I must be 40; they can't believe that I'm only 22.

OUI: How about in your neighborhood? Did people ever say suggestive things to you on the street?

ANN MARIE: Sometimes. But I didn't think they were addressing me. I had a girlfriend who was flat-chested but who had beautiful legs; when we'd walk down to the drugstore, guys in passing cars would honk their horns and I always figured they were honking at her.

OUI: Were the two of you frightened?

ANN MARIE: Oh, no, we thought it was a riot—grown men bumping into each other just because we walked down the street. But they never came over to us or anything. Even now people rarely come up to me; they stare or shout or point, but they very rarely come up to talk.

OUI: Did you ever ask a boyfriend how he felt when he first saw you?

ANN MARIE: My first serious boyfriend was a guy I met in college. He told me that he had been afraid to ask me for a date. I never went out at all in high school, but my mother always said that the reason I didn't have dates was that I was too smart. I made A's and was valedictorian, so there was a lot of competition between me and the guys. I didn't really care about my lack of dates, though, because I figured that dating would come in time. I participated in a lot of school activities, was homecoming queen at 15 and was elected student-council president as a senior. It's just that I didn't learn anything about sex until I got to the University of Illinois.

OUI: Your mother never told

you any of the facts of life?

ANN MARIE: Not really. Once when I was in college she told me her idea of how to avoid getting pregnant. "The way to satisfy a guy without going too far," she said, "is just to unbutton your blouse and let him look at your bra. With your size, that will satisfy any guy." I thought that was very funny, but of course, I couldn't tell her that I knew it wouldn't work. In fact, the more I thought that guys wanted to look at my boobs, the less I was apt to let them.

OUI: But what about your boyfriend?

ANN MARIE: Especially my boyfriend. You know the one guy I was really serious about? I wouldn't let him touch my breasts. He probably thought I had stuffed tissue paper in there. I never showed him anything, even though he told me that he loved big boobs. He told me that if he ever married, the girl would have to have big boobs. That bothered me; I felt that I wasn't a real person to him, just a pair of big boobs.

OUI: Maybe it was just his way of telling you that he liked everything about you.

ANN MARIE: Maybe. I never thought of it that way. In any case, it was better than if he'd said, "Why don't you have an operation to get smaller?" People—even my friends—have said that to me. They don't realize how dangerous those breast-reducing operations are; they're much more complicated than getting silicone. I've checked into it. You can lose all sensitivity in your nipples, or even the nipples themselves. When that happens, you lose your ability to breast feed, and there's no way I won't breast feed when I have children someday. Besides, I don't see what's so abnormal about having big breasts. Women are supposed to have breasts, aren't they? If anyone's abnormal, it's the woman who is flat. Not that I would ever put these women down, but I just can't see why people are always picking on me. Why don't

"I'D LIKE TO GET MARRIED AND HAVE A PASSEL OF KIDS."

ANN MARIE, ANN MARIE *As I walked by the fraternity houses, all the guys ran out and stared and said, "Oh, my gosh. Look at that bust." I remember thinking that I should charge 50 cents.*

they ever notice my rear end? My *dupa* is huge, but nobody ever screams at *it*.

OUI: So there you were in high school, making A's but not having many dates.

ANN MARIE: And going bananas over sports. My girlfriends and I were really dedicated fans; we were especially crazy about baseball players—guys like Orlando Cepeda. We'd bring them birthday cakes and write to them and carry posters and banners—I'm not a bad artist. I never wore anything very sexy, just pants and T-shirts.

OUI: Did they pay attention to you?

ANN MARIE: Oh, sure. When I was 14 or 15, I'd go to the games practically every week and sit down front and talk to the players. Later on, I even sent them graduation announcements.

OUI: Did the players ever write back?

ANN MARIE: Oh, yes. They'd write stuff like, "Why don't we get together at such and such a place?" I don't think they meant it, though. They knew I was jail bait. At first, they thought I had to be older than 15, but when they saw the way I *acted* they realized that I wasn't. I sure was crazy about ballplayers. I'd never marry one though.

OUI: Why not?

ANN MARIE: Even at that young age, it wasn't hard to see that many of the players had a girl in every port. I'd see their girlfriends with them as they left the stadium and I knew which ones were married. I guess ballplayers just have so many opportunities that it's hard for them to resist. I used to think that ballplayers were mythical heroes, but I learned very quickly that they're just people. I mean, here were National League stars coming over to stare at me. A player on the Atlanta Braves once autographed a baseball and then told me he'd give it to me if I'd show him one of my boobs. "Just one?" I asked. "Don't you want to see both?"

OUI: Pretty nervy for a 15-year-old.

ANN MARIE: Yep. I was always good with the wisecracks. In my night-club act, I'm always making jokes. It gives me a lot of rapport with the audience. I do funny things with my boobs and the audience laughs with me, not at me. There's a difference.

OUI: Like what kind of jokes?

ANN MARIE: I'll take something that's true and then make it funny. I'll say, "Well, I was very good at sports. I won every race by a nipple." Or some joker will say, "Don't you think that anything over a mouthful's a waste?" And I'll say, "I wonder if the girls feel the same way about the guys." Stuff like that.

OUI: Aside from the baseball games, when did people first start noticing you?

ANN MARIE: Well, when I was 15, I was elected homecoming queen and they put my picture in the paper and published my address. I got a lot of phone calls—people wanting me to pose for lingerie ads or guys I didn't know wanting to ask me out. I didn't bother with any of them. One fellow asked me to paint some signs for him—he'd read that I was an artist—and I did a few. Twenty-five dollars a sign; I was really proud of that. I also did some posters free for the kids at the state mental hospital. I really love little kids. That's why I wanted to become a teacher.

OUI: Was education your major in college?

ANN MARIE: Yes. Education and animal courses. I also thought I might be a vet. Of course, ever since I was four, I've been singing—in church, at weddings, at school and for girls' clubs. I never got paid for it or thought of singing as a career.

OUI: What was your first day at college like?

ANN MARIE: It was like something out of *Little Annie Fanny*—you know, the *Playboy* cartoon character who causes accidents and riots just by walking outside. There I was, away from home for the first time in my life, about to meet 35,000 people. To be honest, I didn't meet that many of them, but inside of a week, they all knew who I was. After my parents moved me into my dorm room and left, I went for a walk. I was wearing an old shirt and pants cut off at the knee—not exactly a sex-siren outfit. As I walked by the fraternity houses, all the guys ran out and stared and said "Oh, my gosh. Look at that bust." Even the girls in the sorority houses ran out. I remember thinking that I should charge 50 cents.

OUI: The birth of an entertainer?

ANN MARIE: Maybe so. Anyway, it went on for months like that. The campus newspaper called me Mother Earth or Campus Chest. People would look at me while riding on the bike path and crash into one another. One guy crashed into a tree and the *Daily Illini* published a picture of it and wrote, "A lot of people are having a lot of crack-ups lately. We wonder if Mother Earth is doing it"—something like that. At first it was funny, but as the months rolled on and people kept making a commotion—even when I was wearing a winter coat—it got to be a real drag.

OUI: How long were you there?

ANN MARIE: Not quite two years—I left in March of 1973.

OUI: You quit before the end of the school year?

ANN MARIE: There were a lot of reasons. One of the worst things about college was the rumors. People assume that because you have big breasts you have to be a loose woman. I don't know how it started, but all of a sudden I began hearing stories about how I was a prostitute. I didn't even *date*. Those stories hurt me a lot. I used to wonder what terrible minds could even think up stuff like that. And then there were the rumors that I stuffed myself with old socks or birdseed or something. The myth at the time was that birdseed felt like the real thing. Once I was in one of the campus bars and one of the guys in the band started accusing me of stuffing myself in order to get attention. He started shouting at me to strip and prove I was real. I didn't do it, but it did occur to me that if I ever wanted to be a stripper, I could really make a buck or two.

OUI: Did you ever pose for pictures?

ANN MARIE: Twice. And both times with disastrous results. First the Champaign-Urbana *Courier* called me and told me that they wanted to do a story on me. I figured that this was my chance to set the rumors straight so I said yes. They took about 50 pictures of me, all clothed, of course. They never did run the story, but soon people started coming up to hand me a picture of myself and ask for my autograph. They were the pictures that the paper had taken and someone was selling them for a dollar each. *Clothed* pictures—can you imagine? Then I let a boy take cheesecake pictures of me—no nudes, just a little cleavage. He was going to charge five dollars apiece for them and we'd split the money. Boy, was I stupid. He paid me $50 and then split with the pictures. I don't know how much money he made, but they sold those pictures in the campus bookstore, in town, everywhere. I became some sort of campus monument. Parents would come down to visit their kids and they'd take one picture of Illini Union Building and one of me. I was a sight-seeing attraction.

OUI: Why didn't you quit earlier?

ANN MARIE: I thought that all the noise would die down after the kids got to know me, but you can't get to know 35,000 kids personally, and it just kept on getting worse so I finally gave up.

OUI: Did you go to any football games at college?

ANN MARIE: Yes. I was even a cheerleader for a *(Continued on page 158)*

MILITARY EDSELS

No matter how badly you *think* the Pentagon has fouled up, the truth is much, much worse. Following, a list of the great military boondoggles of our time. **ARTICLE BY BILL EFROS**

Air-defense gap. The Defense Department considered air attack from the south so unlikely that it never bothered to construct an air defense along the southern border of the United States. Consequently a defecting Cuban MIG-17 pilot once flew undetected into Homestead Air Force Base in Florida.

Airborne Warning and Controls System (AWACS). The Air Force wants to buy 34 of these Boeing 707s, each containing a lot of fancy electronic gear, at a price now estimated at $110,000,000 each. AWACS is the classic weapons system in search of a mission: Originally it was proposed as a system for protecting the United States against Soviet-bomber attack; when the need for that protection evaporated, the Air Force claimed that AWACS was vital for directing air battles over Soviet territory; when it was pointed out that a Boeing 707 would be a sitting duck for Russian air-defense systems, the Air Force said that AWACS was essential for directing air defenses over NATO territory, despite the fact that the U.S.S.R. can easily jam its electronic gear.

Atomic airplane. The Air Force spent one billion dollars in a futile attempt to develop an atomic-powered airplane, because mistaken intelligence sources advised that the U.S.S.R. had successfully developed a similar airplane.

Atomic artillery shells. The Army purchased thousands of these shells, each costing more than $400,000. The shells proved difficult to protect at overseas bases and could not be used without running the risk of provoking nuclear war.

AWG-9. This radar system is the heart of the F-14 missile-weapons system. When it was introduced, it failed every 2.2 hours. Extensive re-engineering by its manufacturer, Hughes Aircraft, has greatly improved its reliability: It now fails every 16 hours.

B-1. The cost of this swing-wing supersonic bomber has climbed from $32,000,000 to more than $100,000,000—and the first production craft has yet to be built. Meanwhile, the B-1's performance specifications as to speed, weapons-handling equipment and abilities in missile-carrying navigation and communications have all been reduced. With bombs on board, the B-1 can't carry enough fuel to fly at supersonic speeds.

B-52. These big, slow bombers were easy targets for the North Vietnamese; 20 percent of the available B-52 fleet was lost in 11 days to a country that lacked a single attack aircraft.

Cheyenne. The Army spent more than $400,000,000 trying to develop the Cheyenne, a 250-miles-per-hour third-generation helicopter. The development program was canceled two weeks after a fly-off that pitted Lockheed's Cheyenne against the Bell Aerospace King Cobra and the Sikorsky Blackhawk. An Army spokesman reported that "the evaluation board decided that none of them was the best."

Condor. The Navy spent $282,000,000 developing this missile, which can be made to fall off-target by such a simple countermeasure as a smoke screen that obscures the target and confuses Condor's television guidance system.

Decision Information Distribution System. This $50,000,000 system was proposed in 1970 by the Office of Civil Defense and was designed to warn Americans of impending nuclear attack. A little black box was to be

Illustrations by Fred Nelson

attached to every television set and radio in the nation; if activated by NORAD, the boxes would emit a high-pitched warning signal. Although the Office of Civil Defense spent $6,000,000 in development funds, no one ever figured out how to install the 75,000,000 black boxes, and D.I.D.S. was abandoned.

Deep Ops. In this experimental program, the Navy trained whales to retrieve dummy torpedos, specially outfitted with acoustical beacons, from depths down to 1654 feet. The Navy won't reveal the value of this capability.

Defense Communications System. In a test in 1971, the multibillion-dollar D.C.S. required more than an hour to complete a "flash" message, and almost two hours for an "immediate" message.

Eagle. The Air Force insists that the F-15 Eagle, which can't fly as high or as fast as the best Soviet fighters, is nevertheless the best fighter plane in the world. At $24,000,000 each, the Eagle is easily the most expensive fighter in the world, costing about six times as much as the Russian aircraft.

F-14. At the last minute, Grumman cut $500,000,000 from its bid on this fighter-plane contract in order to be sure of winning the contract; after going into production, it received $500,000,000 in cost overruns.

F-18. The Navy intentionally made errors in the procurement procedure for the F-18 fighter plane, understating costs by more than one and a half billion dollars, in order to delay selection of a new fighter and force additional purchases of the expensive F-14, which it prefers.

Fort Huachucha reviewing stand. The Army spent $25,000 to build a new concrete reviewing stand at Fort Huachucha, in Arizona, because several generals' wives complained of getting splinters from the existing wooden reviewing stand.

Galaxy. The C-5A Galaxy—which was supposed to cost $28,000,000 but actually cost more than $60,000,000—is a huge maintenance nightmare, requiring 6.19 hours of maintenance for every hour in the air. The Galaxy tends to literally fall apart: A wheel fell off during a dedication ceremony; an engine fell off while a Galaxy was warming up; a cargo door fell off while a Galaxy was airlifting Vietnamese orphans—killing 98 of the children. The Pentagon is now asking for one and a half billion dollars to replace the existing wings, which are about to fall off.

Gamma goat. The Army spent more than $200,000,000 on these amphibious trucks. The trucks all sank.

Identical altimeters. The Navy bought 300 altimeters in 1971 without competitive bidding at a cost of $1700 each. The Air Force bought virtually identical altimeters around the same time, after competitive bidding: $565 each.

Laser-guided artillery shells. The Army spent more than $25,000,000 developing laser-guided artillery shells that cost $5000 apiece; they will replace the unguided shells now in use, which cost $150 apiece. The new guidance system requires that someone get close enough to a target to shine a laser-light beam on it and then to keep the light on the target until the artillery shell hits. The system will not work in rain, snow, fog, hail or on a cloudy day.

Last mission. The last mission in Vietnam for the First Armored Division of the United States Army was to bulldoze a mile-wide facsimile of its shoulder patch into the rain forest near Saigon.

LHA. The Navy awarded a contract for nine Landing Helicopter Assault ships—the second largest ship in its fleet—to Litton Industries' new, untested, modular shipyard in Pascagoula, Mississippi, even though conventional shipyards submitted lower bids. Litton delivered five ships—three years late and $500,000,000 over budget.

Mark 36 Destructor. The Navy used the Mark 36 Destructor antiship mine extensively in the waters off North Vietnam. The largest ship destroyed by this device was the U.S.S. Warrington, which had to be scrapped after running into one.

Mark 48 torpedo. The Navy spent more than one billion dollars trying to develop the Mark 48, which it called "the best torpedo in the world." Each Mark 48 torpedo cost $750,000, ten times the original projected cost, and made so much noise that its electronic homing device could not find the target.

M-16. This new standard U. S. infantry weapon developed a reputation in Vietnam for jamming. The Pentagon denied that the gun jammed; it was claimed that soldiers found dead alongside jammed M-16s had not properly maintained their weapons.

M-60. This $400,000 tank can be destroyed by a $75 rocket.

MBT-70. This $600,000 Army tank can be destroyed by a $75 rocket.

McNamara line. This three-billion-dollar electronic network of computer-linked sensors was designed to pinpoint enemy-troop movements from North to South Vietnam. The system never worked. Most of its components were stolen by the enemy.

Midi-carriers. A 1975 Navy study showed that these nuclear-powered carriers, which are about half the size of supercarriers, cost slightly more.

Minuteman test-firings. In the three public attempts to test-fire Minuteman missiles from their silos, fire, smoke and a dull roar emerged, but they refused to budge.

Mock P.O.W. camp. The Air Force Academy sought more than $250,000 in 1973 to build a new mock prisoner-of-war camp where cadets could be taught survival, evasion, resistance and escape during 40 sleepless hours of mental and physical harassment in which they are interrogated, slapped, hit with sticks, crammed into tiny isolation boxes and forced to sit naked in barrels of ice water. The academy wanted a new facility because the existing camp was dusty and its tents too hot.

Motorcycle reconnaissance platoon. This was an Army plan to ferry soldiers, each armed with a Suzuki-185 motorcycle and an antitank weapon, to combat areas where they could zip around and zap tanks.

Mule. This small Army supply vehicle has proved worthy of its name, as it often refuses to start or move. In one NATO exercise, Mules had to be pushed aboard waiting helicopters.

Navy loan. In 1972 Grumman advised the Navy that it would go out of business and would be unable to complete production of the F-14 fighter aircraft unless it immediately received a $52,000,000 loan against future production. When the Navy came through with the money, Grumman invested much of it in high-yield, short-term securities and made almost $3,000,000.

New Capabilities Engineering. The Department of Defense spent three and a half billion dollars between 1960 and 1970 on a budget item called New Capabilities Engineering. The money was used to bring weapons such as the C-5A and the F-111 up to the standards originally contracted for.

NORAD Tracks Santa. In 1971, the Pentagon made a film titled *NORAD Tracks Santa* that depicted the men and equipment of the North American Air Defense Command as they tracked Santa Claus from the North Pole to the homes of children in the U. S. and Canada.

Phalanx. This automatic gun is attached to a radar that tracks an incoming missile, and to a computer that plots the missile's course, aims the gun and fires it. In a test, the Phalanx system identified the Santa Barbara Islands as an incoming missile.

Popeye and Intermediary Compatriot. The Pentagon spent more than $100,000,000 on these rain-making projects. The research yielded downpours in Texas and the Philippines but very little observable success in Vietnam, though once, seven inches of rain were accidentally dumped on a U. S. Special Forces camp.

Private dining rooms. The Defense Department spends more than $1,000,000 a year to subsidize five private Pentagon dining rooms

that serve about 400 high-ranking military and civilian officials; the menu consists of full-course steak and lobster dinners at prices from $1.75 to $2.50.

Quick find. A series of Navy experiments identical to Deep Ops, except with sea lions rather than whales. The maximum depth from which sea lions could retrieve objects was 500 feet.

Safeguard. This six-billion-dollar antiballistic-missile system was deployed for six months to guard I.C.B.M. sites from an attack that was technically impossible.

Sanguine. If the Navy is to be believed, none of the six systems it now uses to communicate with its nuclear submarines would survive a nuclear attack. To ensure post–nuclear attack communications, the Navy wants to build a one-and-a-half-billion-dollar antenna in a 22,500 square-mile underground grid. The system won't work if the ground is wet; it will radiate so much energy that wildlife, livestock and people will be endangered; it can be easily jammed; and it is so slow that it will take nearly two hours for a 12-letter message.

Seafarer. This scaled-down version of Sanguine (see above) would require only 3500 square miles of grid and would cost only $500,000,000. Unfortunately Seafarer would not work after a nuclear attack, and thus would be no more useful than any of the six existing communications systems.

Shipyard of the future. Aided by $130,000,000 in special Mississippi state bonds, Litton Industries built a futuristic modular shipbuilding facility in Pascagoula, Mississippi, across the river from its existing shipyard. The modular shipyard soon proved more expensive and slower than shipyards of the past. Eventually, much of the work at the modular yard was floated across the river to be finished at the older yard.

Submarine training. The Defense Department announced in 1971 that it would train the Nationalist Chinese in submarine operations, despite the fact that the Nationalists had no submarines.

Supercarriers. More formally known as CVAN-70s, these huge nuclear-powered aircraft carriers, when fully equipped, cost more than eight billion dollars each. Their only military use is to intimidate weak countries. In a war against a first- or second-rate power, the slow supercarriers would have to drop all offensive operations and expend 100 percent of their resources on defensive operations that probably would fail. The Navy plans to build 15 supercarriers and now spends 50 percent of its total budget on their procurement and operation.

Tactical Fighter Experimental aircraft. The T.F.X. was later renamed the F-111 fighter. General Dynamics delivered 543 F-111s at a cost of $15,000,000 each, instead of the 1726 airplanes that were supposed to be delivered at $3,600,000 each. No more than 100 of the planes even came close to meeting the original specifications.

Terrain-Following Radar. This supersophisticated radar system, described as foolproof, flies the F-111 plane at supersonic speeds at treetop level. Viet Cong gunners foiled the system by firing tinfoil at incoming F-111s; the TFR "saw" the tinfoil as an obstacle and jerked the plane out of control.

Tomcat. The sole mission of the $28,000,000 F-14 Tomcat is the defense of the Navy's supercarriers. This airplane, which was supposed to cost $8,000,000, will marginally improve the ability of the supercarrier to defend itself. The Navy plans to build more than five billion dollars' worth of Tomcats.

Tricap. The distinctive feature of the Army's Triple Capacity Division was a squadron of Cheyenne antitank helicopters in addition to the conventional tanks and infantry. Apart from the fact that no amount of money could make the Cheyenne helicopter fly properly, the Army never figured out how to keep advance helicopters sufficiently supplied with fuel and ammunition to perform their mission.

XM-1. This $2,000,000 tank, the Army's prestige ground weapon, can be destroyed by a $75 rocket. ▣

Phantom: After switching the $4,000,000 F-4 Phantom fighter from a defensive role to an air-combat role in Vietnam, the Defense Department discovered that the Phantom had a tendency to stall and spin in combat.

ANYONE CAN SHAKE HIS ASS, BUT, PLEASE, LET'S MAKE CIVILITY PREVAIL

Photography by Jean-Paul Goude/Pierre Houles

Here are clothes that will make music with your skin. Mike's white vest and pants ($125) are from Tiger of Sweden, his shirt ($65) is by Stenstrom of Sweden, his tie ($20) is from Cerruti CXIII and his classic white bucks ($40) are from Intercueros/Cole-Haan. Anita, the *rumba* queen, wears a black Norma Kamali jump suit ($285) and Charles

Jourdan shoes and is bejeweled, as are all the women here, by Patricia Von Musulin. Dominique, showing how she hails taxis, uses her Norma Kamali skirt ($375) as a prop, her red-silk Betsy Gonzalez for S. Onata blouse ($96) for warmth and her Goody Two Shoes silk sandals for stability. Donald's tux ($360), shirt ($43) and tie ($15) are all from Polo by Ralph Lauren. His shoes are wing tips by Charles Jourdan. Billy's black Guacamola skirt ($120) by Claude Payne goes steady with her Charles Jourdan shoes. Papo, whose energy borders on the off the page, wears a vest ($23) and floral pants ($25) both by Don Robbie. His dance shoes ($22) are by Capezio, the dance masters, and answer to the name of Jazz Oxfords.

The days when civilized people danced in white gloves are long gone. Sweaty palms are now recognized as a desirable element in extended human contact. Sure, dancing releases pent-up and troublesome primal urges. But that's OK, as long as the urges are well dressed. Papo, a man of many moods and many clothes, has here a white jacket and black pants ($265) by Le Mans. His black-silk Cerruti CXIII shirt ($100) plays straight man to his poly-silk-faille tie ($10) by Robert Stewart. His shiny shoes ($65) are black patent leather, by Bally of Switzerland. Rita, the Olympic champion backsweep, is comfy in her black Fred Leighton dress ($58) and Charles Jourdan shoes. Mike, a recent

survivor of an uptown surfing safari, wears a three-piece khaki suit with high-water pants ($110) by Don Robbie. His shirt ($40) is from Polo by Ralph Lauren. Papo pops up again, this time wearing a red-corduroy jacket ($140) from Polo by Ralph Lauren, gray-flannel pants ($45) from Cesarani by Sal Cesarani and white bucks ($40) from Intercueros/Cole-Haan. David, who is wondering where his cello went, wears his own clothes and is not telling us where he got them. Donald is catatonically rigid in his white suit ($155) by Nik-Nik. Billy, from whom one can always get the low-down, is dressed and jacketed in silk crepe de Chine ($255) by Betsy Gonzalez for S. Onata. Her shoes are by Charles Jourdan.

Some men are ubiquitous, but they don't usually have the smarts to change their clothes for every appearance. Not so with Papo. Here his vest and pants ($160) are by Van Gils for Hank Englebardt Enterprises, his shirt ($16) is by A Smile and his shoes ($65) are by Bally of Switzerland. Anita, the princess of immanence, wears a Franck Olivier skirt ($88), a chiffon-top blouse ($112) from 801 Madison Ltd. and Charles Jourdan shoes. Rita, behind her, looks winsome in a gray-chiffon George Matyas for Concept VII dress ($260) and Charles Jourdan shoes. Mike, behind her, suits up with Giorgio Di Sant'Angelo ($225), a Cerruti CXIII tie ($20), a Bert Pulitzer shirt ($30) and brown-suede shoes ($90) from

Make-up by Harie Van Wijnberge / Hair by Didier Malige of Jean-Louis David at Bendel's

Polo by Ralph Lauren. Denny holds onto the good things in life with jacket ($250) and pants ($80) by Bill Kaiserman for Rafael, a blend shirt ($43) by Pascal for Boussac, a Cerruti CXIII tie ($20) and shoes ($65) by Bally. Billy is soft underneath and proves it in a velvet top ($195) and pants ($165), both by Norma Kamali, and Charles Jourdan shoes. Anita wears a white Climax for Alan's World dress ($46) and Charles Jourdan shoes. Dominique, who is finally about to get her cab, is ready for anything in a red-nylon dress ($56) by Climax for Alan's World and Goody Two Shoes shoes. If you find your foot tapping, let's hope it's contagious. And for information on where to buy this stuff, turn to page 173.

EUROPEAN HA

Forget Berlitz. Here's how to communicate with our NATO partners and other

Greek for "Go in peace and don't come back." The fingers are held stationary, while the hand moves left to right.

With the fingers tight together, a quick motion of the hand is made in the direction of the genitals. This is the Greeks' way of saying, "I couldn't care less"—or, more specifically, "It is here that I take notice of your last comment."

"My eye" (or "I lost my lens") means either "I'll believe it when I see it" or "I think the guy standing next to you is a flaming homosexual."

Index finger in the cheek (left) rotates. Italian for "nice-looking girl" or "That sure is one commendable pair of tits!"

French for "OK with me. But not in the garden." The hand mimics a recumbent rabbit.

The hand moves vigorously in imitation of self-abuse. It means, "What a jerk-off" or, more politely, "The person in question is a moron." The gesture is common all over southern Europe.

Universal outside of America, the *bras d'honneur* (below) represents a penis and means "Fuck you." Europe's finger.

Stylized south Italian variation of the finger. Specifically, "And I don't like your horse very much either."

This move is Italian for "an ass as big as that." Meaning: "You really are one son-of-a-bitching lucky fellow."

AND CHATTER

foreign friends without so much as speaking a word and getting into real trouble.

Some things are universal. The open palm means "I come in peace"—except in Greece, where it's known as the national all-purpose insult.

In Algeria and Yugoslavia, all sorts of insults are conveyed by the touching of one's genitals. In Italy, one touches one's genitals in the same way that Americans knock on wood—to avert the evil eye or for reassurance against dangers in general.

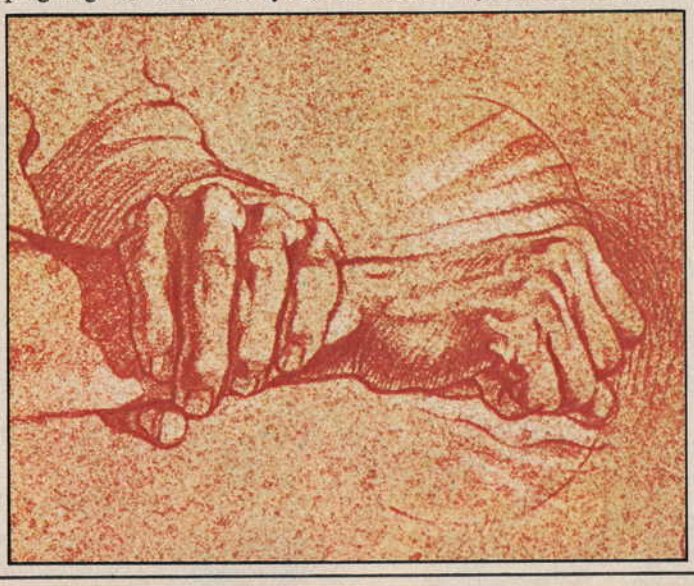
The index finger brushes the chin. Roman for "I am indifferent to that" or "Hmmm" or "My thoughts are elsewhere."

Roman. One turns away from the speaker and makes this gesture (left) to a third party: "This guy is a real bozo."

The cuckoo (left), which is popular in Spain and Italy, means "I know who's fucking your wife, and you don't."

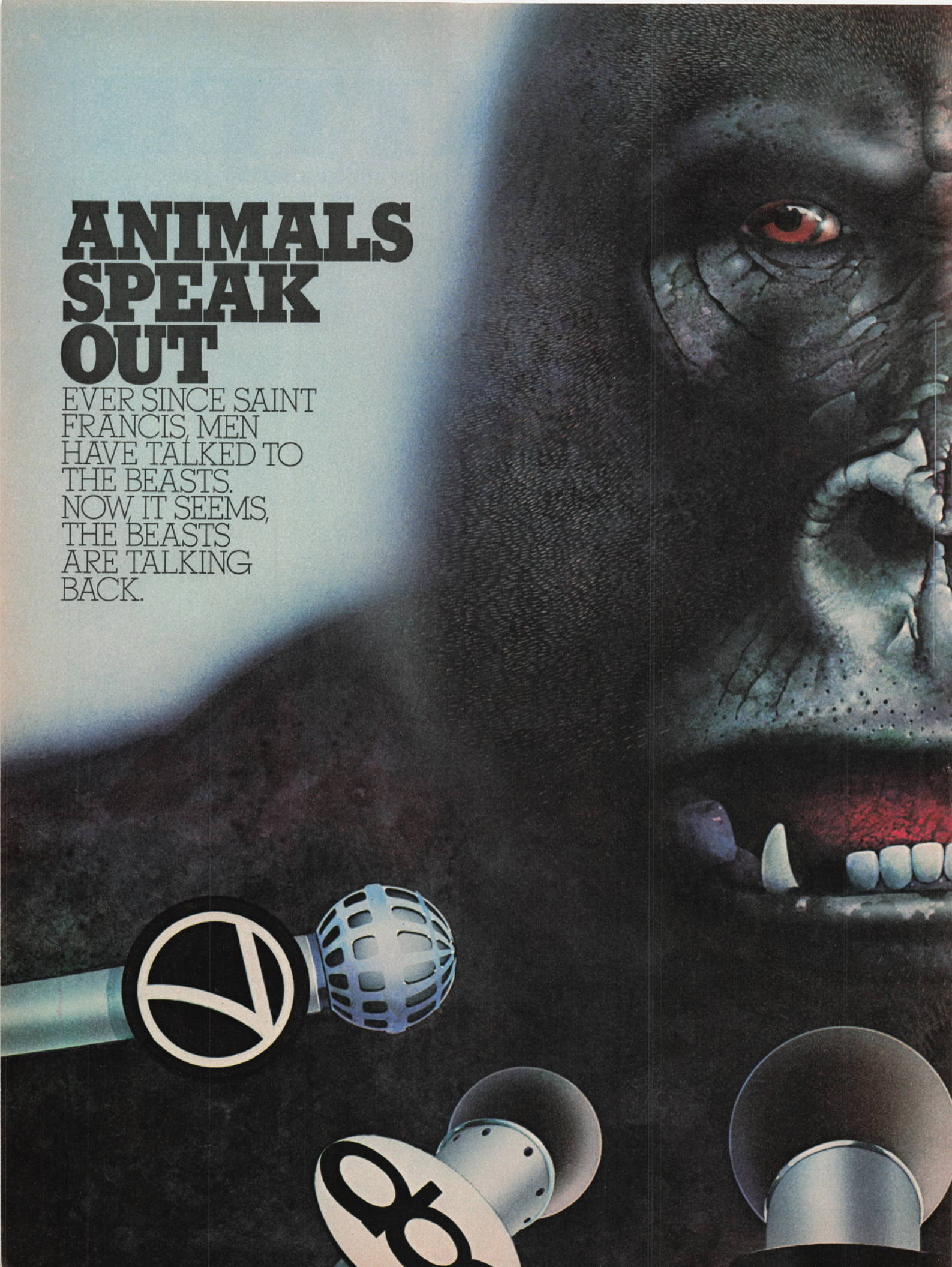
A quintessentially French expression meaning "I am bored," "This thing or person bores me," "Nothing ever interests me," or "I've had it."

A slight variation on the *bras d'honneur* popular among European politicians, who use it to mean "another day of campaigning" or "I will fuck you, but I absolutely will not kiss you."



"I am sticking my thumb through my fist." In Greece, this can be a representation of the sex act or a pathetic request for attention.

Illustrations by H. Quadrado


ANIMALS
SPEAK
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THE BEASTS.
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ARE TALKING
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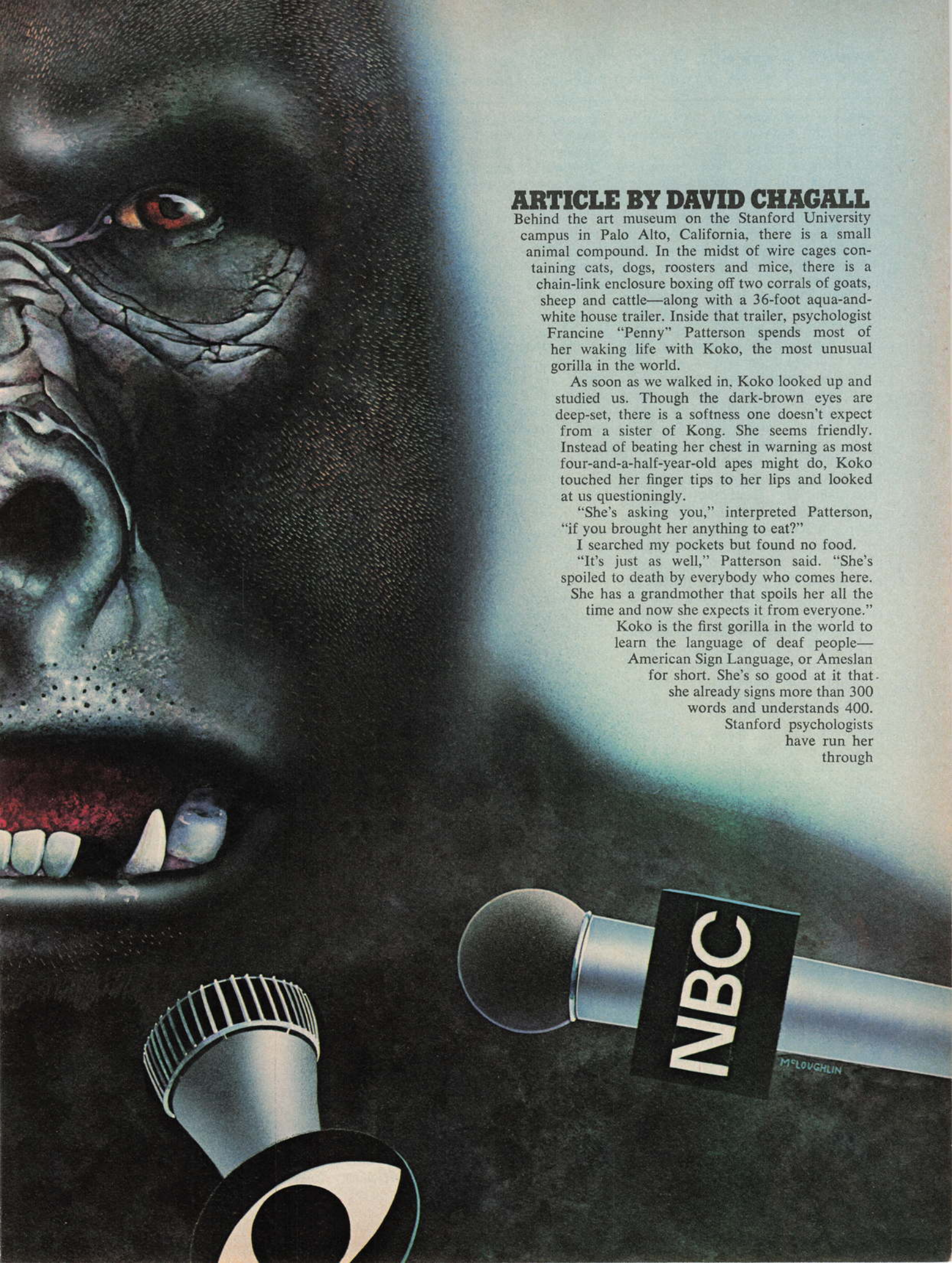

ARTICLE BY DAVID CHAGALL

Behind the art museum on the Stanford University campus in Palo Alto, California, there is a small animal compound. In the midst of wire cages containing cats, dogs, roosters and mice, there is a chain-link enclosure boxing off two corrals of goats, sheep and cattle—along with a 36-foot aqua-and-white house trailer. Inside that trailer, psychologist Francine "Penny" Patterson spends most of her waking life with Koko, the most unusual gorilla in the world.

As soon as we walked in, Koko looked up and studied us. Though the dark-brown eyes are deep-set, there is a softness one doesn't expect from a sister of Kong. She seems friendly. Instead of beating her chest in warning as most four-and-a-half-year-old apes might do, Koko touched her finger tips to her lips and looked at us questioningly.

"She's asking you," interpreted Patterson, "if you brought her anything to eat?"

I searched my pockets but found no food.

"It's just as well," Patterson said. "She's spoiled to death by everybody who comes here. She has a grandmother that spoils her all the time and now she expects it from everyone."

Koko is the first gorilla in the world to learn the language of deaf people—American Sign Language, or Ameslan for short. She's so good at it that she already signs more than 300 words and understands 400. Stanford psychologists have run her through

ANIMALS SPEAK OUT *"The first time Koko saw a Halloween mask she called it an eye-hat, a hat for the eyes. That's the way children make word connections until they learn the proper words for things."*

a battery of standard I.Q. tests and her scores have been those of a "dull normal" human child of four.

"Which isn't bad," Patterson pointed out. "A kid like that could get along OK in the world. Koko scores far above children who need to be institutionalized. One of my interests is comparing apes and humans to see how close we are—and the evidence shows we're pretty close."

Penny Patterson is not your typical specialist in developmental behavior. She is 29 years old, she has straight blond hair and she could easily blend into the crowd of pretty Stanford undergraduates strolling the campus. She started the ape project when Professor Karl Pribram, of Stanford's Department of Psychiatry, took her to the San Francisco Zoo to meet Koko, then only a few months old. Patterson took one look at the cuddly baby and it was love at first sight. She spent the next nine months studying Ameslan before trying a sign with Koko.

"It takes time to get fluent," she explained. "You can learn to do one sign very easily, but when you try to put several signs together, you get all twisted up."

When she started with Koko, she ran into trouble. The most effective way to train youngsters in Ameslan is by "molding"—the teacher takes the student's hands and forms the shape and motion of a word. But for the first full month of training, Koko wouldn't let Patterson touch her hands, so she had to use the more laborious "imitation" process: showing Koko an object or motion, making the sign for it and repeating the sequence. Finally, after weeks of work, Koko learned her first sign—drink—a thumb-sucking pose with the other four fingers clenched. Soon Koko trusted Patterson enough to let her mold her hands, and now she can learn a new sign after just a few minutes of molding.

Patterson turned when she heard a sound behind her.

"Koko, get away from my purse!" she yelled. "No, Koko, no!"

The gorilla scampered away from the purse, took a large wood-framed mirror from the corner and sat down on her haunches. She peered steadily into the glass and began quietly grooming her face.

"She just loves that mirror," Patterson said.

During the first two years of training, Patterson spent up to 12 hours a day at the zoo getting close to Koko and teaching her Ameslan. Then, in 1974, the zoo agreed to let Koko move to Stanford. The trailer atmosphere has created a relationship between Patterson and Koko that is as close as that between a mother and her child. Patterson spends all her nonclass time with Koko and stays in Palo Alto even during the summer and holiday breaks. Occasionally she attends a research conference for a day or two, and then she makes sure that Koko will have friends to baby-sit with her all day.

The trailer has a small bedroom for Patterson, a similar one for Koko with a wire cage that she sleeps on top of, a playroom, a kitchen and a bath. Koko's toys include Play-Doh, Tinkertoys, paints, trucks and dolls. For exercise, she gallops around the trailer, swings from the doors, bangs the walls or a wooden board with powerful fists that make a sound like thunder. Behind the trailer, she has swings, a sandbox, monkey bars, a tire hanging from a tree on a chain and an old wheelchair she loves to ride in.

•

It was breakfast time. As Patterson cooked Koko some oatmeal, Koko came over and poked Patterson's hip. Then she signed, moving her hands easily, swiftly.

" 'Give Koko something eat,' " Patterson interpreted.

"What does Koko want?" she said aloud for our benefit as she signed back.

"Berry, big berry," Koko replied.

Patterson took a bowl out of the small refrigerator and gave Koko a strawberry. Koko sat on her haunches and bit it in two, chewing slowly. Then she signed again, almost nonchalantly.

"More berry; Koko eat more berry; Koko eat more big berry."

Patterson gave her another.

"I'm trying to teach her to sign thank you, but she acts polite only for visitors," she explained. "We have a man from the Anatomy Building who comes and gives her things to eat, and she signs thank you to him. But when it's family, like me, forget it. I tell her thank you all the time, but she won't imitate. She knows she doesn't have to butter me up."

"This pretty berry," Koko signed, holding up a large, luscious specimen. "Red berry, lipstick berry, sweet red lipstick berry."

"She thinks it looks like lipstick! That's the first time she ever said that about a berry." Patterson took out a ballpoint pen and went to a wall chart where she jotted down the new response. "She makes up a lot of words. It's a form of creative play, just like punning or coining phrases. The first time she saw a Halloween mask she called it an eye-hat, a hat for the eyes. When she saw a wedding band, she stared at it and touched it, and since she already knew the words for finger and bracelet, the ring became finger-bracelet. That's exactly the way children make word connections until they learn the proper words for things."

This ability to invent and combine words in meaningful ways rules out the possibility that Koko merely mimics language like a parrot.

"More lipstick berry," Koko signed. "Give Koko; eat more."

Patterson gave her another strawberry, which Koko examined carefully before she bit into it. According to Patterson, Koko signs to herself a lot, especially when she browses through magazines. As she turns the pages, she will comment on the pictures that attract her. The color photos of food turn her on the most. She will point to a photo that looks particularly appealing and name the food to herself. When Patterson invades her game by asking "Who is going to eat that food?" Koko signs her own name and licks the photograph playfully. She knows it's not real food, but she enjoys the charade along with the fantasy.

"Koko! Get off that door, please!"

Koko dropped off the wire door leading to the kitchen and hopped up on the counter beside the stove.

"Koko eat more," she signed.

Patterson picked up the cereal bowl and blew on the oatmeal. "It's still hot, Koko," she said, signing. "But I'll try you with some."

She held a spoonful out to Koko who ate the contents and then made a face, blowing.

"It's too hot, isn't it? Did you hurt yourself? Let me put some salt on it. It needs salt, especially when it's hot," she explained.

" 'It's time?' " she read Koko's signs. " 'This? Help myself to my hot——' Oh, she wants to help herself. She really doesn't like me to feed her anymore, even if she sometimes does spill a little."

Koko took the spoon from Patterson and began feeding herself. She didn't spill any. She was direct, steady, even dainty. Soon she had had enough. She set the bowl and spoon down on the counter, jumped off and went to the refrigerator, *(Continued on page 167)*

Jeanne KISSES THE CITY GOODBYE

Photography by
Nicholas De Sciose

The air in Colorado keeps the skeleton and attendant organs working. The newspapers omit horror. One is not surrounded by high-rise mythologies or ambulant gargoyles. When the dance studio sent Jeanne to Chicago, she didn't complain. But after a few months, the speculative fever got to her. She decided it was time to take off her magic shoes—between teaching and practicing, she'd been dancing 12 hours a day—and try her luck in California. She'd been modeling since she was 14, and now the photographers wanted nude shots—so maybe she could be a star. But Los Angeles also made her uneasy, and what scared her most about it, paradoxically, was her doing well there. She learned to play the glamor charade with exactly half of her mind, leaving the other half free to say, "I haven't changed." Which, she suspected, was a lie; she hadn't always had to give herself that reassurance. Then they sent her home to the mountains for a photo session, and she knew immediately that she wouldn't want to leave again. In Colorado, she can see for miles and miles. During her morning think times, when she sits pretzeloid, using both *raja* and *hatha* exercises to build up her prana stock pile, her

JEANNE WAS BORN ON FRIDAY THE 13TH, BUT SHE'S NEVER HAD AN ACCIDENT

IT'S TIME FOR
REFLECTION.
THE SUBJECT:
BEAUTY.
A MOST
MISUNDERSTOOD
AND MISUSED
GIFT, SAYS
JEANNE. THE
GLASS IS
QUIET, BUT IT
UNDERSTANDS.

IT'S A SHAME, SHE THINKS, THAT THE CAMERA CAN'T SEE INSIDE HER

mental radar screen is unassaulted by static from any competing consciousness. Eventually simple phrases enter her mind; she lets them flower and develop at their own discretion. Then, refreshed by her waking dreams, she's able to conduct corporate business on her IBM machine without losing composure. And she's ready to love in the evening: Jeanne doesn't live alone, and her current roommate is not a girl. He happens to be a dance instructor, and Jeanne, who's supposed to have seen it all in Chicago and Los Angeles, admits that when they dance in the horizontal position, he usually shows her a new move or two. Of course, she's always eager to learn—she took José Silva's mind-control course—and, like most thoughtful people, doesn't take her sex life for granted. At one time, she even kept a journal of amatory sensations: "I dream of meadows with a touch of a breeze/And making love by an old-fashioned oak tree." She admits—*laughter*—to having followed the scenario. But that's about as much of the journal as she cares to reveal at this time, she says. In the case of public servants, by contrast, she supports the principle of full disclosure.

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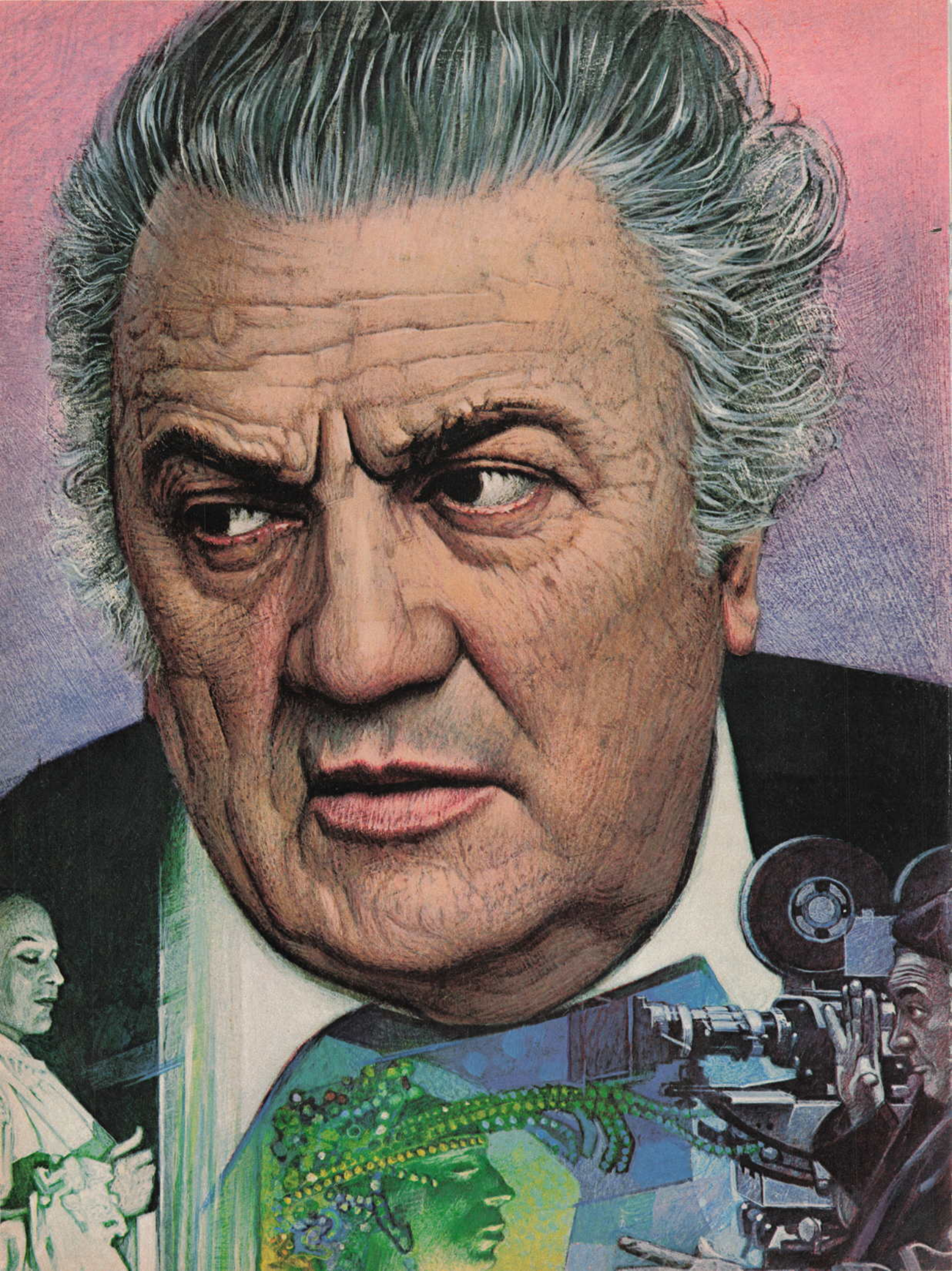


CONVERSATION WITH

FEDERICO FELLINI

The most celebrated director of modern times talks about extravagance in movies, producers in his hair and Casanova in the sack

Since 1952, when Federico Fellini directed his first full-length film, "The White Sheik," he has been considered one of the great moviemakers of all time. Part actor, part artist, part magician and all showman, this controversial Italian has been hailed as a genius and condemned as a charlatan; he's also been alternately praised as a completely moral director and reviled as a wallowing decadent. He is very likely the most imaginative creator in today's movie industry.

Although some critics say he's washed up, that he hasn't made a good film since "Nights of Cabiria" (1956), each new Fellini picture receives widespread acclaim from others and breaks box-office records. The majority opinion seems to be that he's continually widening his horizon and that his latest film, "Casanova," will top all of his previous efforts. Of Fellini's 12 films, four have won Oscars, making him the most prize-winning director of our day.

In Italy, Fellini is a national monument, almost a tourist attraction. When he's at work, he receives an unending flow of visitors, all of whom are greeted cordially. Fellini, it seems, needs this fertile circus climate to stimulate his creative imagination. He is tall and imposing and his impressive head resembles a slightly jowly version of Beethoven. Now, at the age of 56, he is putting his celebrated larger-than-life touch to the hazy historical facts about Giovanni Jacopo Casanova de Seingalt, the 18th Century philanderer-traveler-alchemist.

Fellini has been conjuring up his various worlds since 1941. While the setting is always Italian, the characters and their situations are always universal. The leitmotiv of his films is always the same: Fellini's feeling of oneness with everyone from gypsies, tramps and playboys to small-town characters and adventurers like Casanova. Inevitably he reveals his heroes as ridiculous and shows us their limitations and their failures. At the same time, however, he keens with compassion over their worries, their despair, their profound misery.

Since he never stints on production values, his "Casanova" rates every golden Hollywood cliché: It's colossal in scope, lavish in detail. A lesser genius (with a lesser budget) would have made do with warmed-over copies of Venetian masters and period antique props while using the real Venice as background. Not Fellini. At Rome's Cinecittà studios, he has had the Adriatic Sea of "Amarcord" transformed into Venice's Grand Canal; on another sound stage is a sultan's throne room in Constantinople; on another is Venice during carnival.

His direction is somewhere between that of a demanding orchestra conductor and an imaginative ballet master. He twists his six-foot, two frame into the positions he wants each actor to assume, his face changes into a dozen expressions and his stubby fingers become flashing illustrations of the detailed movements to follow.

Always conscious of the over-all picture, Fellini spontaneously changes or adds to the shooting script—perhaps putting a statuette in the foreground or dropping a line of dialog. Then, in the rhythm of the action, people, colors, camera angles, lighting, all flow together.

He breaks for lunch, which is served in his private dining room. Tina Aumont, who plays one of Casanova's loves, asks if she can also be a masked nun in the carnival scenes. Fellini agrees. He then dictates a press release to Tilde Corsi, pats her trim, lithe figure on the behind, saying he needs this erotic moment to get through the afternoon. Only then does he sit down at his desk to be interviewed by freelancer Melton S. Davis. Davis reports: "Fellini is not overly fond of talking about his work, but he manages to do so with the same verve he puts into his pictures. He dislikes being typed or categorized and will go out of his way to avoid this happening. It's not necessary to ask him for an exclusive statement, every remark he makes is exclusive since he doesn't like to repeat himself. He would rather contradict himself, if necessary.

"Even before Fellini started to shoot 'Casanova,' the project had assumed a life of its own: rich with suspense, surprises, anxious research, furious arguments, dramatic divorces and a series of cliff-hanging announcements. So any discussion of 'Casanova' with Fellini would have to start with the difficulties he's had in getting it off the ground."

OUI: It's no secret that you had a lot of trouble getting *Casanova* under way. What were the problems?

FELLINI: I've always had problems with my films, because my friends the producers always want me to do the same film I did the last time, which they hadn't had the courage to let me make then, but which they now want me to do, because it was successful.

OUI: Are your troubles with producers always their fault?

FELLINI: I have my little exigencies, too. But producers! If only there were a way to make films without them—but I never have enough money of my own. Let me give you some examples: Remember *La Strada*? I had written the story with Giulietta, my wife, in mind. The first potential producer I found was an Umbrian olive merchant who demanded that the lead be given to his girlfriend, who was fat and far from photogenic. I couldn't accept that. Another producer read the script, called me and said it had made him cry. I was delighted and complimented him on his understanding. "I wasn't crying with delight," he replied, "but with rage. It's a film for children. Get a child for the lead, not your wife."

When other producers turned down the idea for various reasons, I told one the story of *I Vitelloni*, about an aimless youth in a small town. He backed me, and when the film proved to be a success, I received all kinds of offers to do *The*

Illustration by Tom Adams

FEDERICO FELLINI *Only after I had signed the contract did I read Casanova's memoirs. I immediately had the mortifying feeling that I'd made the wrong move.*

Friends of the Vitelloni or *The Sons of the Vitelloni*. I refused and found Dino De Laurentiis willing to back me in *La Strada*—with my wife. However, he balked at casting Anthony Quinn; he said Quinn was only a bit player. But I insisted.

OUI: And *La Strada* won an Oscar. After that, didn't you do *The Swindle* with Broderick Crawford?

FELLINI: Yes, but it wasn't very successful, and the producer tried to break our contract. I asked him to let me do *Nights of Cabiria*, but he was furious. "First you make a film about queers"—I imagine he meant *I Vitelloni*—"then another about filthy gypsies"—*La Strada*—"and now you want to make one about whores. I'd like to know what shit the next one will be about!" he complained.

"About producers," I shouted, and walked out.

OUI: But you did *Cabiria*.

FELLINI: Yes, but not until it had been rejected by 11 producers.

OUI: Even so, you won your second Oscar. What happened with *La Dolce Vita*?

FELLINI: After quite a few refusals, I found a backer who, I suspected, secretly hoped to withdraw at the last minute. Sure enough, he started an argument with me that concluded with him saying: "Rather than sign this contract, I'll eat it." To my surprise, he started to stuff it into his mouth. There were more negotiations, and several days later, I returned with two lawyers. The same scene. "This contract," the producer yelled, "would give you the shirt off my back. You can have it now!" Still screaming, he took off his jacket, tie, shirt and undershirt. When he started loosening his trousers, we got out of there. A week later, he persuaded me to return. Seemingly calm, he spoke of "our film." Hopefully I again pulled out the contract. The producer looked at it, looked at me, and said quietly, "Listen, Federico, rather than put my signature to this death sentence, I'd drink the ink it's written with." And before I could stop him, he had downed the bottle of ink on his desk.

I then went to see Dino De Laurentiis, who agreed to the film, specifying Paul Newman for the lead. When I insisted on Marcello Mastroianni, Dino said I was crazy: "Mastroianni's too good; he's like homemade bread; he thinks about his wife and children, not about flinging strange women into bed." Remember, that was 17 years ago. Another producer accepted Marcello, and I made the film.

OUI: Which won you another Oscar. Did the same thing happen with *Casanova*?

FELLINI: Just about. Dino was the first producer to take it on. As always, he insisted on an American star, mentioning Al Pacino, Redford, Brando. "But, look," I said. "Pacino is only five foot two, while Casanova was six foot four." That didn't stop Dino. "Al Pacino," he said solemnly, "has a lot of stature." When I protested that Redford or Brando would make the film the opposite of what I had in mind, Dino answered with tears in his eyes: "But how can anyone say no to Redford and Brando?" I stood my ground, and the film was taken over by Andrea Rizzoli, whose father had backed *La Dolce Vita*.

OUI: But Rizzoli, too, gave up?

FELLINI: You must remember that this was during one of the most disastrous periods of the Italian economy, what with the devalued lira sliding toward an ever-greater nonvalue, the rising cost of living, the victories of the unions—a series of coincidences that meant the film, which at the beginning might have cost 10,000,000 lire, would, several months later, cost 100,000,000 lire; the next month 250,000,000, and so on. Rizzoli asked me to reduce the budget and I did. I eliminated scenes and characters close to my heart. But it wasn't enough. So, in early 1975, Alberto Grimaldi, the producer with whom I had done *Satyricon*, stepped in. Even then it was uncertain that *Casanova* would ever be made. Last year I stayed in Rome to celebrate the third anniversary of my preparation for *Casanova* rather than go to Hollywood to pick up my fourth Oscar for *Amarcord*.

OUI: It really took you three years to prepare for the film?

FELLINI: Don't look at me as if I were a fool. I'll admit that I've often been tempted to drop the idea. Can you visualize a high diver standing poised on a diving board for three years?

OUI: How was Grimaldi able to get it all together?

FELLINI: By some miracle he managed to round up backing in America. So once again the project was resurrected: Up from the depths came the great cadaver now covered with mold and scales.

OUI: Are producers wary because of your big budgets?

FELLINI: Producers are born wary. They just don't want to realize that I am the most economical director on this planet.

OUI: What?

FELLINI: I'll repeat it, if you like. I'm not saying it to start an argument. It's an objective statement—an adult self-judgment made from experience, because I know how others make movies. I don't approach a film with the amateurism, guesswork and improvisation of most producers and directors.

OUI: Is it true that *Casanova* cost about $9,000,000?

FELLINI: Perhaps. It's a very expensive picture and that's why I accepted a clause in the contract that adds chaos to confusion: to film in English, a language I speak badly. It's utter folly, which is to be blamed on Universal Pictures—or is it Fox? Oh, yes: Universal.

OUI: Were there any other difficulties?

FELLINI: Yes. Only after I had signed the contract did I read Casanova's memoirs. I immediately had the mortifying feeling that I'd made the wrong move. A similar thing happened with *Satyricon*: I signed first and read Petronius afterward. But with *Satyricon*, an emotion arose, a feeling about the film. This time it didn't, and I did *Casanova* because of the stubborn and hysterical fact that I'd been forced to do it.

OUI: Who forced you?

FELLINI: Producers. I really wanted to do *The Voyage of Mastorna*.

OUI: Wasn't that the ill-fated picture you tried to do in 1968?

FELLINI: Yes. But *Mastorna*, which at the time seemed to be an icy island lost in the cosmos, now, in retrospect, seems to be a warm nest of comfort and protection. I tried to substitute it for *Casanova*, but by some trick of fate, it was *Casanova* they wanted me to do.

OUI: Isn't making a movie like a game for you? Don't you really thrive on difficulties?

FELLINI: Sure, if they don't overwhelm me. To work well, I have to feel the rumble of thunder at my back. Probably if everything went according to plan, I'd lose interest. These long, quarrelsome waiting periods are tiring, but they don't exhaust me, and in the end, I've had more time, maybe through arguments, to defend my ideas, to change them, or to fall in love with them all the more.

OUI: But when things get really rough aren't you tempted to give up?

FELLINI: It's my life to make pictures. Creating is always a kind of sickness. One is possessed with certain phantoms, so one writes a story and films it, and then one is free.

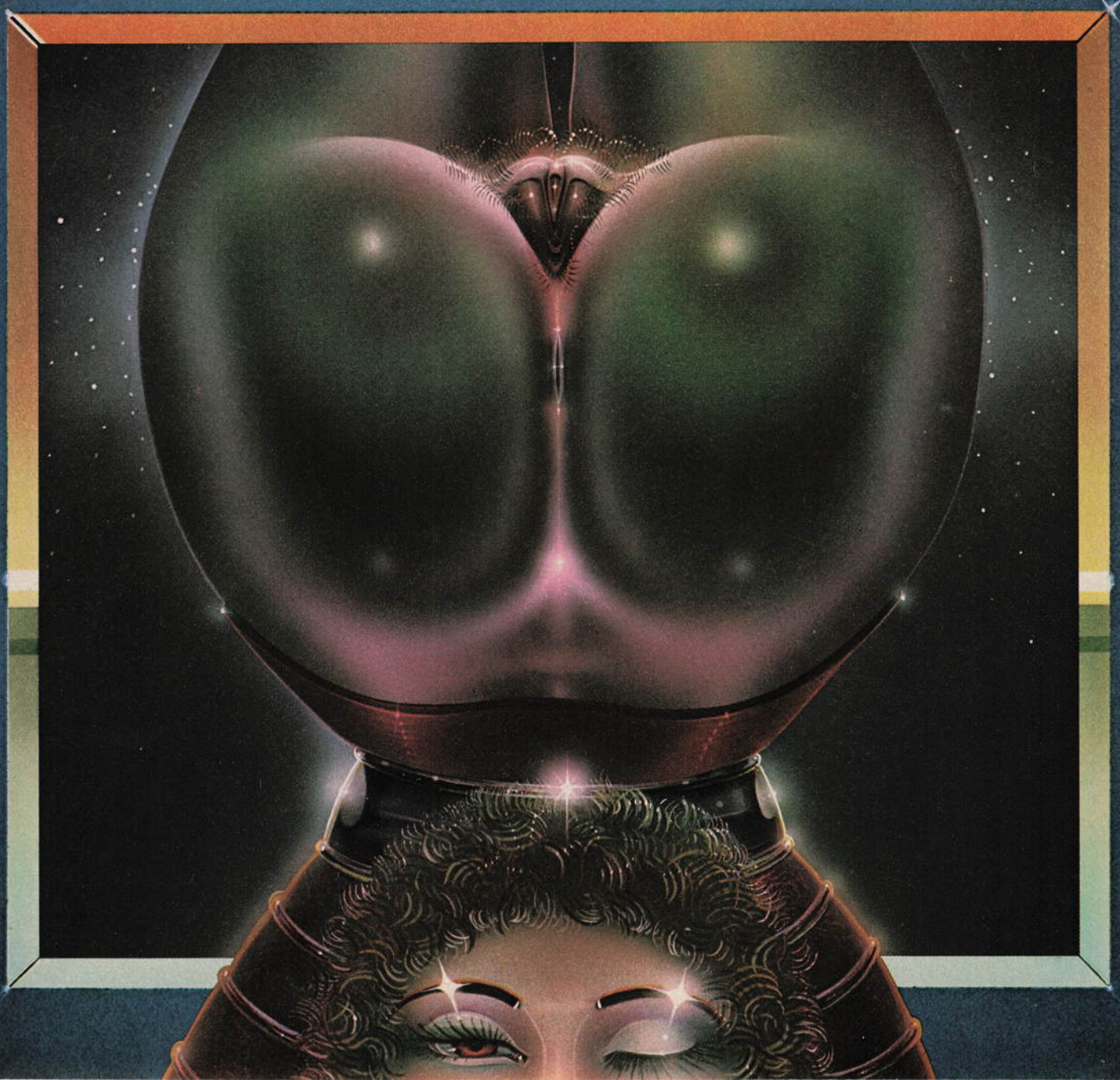
OUI: The story of *Casanova* takes place all over Europe: Paris, London, Constantinople. Why were these locations reproduced here at the Cinecittà studios?

FELLINI: I feel more at ease if I can carry out my ideas in strict accordance with my imagination, without external hindrances. At the studios, I can control the perspectives, the masses, the colors and especially the light—light is the basic thing. I can *(Continued on page 154)*

BIONIC

LADIES ARE COMING

The year is 1988. The age of bionics has long since arrived. Everyone who is anyone has a transistorized love-mate of unparalleled sensuality and beauty. Some of them are even as beautiful as Lindsay Wagner, not to mention Lee Majors. These love-mates are obtained through mail-order catalogs. (This, you see, is also the age of mail-order living.) We happen to know what these catalogs will look like. . . .

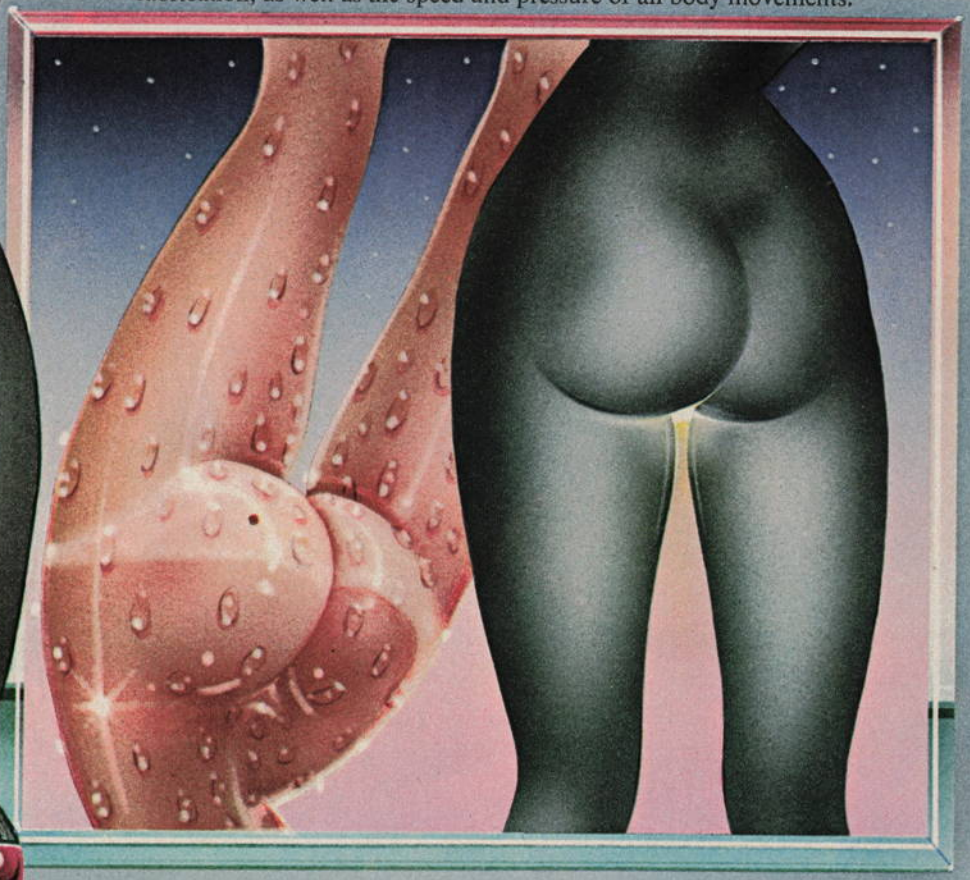


THE BIONIC CATALOG

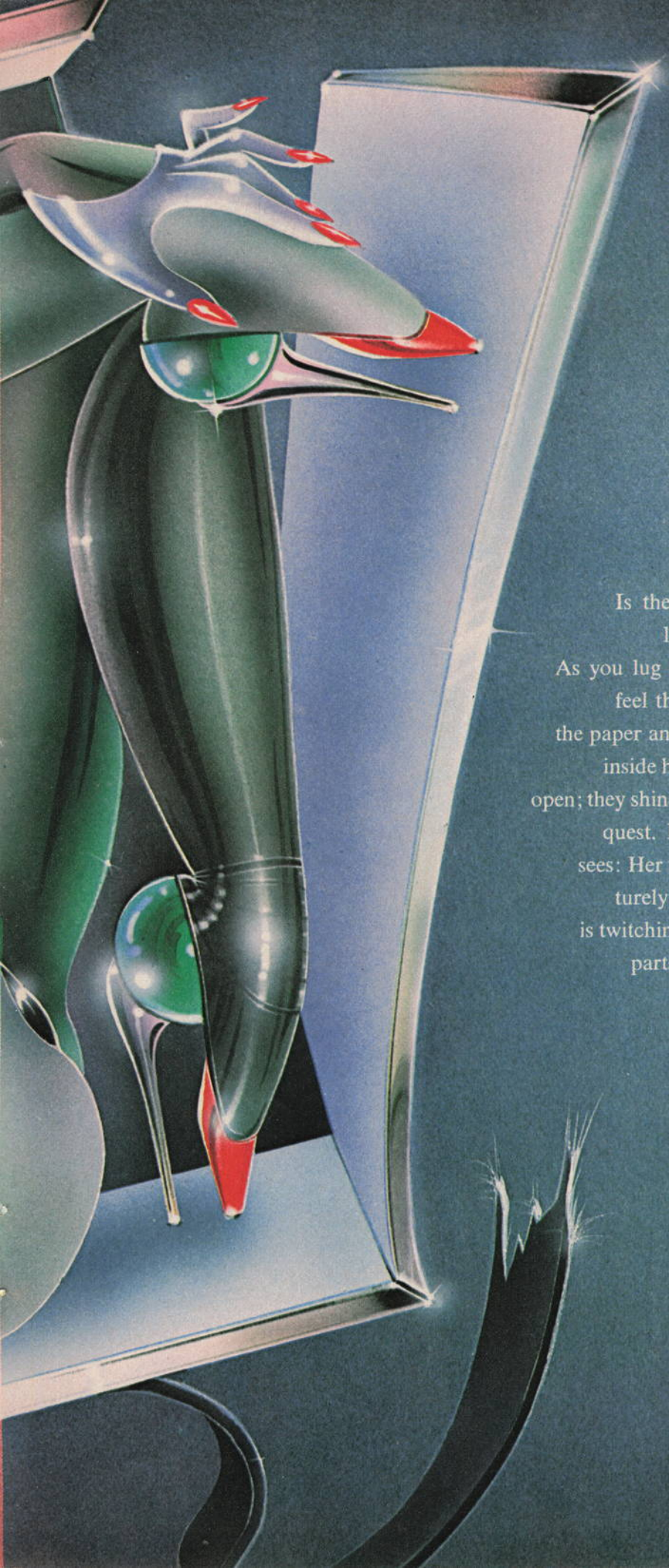
A bionic partner always toes the line—wherever it is drawn—and you need not hesitate to put her on a pedestal, if only to get a better view of her bionic bush. She's a princess from head to toe (the toes tip you off: A princess always wears glass slippers).

Bionic fingernails do not need trimming. Bionic sex organs do not ache or tire. Bionic ladies do not get headaches, periods or pregnant. Nor do they ever say, "Please wait 'til I get my head together."

Bionic lovers come equipped with beads of sweat, vulva that glow (so you can find the target in the dark) and die-cut beauty marks. All apertures are built to grab, suck and turn. There are dials to control lubrication, as well as the speed and pressure of all body movements.



The catalog is a wonderland of technological delights. It offers a wide choice of basic bionic models, so that you may order a partner in a size and shape that suits your needs. And then you can outfit her with an interchangeable variety of transistorized vaginae and a wardrobe of sensuous synthetics that includes everything from fiberglass formalwear to kinky see-through acrylics.



AT LAST YOUR BIONIC LADY IS HERE

Now your very own bionic lady arrives. Is the package glowing, or is the light coming from *your* eyes? As you lug your prize upstairs, you can feel the energy inside. You remove the paper and see your bionic mate coiled inside her transparent crate. Her eyes open; they shine with the anticipation of conquest. Evidently she likes what she sees: Her vulcanized nipples are prematurely erect; her steel-belted pussy is twitching. With a rustle of reticulated parts, she lazily scratches her foot, and bang! Your bionic lady is out of her box, and you are soon into hers. All systems are go.

Illustrations by Peter Lloyd

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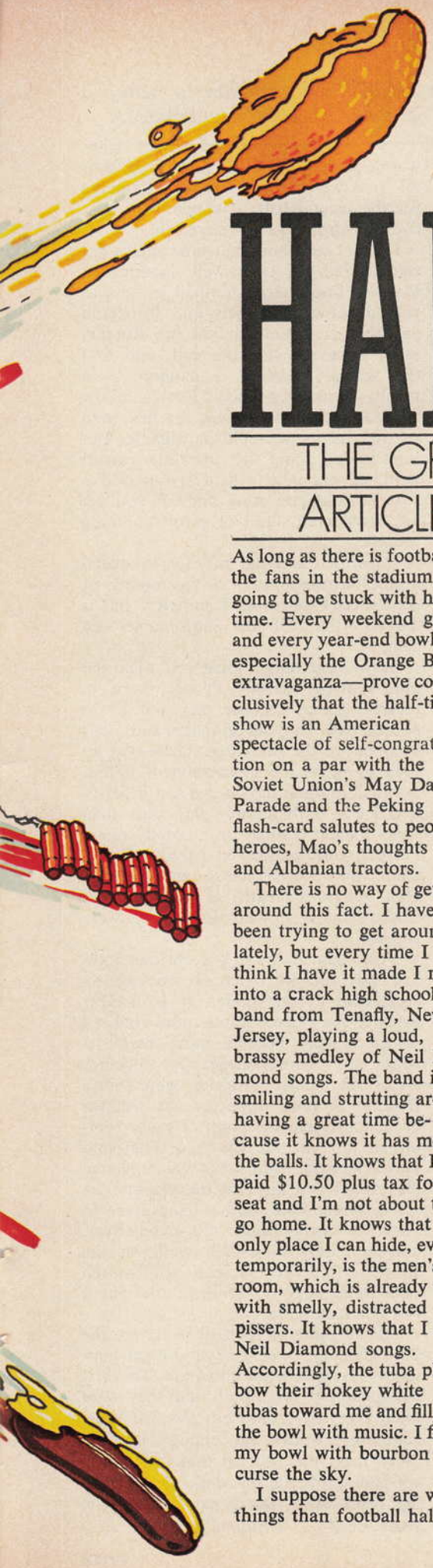

HALF TIME!

THE GREATEST SHOW ON TURF?

ARTICLE BY CHARLES MONAGAN

As long as there is football, the fans in the stadium are going to be stuck with half time. Every weekend game and every year-end bowl—especially the Orange Bowl extravaganza—prove conclusively that the half-time show is an American spectacle of self-congratulation on a par with the Soviet Union's May Day Parade and the Peking flash-card salutes to people's heroes, Mao's thoughts and Albanian tractors.

There is no way of getting around this fact. I have been trying to get around it lately, but every time I think I have it made I run into a crack high school band from Tenafly, New Jersey, playing a loud, brassy medley of Neil Diamond songs. The band is smiling and strutting around having a great time because it knows it has me by the balls. It knows that I've paid $10.50 plus tax for my seat and I'm not about to go home. It knows that the only place I can hide, even temporarily, is the men's room, which is already filled with smelly, distracted pissers. It knows that I hate Neil Diamond songs. Accordingly, the tuba players bow their hokey white tubas toward me and fill the bowl with music. I fill my bowl with bourbon and curse the sky.

I suppose there are worse things than football half-time shows—rabies would be an example—but I can't think of anything that is watched by so many and noted afterward by so few. One day, I wondered why this was. I wondered why someone can reel off story after story about great football games he's seen but can't recall more than two or three of the accompanying half-time shows. Well, after an exhaustive study of the problem, I've come up with the following reasons:

• Numbing Sameness. At college games, school bands march out, spell things and play music that cleverly goes along with the words. At pro games, high school bands do the same thing, although sometimes Al Martino will be kind enough to croon a love song through a crackling microphone.

Can't See. Half-time shows are invariably performed for the people at the stadium who have the good seats. A formation that clearly reads TEXAS to people on the 50-yard line looks like a bunch of folks lined up for a ride at Disneyland to chumps like you and me in the end zone. It's very hard to remember something that you haven't seen.

• Cynical Masses. "It stank last time and all the times before that, so why should I watch it this time? Pass the Mason jar." This is the prevalent attitude among fans these days. They've seen it all; and even if they haven't, they don't want to. This attitude is one of the reasons you don't see your Alvin Aileys and Twyla Tharps cutting into line to choreograph half-time shows.

• Public Drunkenness. Most people at football games are too loaded to remember anything but the score. They can tell you details later because they were smart enough to read the paper the next morning when they were comparatively sober. The half-time show is never recounted in the paper, thus it is forgotten forever—like your car in the stadium parking lot.

But these are very general terms. Surely there are people who sit on the midfield stripe who can't stand half-time shows. Surely people who are perfectly sober at the game cannot recall afterward what happened on the field between the halves. And certainly there are people who look forward to half-time shows just as certainly as there are people who lurk at dangerous intersections, waiting for the squeal of tires and the moans for help.

I am also certain that bands exist that do not go out and perform predictably every week. I have a vague recollection of seeing a really good band once during a pro game, and I have been lucky enough to see several excellent college bands at

Illustration by Sawhorse

HALF TIME! *The students realized that they would probably never again have occasion to watch a gigantic cock harden, throb and then come all over a football field in front of 20,000 spectators.*

work. Florida A&M and Southern University both have snappy units that appear to have a contemporary sense of entertainment. Bands at Stanford, USC and UCLA know how to put on a good show and also inject humor into the proceedings, something not thought of by most colleges. A number of the Ivy League schools, notably Harvard, Yale and Columbia, have long ago discarded the traditional notion of a half-time show. These schools have had antiwar shows, pro-marijuana shows, half times that ridiculed high Government officials and shows depicting the curious sexual preferences of students at a rival school.

As much as I dislike most college half-time shows, I would hate for them to cease to be and I am nervous about ABC's penchant for ignoring them on Monday nights. I say this because I know that every once in a while there comes down the pike a half-time show that completely transcends its genre. I would hate to miss one of these epic shows because ABC is featuring Howard Cosell describing the previous day's upset of the century. I know great half times exist because I have seen one. This memorable spectacle took place during a Dartmouth-Columbia game early in November 1970.

•

I thought the man said his name was Rhomboid, but he'd introduced himself way back toward the beginning of the game, so I couldn't be certain. I'd been drinking Virgin's Blood since nine that morning and it was going on three when he jumped to his feet, turned red in the face and began shouting obscenities in the direction of the 120-foot-long penis that was at that moment ejaculating all over the football field.

Rhomboid was Old Grad and he was drunk. We'd watched him mantis-dance up the concrete aisle to his seat shortly after the game had begun. He was grinning a sloppy grin and shaking hands with people he'd never seen before. He was dressed in a green blazer, a light-green shirt and a green-striped tie. He'd gone to Dartmouth and he was back for his first football weekend in ten years. Mrs. Rhomboid was there, too. She wore a green wool suit and jade elephant earrings. She passed little crustless sandwiches and Thermos cups full of whiskey sour to her hubby. She fussed with the stadium blanket. Dartmouth was trouncing Columbia when the gun sounded and the first half was over. The Columbia band made ready to march onto the field. The nasty-penis business was about to begin.

At the most, there were 100 marchers. In the tradition of Ivy League bands, they were not much to look at—there was no bounce to their step and no precision in their maneuvers. Some of their number hadn't even bothered to get into uniform. I must confess that I didn't watch the first few minutes of their routine. The thing I remember was the kid next to me giggling hysterically and pounding me on the arm. As I looked down onto the field, the penis was just beginning to take shape and go erect. The commentator on the P.A. system was saying something about sex. After a moment, the testicles took shape. Four band members with a white sheet over their heads stood in that area. The shaft now stretched, fully erect, 40 yards across the middle of the field. Then, as the crowd stared openmouthed, utterly disbelieving, the music (possibly the Beatles' *Come Together*) picked up steam and the marchers began to bob back and forth, slowly at first, but then faster and faster as the music grew louder. As the sound reached a crescendo and the throbbing shaft threatened to detach from its own balls, the four guys with the sheet over their heads began running. They ran out of the testicles and sped the 40 yards between the vibrating walls. They flew out of the tip of the penis, tearing the sheet into four parts as they emerged. They ran a short distance and then fell to the ground. The shaft stopped moving. Slowly it shrank back and then lost shape altogether. The band struck up a languid air and stumbled off the field.

The ensuing outcry from the crowd was totally predictable. The old grads were enraged. Meanwhile, the students cheered mightily. They realized that they would probably never again have occasion to watch a gigantic cock harden, throb and then come all over a football field in front of 20,000 spectators.

It occurred to me then that the half time is one of this nation's great unused forums. I don't understand why it hasn't been used more often by the forces of good or evil. Take a look at the built-in advantages. First of all, you've got a captive audience of up to 100,000 people, all of whose seats are directed at the field. Secondly, you've got a time period of about 20 minutes in which absolutely nothing else is going on. Finally, if you're lucky, you've got television cameras on hand and the fans of a happy nation are tuned in. So where's the creativity and excitement? I don't mean to say that the depiction of the male reproductive organ in ecstasy is the ultimate half-time experience. As a matter of fact, it was rather silly. I'm just saying that on that day I wasn't peering anxiously toward the portal from which the teams would emerge for the second half. I wonder why that doesn't happen to me more often.

I'm not sure how half-time shows got started, but it's been well documented that the first college football game was played between Rutgers and Princeton in 1869. It is known that the Rutgers team wore red stocking caps and that the winner received a cannon as a trophy. It is even known that a fellow named George Large was the first man injured in an intercollegiate game. But start asking about the first time a band marched out onto a field and played a two-year-old pop song and all you get are bewildered stares or gentle clucking sounds.

Nevertheless, I did manage to snatch a little information out of the mouths of ignorance. From what I gathered, this is the way the half-time show came into being:

In the beginning a great void filled the time between halves. People came to football games because they wanted to see football. They sat on fences and rocks or stood on the side lines. There was no such thing as the entertainment dollar. Football in those days was a sort of early R.O.T.C.—nothing more glamorous than hand-to-hand combat on a bloody plain. Players were considered pansies if they didn't play both offense and defense. Half time was created as a rest period. The spectators, in their simple way, were amused.

Years passed. Word got out that football was fun to watch. It became an acceptable event, though it is unclear whether the game became more civilized or the people became more barbaric. More and more colleges put together teams and bitter rivalries were born. Rooting sections appeared on wooden bleachers. Soon, the plum of every rooting section was the pep band. The band played frenzied fight songs which livened the crowd and inspired the players. At some unrecorded point a band came to view the football field with greedy eyes, and as surely as catfish walk on the shore, so did the first pep band march onto some forgotten gridiron and play a few quick numbers.

As the game of football blew into the 20th Century, it went beyond mere popularity. It became an obsession. The first great stadiums were built, and they were filled every Saturday. For the first time, fans were seated far enough up and away from the field so that they could see and appreciate the work of a marching band. Also, the game had become more of a *(Continued on page 132)*

CAN TABLE Hockey POLICE ITSELF?

IT'S STILL A GREAT GAME, BUT VIOLENCE AMONG PLAYERS IS TAKING ITS TOLL

ARTICLE BY CHRISTOPHER CERF

I've been an addict of table hockey since my father gave my younger brother, Jonathan, and me our first model ice-hockey game back in the early Fifties. That primitive set boasted metal players that rotated in fixed positions when you spun the metal rods attached to them; with a little practice, you could learn to slam a black marble with extraordinary speed toward your opponent's goal.

Table hockey has grown up a lot since then, and my brother and I grew—if not matured—with it. When the first set came out, with players that could "skate" up and down the ice by sliding in grooves, we had to have it. When the first automatic puck-dropper was introduced—by now a wooden disk had replaced the black marble—we were among the first to own one. We even purchased the miniature replicas of National Hockey League trophies, which Coleco Industries, manufacturers of our set, so thoughtfully made available by mail.

The reason for our enthusiasm was that table hockey seems to reproduce the sport after which it's modeled far more realistically than any of the simulated football and baseball games on the market; for frustrated athletes—and I was a frustrated athlete by the time I was eight—that feeling of realism is terribly important. Secondly, table hockey is a game of skill and cunning; the more you practice—perfecting pass plays, learning how to fake, dreaming up strategies—the better you get.

So proficient did Jonathan and I become, in fact, that a few years ago, when a crazed editor-writer named Stanley Fischler announced he was organizing a world table hockey tournament, we entered and won not only the T. J. Rugg Trophy symbolizing dominance of the international table-hockey doubles scene but also the Pagello Award for goal-tending excellence. Unfortunately Fischler's impressive publicity efforts on behalf of our victory attracted other devotees of table hockey from all over Canada and the U. S. and we lost our title the very next year. The new winners were a Minneapolis duo so fanatic that they brought along their private scorekeeper, who recorded every shot the Minnesotans won. Tournament table hockey has been going straight to hell in a handbasket ever since.

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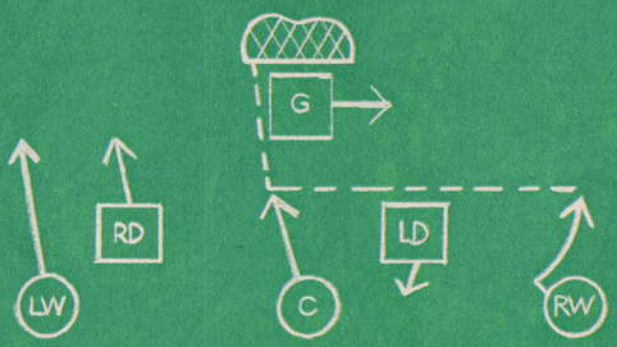
Writer and notorious table-hockey bad boy Marvin Kitman sits at a hockey table

Photography by Bill Arsenault

Munro Bobby Orr Hockey Set *Featuring positive precision gears for sure-handed play and an overhead gondola scoreboard with delayed-action puck release, this set also has goal-indicator lights and puck ejectors (about $25).*

The Mickey Hopp Jam Shot *The right wing charges down the ice, fakes a pass to his left and then drives onward to pass the puck behind the left defenseman; the center then blasts in and deflects the puck into the goal.*



in the New York Statler Hilton's fashionable Penn Top Room, traditional home (since 1973) of the richest event on the World Table Hockey Association tour: the International Open Doubles Championships. Nervously Kitman fingers the rubber-tipped rod that controls his two-inch-tall California Golden Seals center. Plunk! A tiny puck is dropped onto the chip-board playing surface. With a quickness nurtured by years of practice, Kitman flicks his control rod forward. But instead of whirling off in pursuit of the wooden disk, the diminutive center hangs limply in the face-off circle; the combative humorist can only watch helplessly as a fierce-looking forward in powder-blue Pittsburgh Penguin livery scoops up the errant puck and streaks toward the Seals' goal.

"They've tampered with my springs!" Kitman shouts. "Stop the game and get a repair crew over here!"

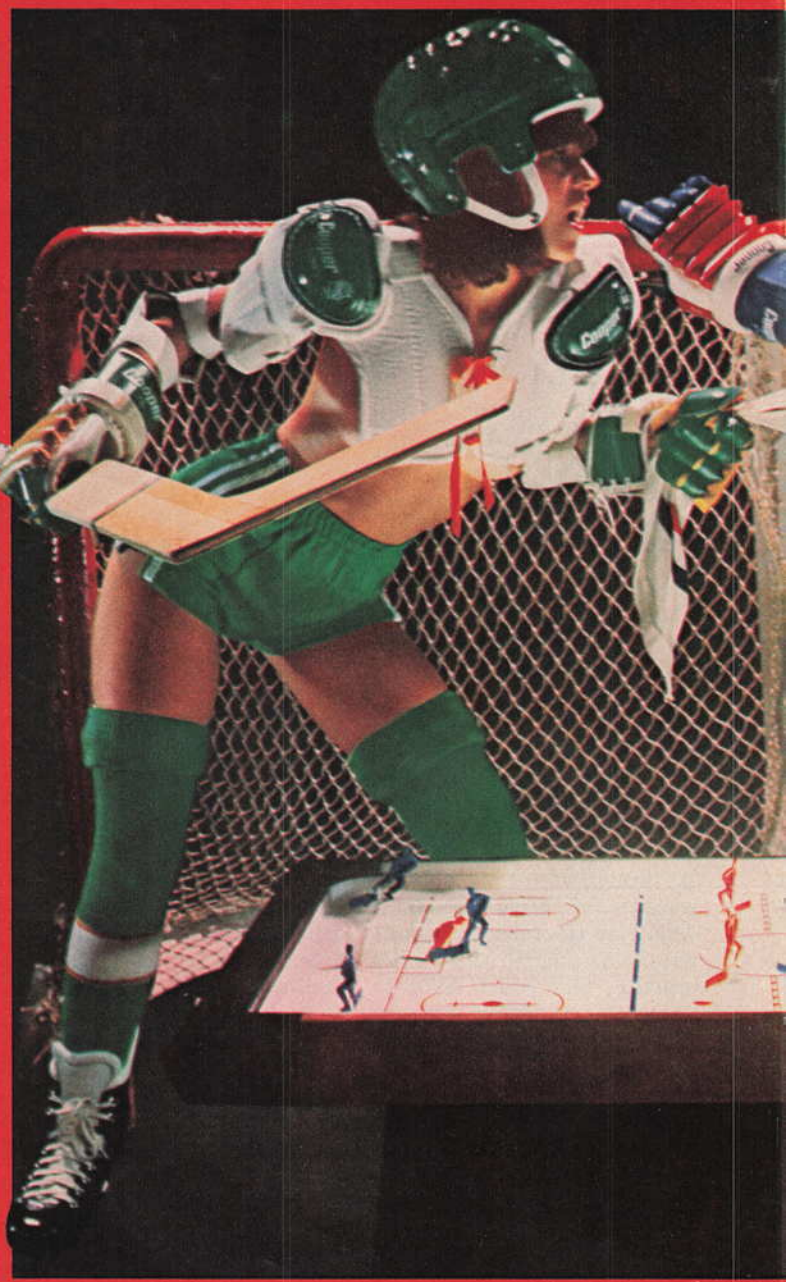
"Keep playing," replies referee Richard Friedman.

"I *demand* a new set!" shouts Kitman, his rage heightened by the fact that he already trails by a lopsided score. The spectators, sensing a scuffle, close in on Kitman and Friedman. Suddenly the fiery journalist is on his feet, jaw to jaw with the striped-shirted referee. Does he actually throw a punch? Accounts differ, but none disputes the fact that, within a matter of moments, a fuming Kitman had to be escorted from the building.

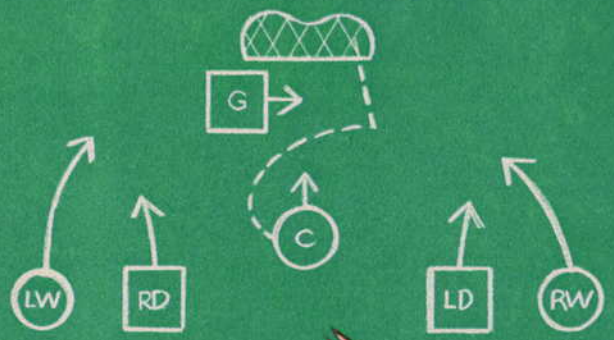
Was this unfortunate incident—little publicized at the time—a stern and ominous warning to the fathers of table hockey regarding the dangerous direction their sport has been taking? You'd hardly think so to talk to World Table Hockey Association president Robert J. Stampleman. "After all," proclaims Stampleman, "spring tampering and referee baiting are well-established safety valves against other types of violence that would be more vicious and damaging. Besides, we reimbursed Kitman's ten-dollar entry fee in full."

Jonathan Cerf, a rare double winner, in 1971, of the T. J. Rugg Trophy (emblematic of table-hockey supremacy) and the coveted Lady Remoser of Winfield Award (for clean, effective play), is not so sure. "In my day, table hockey was not thought of as a contact sport," he says. "It's a new game now, a brutal game. It's not the game I love."

The true shame of it all is that, stripped of its senseless savagery, table hockey at its best is one of the most beautifully precise, magnificently cerebral spectacles available. Few sports can offer anything to match the bestial poetry of Mickey Hopp's fabled jam shot, or the nimble-fingered symphony that is Jonathan Cerf's own misdirection stuff



The Misdirection Stuff Shot *The center fakes a shot to his left and then pulls up to shovel the puck deliberately wide of the right post; as the puck skids away, the center stops, then suddenly darts forward to deflect it into the net.*



Coleco N.H.L. Stanley Cup Hockey Set *Endorsed by the National Hockey League, this set features remote-action puck ejectors, overhanging press gallery and penalty box and a replica of the Stanley Cup trophy (about $25).*

shot. (Readers who are tempted to try any of these maneuvers need only consult the instructional diagrams accompanying this article.)

"Of course, hard aggressive play has always been part of the game," declares W.T.H.A. commissioner Fischler, a voice of comparative reason among the sport's movers and shakers. "Why, even the great Mickey Hopp was not above jarring the table to ruin his opponent's concentration. I must say, though, that during my own playing days I never could have lived with myself if I thought I'd won by resorting to such tactics. Unless, of course, the other guy started it. Hopp always started it. . . .

"But seriously," the commissioner continues, "the flare-ups of the past were child's play compared with the goalee-bending, the spearing and the under-the-table rod-grabbing we have today." (This last maneuver, a particularly vicious one, is usually employed to freeze an opponent's forward deep in the attacking zone; should the opponent try to yank his player free, the rubber tip on the control rod comes off in his hand, and the forward is rendered useless until the next stoppage of play.)

Munro Tournament Hockey Set *This game, which can be free-standing or table top, features a one-piece playing surface, 3-D players and a side-mounted puck dropper (about $70).*

In an attempt to cut down on gratuitous violence, the W.T.H.A. switched, two tournaments ago, to a game model that features a ball-bearing puck and utilizes gears instead of springs to transmit movements of the control rods to the miniature players. "It was our feeling that the unfamiliarity of the new game would stifle the 'enforcer' types in our tournament," says Fischler. "But instead we just got a rash of new problems: gear-stripping, for example, and table-tilting to direct the rolling puck. It's all too grim for me."

Is there hope?

"Certainly," says the commissioner. "The Soviet table-hockey players have shown us time and again that vigorous but clean play is the best antidote for the crudity that's soiling our game. Table-hockey purists have always known this—and if our fans have failed to get the point, we'll just have to re-educate them.

"In the meantime, as a first step in cleaning house, I'm returning the World Championship tournament to my living room, and we'll use only Finnish equipment."

Fischler's brave voice has sounded the clarion call. A failure by big-league table hockey to heed him would indeed be a sad requiem for a great sport. ■

EXCLUSIVE! AMAZING! INCREDIBLE!

INSTEAD OF BOILED BABIES, THE WEEKLY TABLOIDS NOW SERVE UP HALF-BAKED NEWS, GOSSIP AND ADVICE

ARTICLE BY JUDITH HENNESSEE

Illustration by Robert Rodriguez

During the days when Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter were launching their Presidential campaigns, when Henry Kissinger was trying to keep southern Africa from going up in flames and when the West was trying to figure out what direction post-Mao China would take, a large segment of the American population was reading an entirely different set of newspaper stories. They read about "THE SCANDAL OF OLD PEOPLE BEING BOUGHT AND SOLD," an interview with Polly Bergen on why she's "not mean or bitchy," instructions on "How to Breathe Fresh Air into a Stale Marriage" and "How to Protect Your Family from Dog Attacks," and other esoterica not readily available in the establishment press. The stories appeared in the *National Enquirer* (circulation 4,800,000) and *The National Star* (circulation 1,500,000), two weekly feature newspapers that are sold at supermarket check-out counters across the country. They are part of a movement in mass journalism to exploit the anxieties and insecurities of the lower middle class. They have taken their cue from television,

EXCLUSIVE! AMAZING! INCREDIBLE! *Even in a slow week, three psychiatrists can be found to explain—exclusively—to the* Enquirer *why Jacqueline Onassis will or will not marry again.*

in that they employ a sitcom formula: short one-sided stories, optimistic endings and inoffensive points of view. Their rising popularity attests to the shortcomings of the daily big-city papers, which have come increasingly to read as if they were written for the same people who write them, for their friends and for the powerful. The smaller dailies across the country, both liberal and conservative, take most of their news from the wire services and disseminate, in effect, the same news and the same attitudes that are found in the big-city papers. Scarcely anyone in the respectable press seems to fashion news for the lower-middle-class or blue-collar workers.

Consequently the lower-middle-class and blue-collar workers are an alienated audience. After Betty Ford was cheered for saying on national television that it was all right to have sex and pot, the now-defunct *National Tattler* conducted a poll asking its readers, "Do you agree with her views?" The letters ran three-to-one against Mrs. Ford.

This is the same audience that sent 1,500,000 letters to Washington in the mistaken notion that the FCC was planning to ban religious broadcasting. Nobody noticed. The story of this enormous outpouring was never mentioned in "the paper of record," *The New York Times*, to whose readers religious broadcasting is largely irrelevant.

George Wallace, their wounded knight in tarnished armor, is also a tabloid reader. "I heard about your terrible tragedy," he told a man whose two children had been eaten alive by a shark in the Gulf of Mexico. "I think I read about it in the *National Enquirer*." Jimmy Carter is also in touch: The startling story of his having seen a UFO appeared, not in *Time* or *The Washington Post*, but in the *Enquirer*.

The *Enquirer*, founded in 1926, is the oldest of the tabloids. Publisher Generoso "Gene" Pope, Jr., who took it over in 1952, made an instant success of the publication with a good, solid, blood-and-gore, slime-and-sleaze formula. Headlines compelled: "I CUT OUT HER HEART AND STOMPED ON IT," "MOM BOILED HER BABY AND ATE HER," "I CUT MY BABY'S TOE OFF AND ATE IT." Shamelessly offensive, the paper invented stories about celebrities who "slurped and burped in public" and readers clamored for more. Circulation zoomed to 1,000,000—and stayed there. The blood-and-gore market seemed to have reached its saturation point.

Then it was 1966, a troubled time for newspapers. In New York City, they were falling by the wayside one by one, and newsstands were going under with them. Supermarkets, the other major print outlet, wouldn't touch the *Enquirer*. A pragmatist to the bone, Pope abandoned his baby-eaters in favor of God and country, virtue and domesticity. In the process, he lost 250,000 cannibal freaks, but gained the supermarkets.

The *Star* is a new, three-year-old paper, an attempt by Australian press lord Rupert Murdoch to cash in on the *Enquirer*'s market. It has the added attraction of full-color graphics and front-page headline gossip about people who travel in exalted social circles.

Both papers are well aware of the golden opportunity left them by default of the rest of the media. Consequently they have an elevated view of their function. Steve Dunleavy, *Star* reporter and editorial writer, says, "We want to become part of the community and do more for our readers. I sympathize with the neglected working-class man."

But contempt has many guises. Ignored in one place, the audience is patronized and exploited in another. The *Star*'s Murdoch sees his readers as possessed of "the mass mind." *Enquirer* people are more blunt; they call it "the 12-year-old mind." Judging by the two papers' content, it is a mind as yet uninformed by taste and only dimly aware of reality. Typographically, both papers resemble a 1930s ransom note: a jumble of pictures and type faces crammed onto each page. The stories are told in one-syllable words and one-sentence paragraphs, one idea at a time.

The *Enquirer* has the most highly developed style. It is very fond of the word amazing. Every other story is "amazing." The ones in between are either "incredible" or "shocking." Events do not simply happen—they are "revealed," frequently by "three top psychiatrists" (not psychologists), having been "secrets" before the *Enquirer* acquired an "exclusive" to them. The *Enquirer* has more exclusives than any other newspaper in the world; even in a slow week, three top psychiatrists can usually be found to explain—exclusively—to the *Enquirer* why Jacqueline Onassis will or will not marry again.

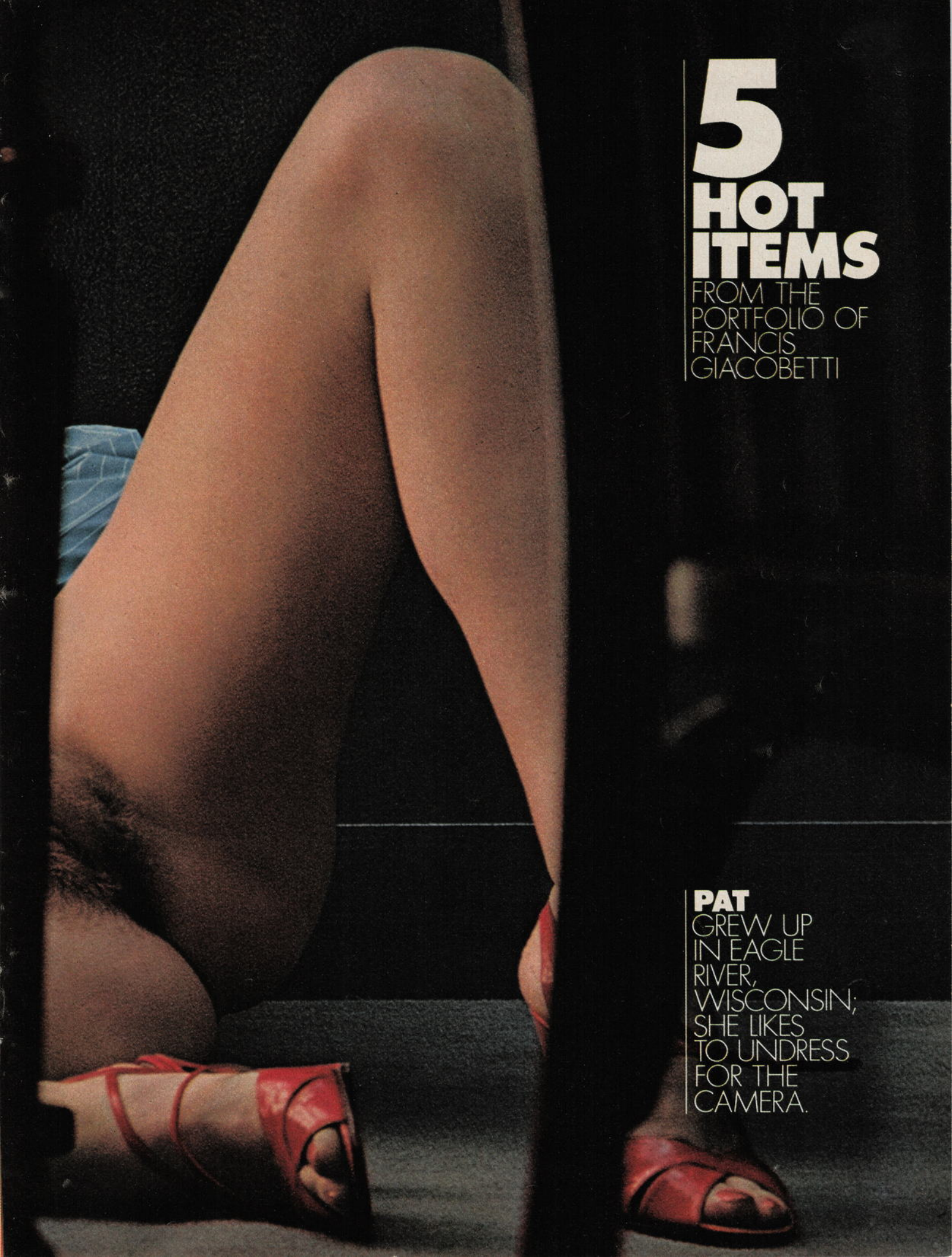
Politically readers are assumed to be idiots. The *Enquirer* doesn't bother with anything political. Gene Pope claims that no one was interested when he tried stories about drugs and Vietnam. The *Star*'s editorials are like tantrums, full of *macho* table-pounding rhetoric and childish name-calling. Kissinger is a "meathead" and "an economic ignoramus." Nixon looked like "a stunned mullet." "If ever there was an infuriating bunch of loafers it has to be that decrepit gang in Washington called Congress."

The general tone of moral indignation, anger and outrage is an outlet for the frustrations of the powerless and thus socially useful for the powerful. "Gov't drones dished out an incredible $135,000 of your hard-earned tax dollars" to learn that male mice like female mice, says the *Enquirer*. Such stories are ultimately reassuring. The tabloids publish very little news of importance and make no attempt to explain substantial economic or political issues. "We are getting our faces rubbed in the dirt by every Mickey Mouse country in the world." That seems to be the end of the matter.

Reason is abandoned in favor of psychic emanations, astrology and ESP experiences. "The Invisible Hand of My Dead Granny Comforts Me When I'm Troubled," says a reader. UFOs zoom around the sky. Inexplicably people go from rags to riches, embodying the Horatio Alger myth. If Dana Andrews can go on the wagon and become a millionaire, so can every poor unfortunate alcoholic out there. Billy Graham sells God regularly. Life is sprinkled with miracles. For the sorely afflicted, the answers are prayer, neighborliness, dependence on some outside force—never one's own resources. Charity, faith and passivity triumph over incredible personal hardship. People can accomplish wonders without actually making any efforts for themselves. Readers are told of dozens of ways to lose weight—daydreaming, for instance. Are they ever told to diet or exercise? Never. The *Star*'s Diet Workshop advises: "Eat, drink and be merry—without getting fat." But even if you get fat, it doesn't matter, because "A surprising new study" proclaims that "FAT PEOPLE LIVE LONGER."

The health stories, mental and physical, read like a roster of quack remedies, playing on anxieties, raising unwarranted hope, creating unreasonable fear: "MIRACLE SWEETENER ENDS TOOTH DECAY," "THUMB SUCKING IS GOOD FOR THE TEETH." Readers are bombarded with advice which is propounded by "experts," like so much psychological snake oil, a balm for all *(Continued on page 120)*

LOSSALVA



5 HOT ITEMS

FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF FRANCIS GIACOBETTI

PAT GREW UP IN EAGLE RIVER, WISCONSIN; SHE LIKES TO UNDRESS FOR THE CAMERA.

MARTINE
LIVES IN
PARIS; HER
TEACHERS
CALLED
HER A BORN
ACTRESS.

ELENA
LIVES IN MILAN;
SHE IS A
FULL-TIME
MODEL,
SOMETIME
PHOTOGRAPHER.

CAROLE LIVES IN LONDON, SHE HAS AN UNDESERVED REPUTATION FOR FEISTINESS.

SANDRA
LIVES IN
ROME; SHE
LIKES MEN
WHO WEAR
THEIR
BLUE JEANS
TIGHT.

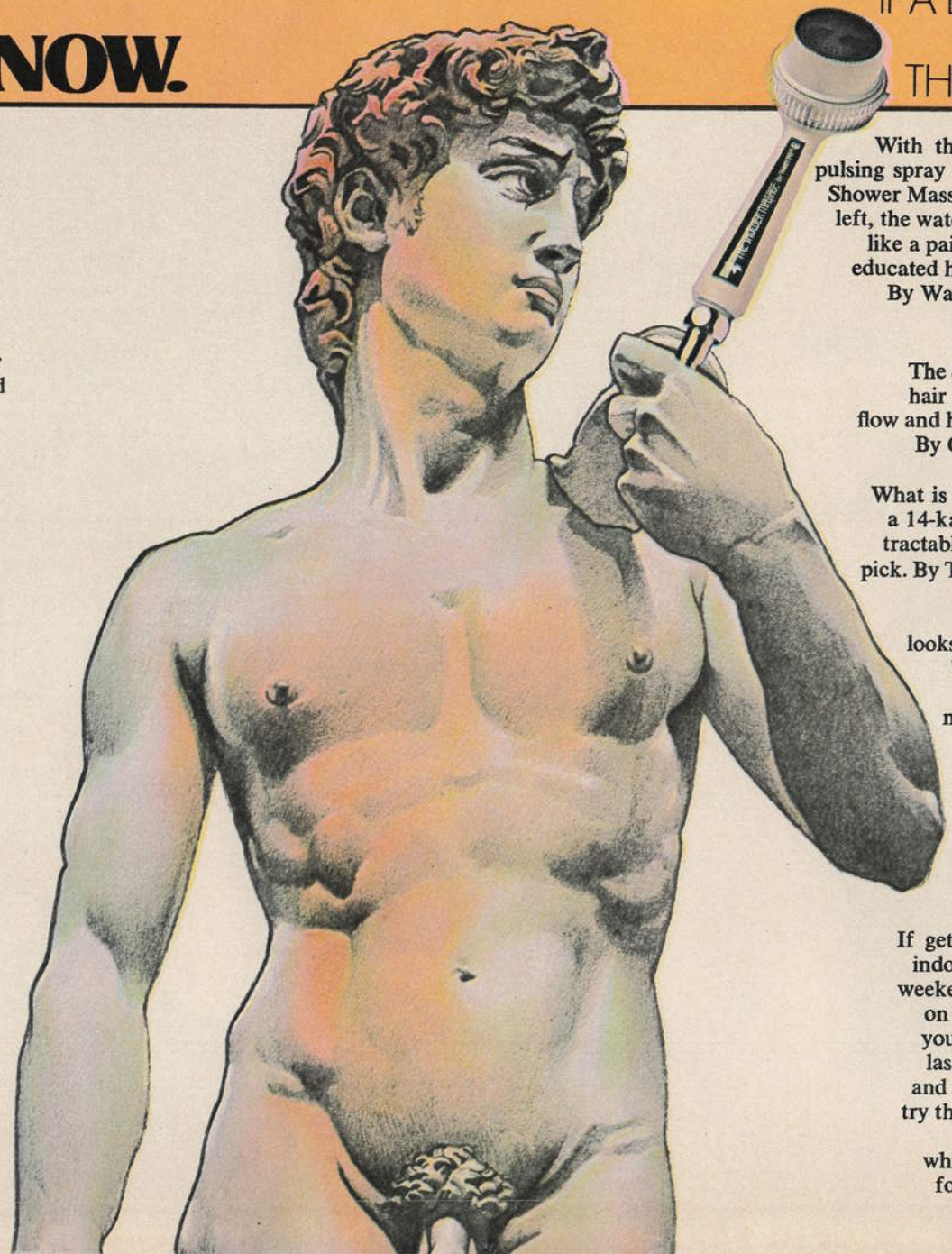
CLEAN UP YOUR ACT. NOW.

IF A BODY MEET A BODY, IT'S NICE FOR THEM TO BE SCRUBBY

At the top of any body, there's a head. The hair on that head should be kept as luminous as possible. You can do it with Aramis 900 shampoo, in two formulas: for normal-to-dry and normal-to-oily hair ($5).

After shaving, a man needs something cool to splash on his jowls. If the something cool also functions to make him smell sexy, he has no reason to complain, does he? Try Sex Appeal. By Jōvan ($6).

Musk oil was the cosmetic industry's great discovery of 1972. Whereas Sex Appeal is a blend of spices and woods, with traces of musk, Musk Oil for Men is the thing unadulterated—for animal magnetism. By Jōvan ($6).



With the adjustable, pulsing spray of The Shower Massage, left, the water's like a pair of educated hands. By Water Pik ($40).

The Son of a Gun hair drier has airflow and heat controls. By Clairol ($29).

What is this? It is a 14-karat retractable gold toothpick. By Tiffany ($80).

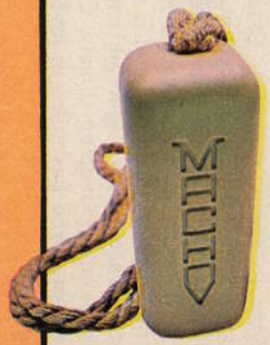
This gadget looks like a radio, but it's really the lightest, most compact cordless electric shaver available. By Panasonic ($20).

If getting into an indoor game this weekend depends on looking as if you water-skied last weekend—and you didn't—try this moisturizing bronzer, which comes in four tones. By Braggi ($6).

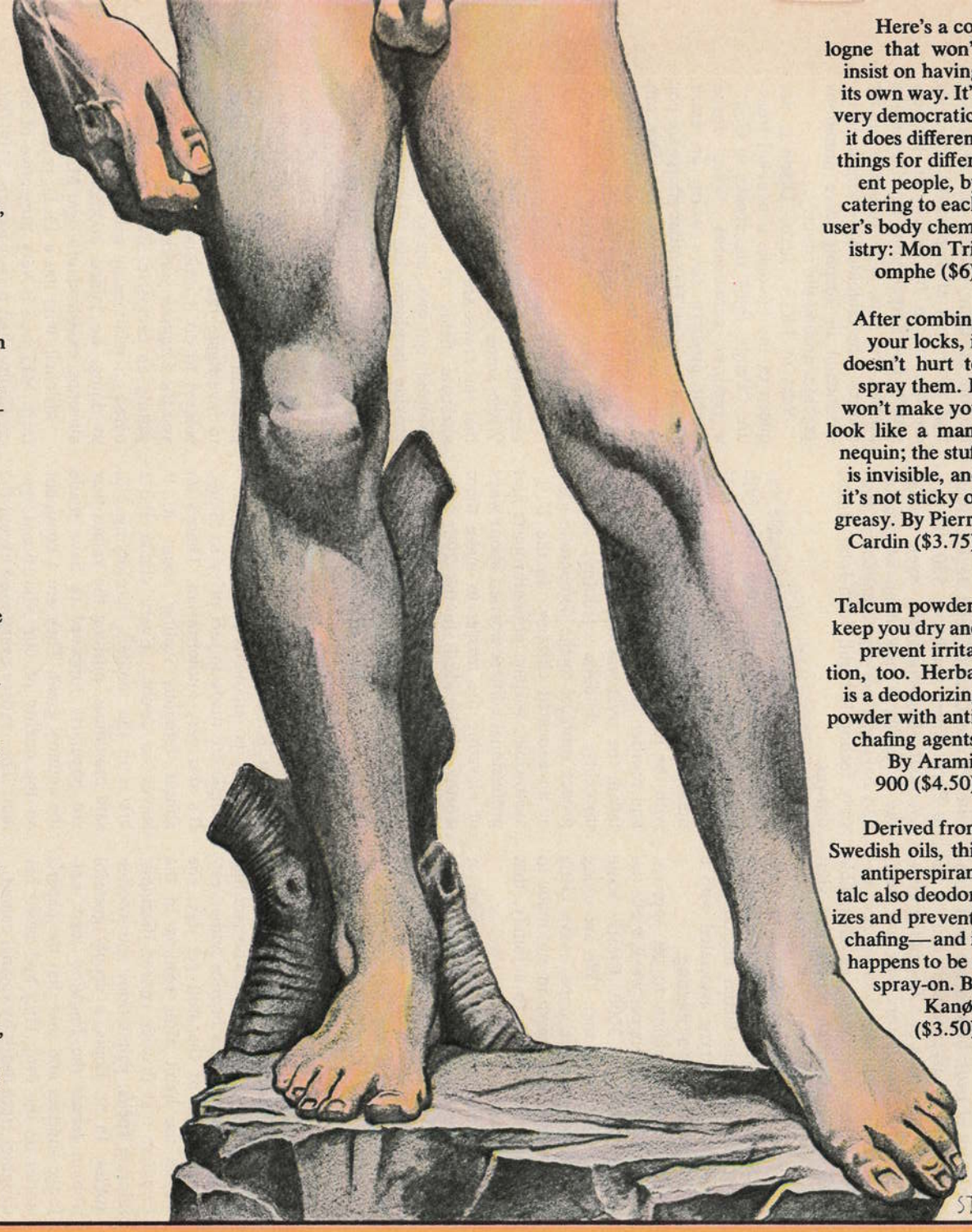
Anyone who watches TV knows what a deodorant is for. Here's a handy stick that stands guard 24 hours a day; also available in lime, musk and herbal. By Old Spice ($1.50).

A body rub is especially nice when your masseuse has a little of this special formula—designed to keep the skin supple and prevent dryness—on her fingers. It's Givenchy Gentleman ($6.50).

Grrr. Don't make any sudden moves. This is a bad new cologneial power. It comes in a distinctive T-shaped bottle and it's for the man, they say, who's sure of himself. By Macho ($12).



Not to be confused with Muhammad Ali's much-publicized rope-a-dope trick, this is soap on a rope—something to keep you from losing your suds in a particularly hectic shower. By Macho ($4).



Here's a cologne that won't insist on having its own way. It's very democratic; it does different things for different people, by catering to each user's body chemistry: Mon Triomphe ($6).

After combing your locks, it doesn't hurt to spray them. It won't make you look like a mannequin; the stuff is invisible, and it's not sticky or greasy. By Pierre Cardin ($3.75).

Talcum powders keep you dry and prevent irritation, too. Herbal is a deodorizing powder with anti-chafing agents. By Aramis 900 ($4.50).

Derived from Swedish oils, this antiperspirant talc also deodorizes and prevents chafing—and it happens to be a spray-on. By Kanøn ($3.50).

Photography by Richard Izui

EXCLUSIVE! AMAZING! INCREDIBLE! *A Detroit housewife who had been a licorice addict kicked the habit after reading in the* Enquirer *that licorice caused dizziness and swollen ankles.*

(Continued from page 106) those excruciating personality problems the mind is heir to: how to become charming; how to make friends; how to wake up alert in the morning (the best way is to jump out of bed); how to use your common sense. Every problem can be resolved in the space of a few paragraphs.

Each week brings a startling new medical discovery. One week vitamin A causes cancer. The next week an incredible medical breakthrough proves that vitamin A cures cancer: "AMAZING NEW TREATMENT CURES LEUKEMIA VICTIMS GIVEN ONLY WEEKS TO LIVE." The regenerated leukemia victim testifies with the hypnotized fervor associated with a 19th Century revival meeting.

The *Enquirer* claims to get approximately 40,000 letters per week, while the *Star* gets 2000 to 3000. Clearly some deep need is being met. "We are trying to give people some hope," says Gene Pope. People are drawn in and made to feel that they belong to a family, that someone cares.

The good will and compassion of readers are enlisted in help-the-hopeless stories, and they are regularly encouraged to send letters and money to the lonely, the diseased and the poverty-stricken. In return, the *Enquirer* sends reporters and photographers around the country to do self-congratulatory stories on people whose lives had been saved by the paper. Recently they found a 55-year-old Detroit housewife who said that she had once been a licorice addict, eating a pound of the stuff per day; she kicked the habit after reading in the *Enquirer* that licorice caused dizziness, fainting spells, palpitations and swollen ankles. In St. Louis, a deeply grateful woman served the *Enquirer* team hot-fudge sundaes and said that the paper's stories on the drug DES had saved her daughter from death by vaginal cancer.

This panorama of American hopes, dreams and myths is rounded out with large dollops of gossipy voyeurism. There's a taste for country-and-western stars. Elvis is big, and so is Cher. Biggest of all, however, are members of the Kennedy family. The *Enquirer* scooped the world by buying prepublication rights to Judith Campbell Exner's assignation-by-assignation account of her alleged White House fling. Whatever else happens in any given week, the crowning story in tabloidland is the latest Kennedy crisis: Ignoring exploding bombs and kidnaping threats, Caroline Kennedy, who has fallen in love, defies Jackie and stays in London, drinking champagne with tawdry, unappetizing aristocrats in all-night Mayfair bistros. But the Queen invites Caroline to Buckingham Palace and rumors of a romance with Prince Charles send Jackie flying to Paris. There she blows $30,000 in a five-hour shopping spree, even though she is facing a new financial disaster and having a nervous breakdown. Possibly feeling left out, John-John almost drowns.

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Tabloids derive from a venerable tradition of scandal and gore: the 19th Century British popular press. It specialized in violent verbs and adjectives, nudity and stomach-grabbing headlines, with the intimate horrors of every rape and murder in the country lovingly detailed; the style was one of sentimental unreality, childlike credulity, an approach inimical to the democratic ideal of an educated citizenry. In the U. S., meanwhile, writers, philanthropists and professional edifiers worried about ways of elevating the masses to make them worthy of the ideal. In the 20th Century, overwhelmed by yellow journalism, they gave up. The top editorial contemporary yellow-journalists, not so coincidentally, are expatriate British journalists.

A psychiatrist who analyzed the *Enquirer* for *Washington Post* reporter Stephen Klaidman said, "There is no anxiety; no emotions are aroused. . . . People are made to feel privy to things. It's also very authoritarian. There's an almost religious feeling about it. It leaves no doubt." Every cliché about life is in the tabloids, reinforcing old, safe prejudices, pushing the values that are popularly supposed to have made the country great. They are a comment on the quality of our educational system: They satisfy every need except the need to think. One story is as important as the next: the cancer cures and the invisible hand—like the clutter in the mind of Mary Hartman, who worried about yellow-wax build-up on her kitchen floor in the same breath as she expressed concern for her husband's temporary impotence.

The purpose may be entertainment and the ostensible message may be brotherhood, but the authoritarian style, the miracles and mysteries, the righteously ungenerous social views, the vulgar finger-wagging moralizing grow from fear and hate and distrust and encourage more of the same. Rather than bringing people into the social and political life of the country, the effect is to shut them out.

These people, having been shut out, are desperate for certainties—for reaffirmation of their values, for assurance that life is not all haphazard. Psychics are one means by which the tabloids satisfy this desperation. Psychics make people feel safe. The future is under control. The tabloids have also been instrumental in keeping alive numerous psychics around the country.

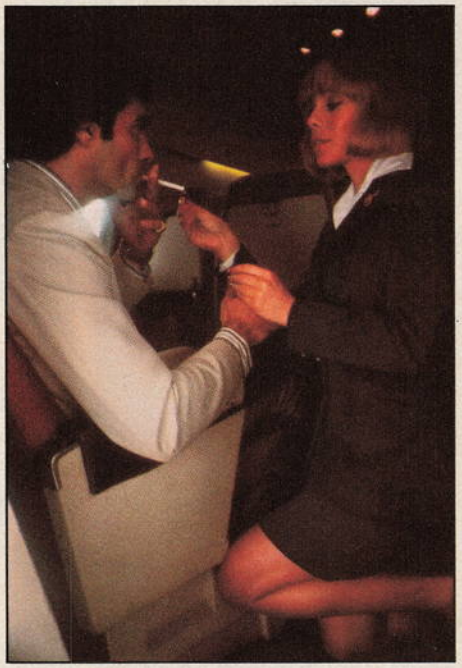
Next to Jackie, Jeane Dixon is the queen of the tabloids, a national treasure. "People think she speaks to God," a reporter commented. When Jeane Dixon predicts, she's worth an extra 500,000 copies. Her other efforts are not nearly so well received. The *Star* ran some recipes from her cookbook and it did absolutely nothing for circulation. A woman who speaks to God has no business cooking.

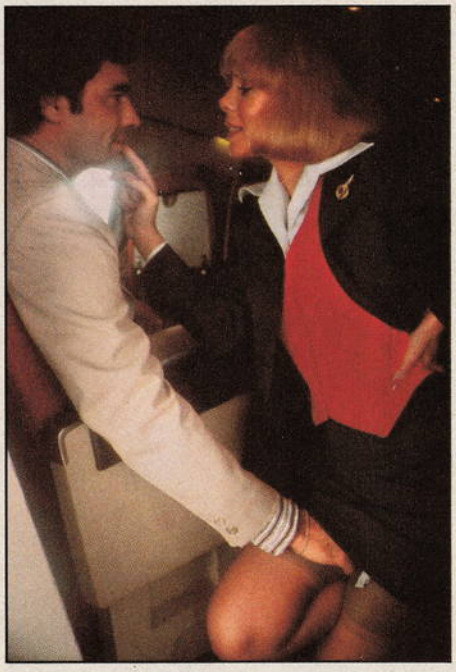
UFOs are another area of speculative certainty embraced by the tabloids. While some UFO researchers theorize that the crafts are actually windows on alternate fields of energy that exist alongside our own, energy theories don't provide headlines like "ARIZONA MAN CAPTURED BY A FLYING SAUCER." The man in question vanished into a flying saucer in front of six witnesses and reappeared five days later. The *Enquirer* asked Dr. J. Allen Hynek, professor of astronomy at Northwestern University and head of the Center for UFO Studies, to investigate the case; but Dr. Hynek wanted to do a serious in-depth study, and the *Enquirer* was more interested in getting an exclusive. Dr. Hynek terminated his relationship with the paper. In so doing, he joined another *Enquirer* alumnus, ex-astronaut Edgar Mitchell.

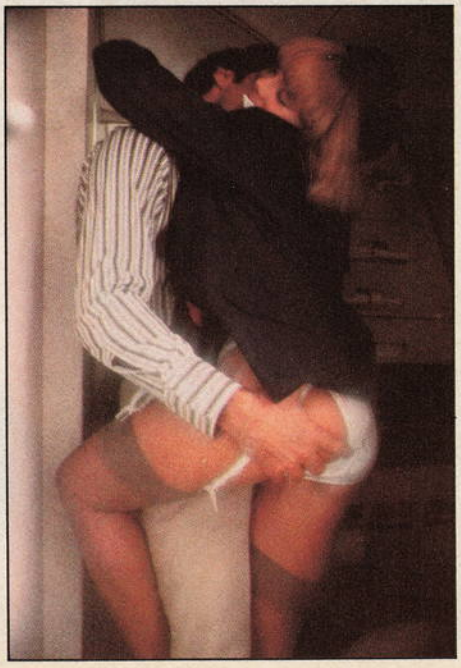
Mitchell, who has a Ph.D. in science from MIT and is very protective of his credibility, had a four-month, $100,000 contract with the *Enquirer* to feed ideas to publisher Pope and to review stories for accuracy. "It was a trial marriage, to find out if they fitted with each other," a Mitchell spokesman said. "It became clear that it was not going to be an appropriate thing for Mitchell to do, and other things came up that were better for his needs." According to other sources, Mitchell was unhappy with the *Enquirer*'s headline technique, was unwilling to byline articles and was very ambivalent about letting anyone know he worked for the paper.

The *Enquirer*, however, is also defensive about *(Continued on page 160)*

ONE MILE HIGH AND RISING







A FEMALE FLIGHT ATTENDANT INITIATES ONE MORE PASSENGER INTO AMERICAS MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB

Even the most casual investigation of the history of powered flight uncovers many instances of great endurance, personal devotion and self-sacrifice on the

Photography by Dick Zimmerman

part of flight attendants, or F/A's—known as stewardesses before the advent of stewards and of equal-employment opportunities for the two sexes. Can any of us forget, for example, the extraordinary efforts of an unidentified British stew who, in 1967, delivered twins somewhere near Nova Scotia on a New York–bound flight, despite the almost constant heckling of a charter group of vacationing Scottish obstetricians and their wives? Can any of us forget the team of American girls who during a 1971 hijacking continued to serve champagne and caviar in the first-class section and complimentary soft drinks in coach until the galley was as dry as a fifth bottle of bourbon at the end of a Georgia–Georgia Tech football game? The girls then appealed to the humanitarian instincts of the hijackers, who agreed that new supplies should be taken on in Paris, and they calmed passengers by reciting safety regulations over the public-address system. Stews work in cramped spaces yet always manage a friendly smile in spite of the sometimes rude advances of businessmen on a lark and the somewhat arrogant view of the public at large that they are only glorified waitresses. So let's hear it for stews—hip, hip, *hooray!*—especially for the unsung lady on these pages who taught one special passenger the true meaning of flying fellowship.

HOODOO THAT VOODOO THAT YOU DO IN NEW ORLEANS

THE NEW SOUTH MEETS THAT OLD BLACK MAGIC / ARTICLE BY ISHMAEL REED

The plane is full of Mardi Gras visitors. There's a gay contingent. Mardi Gras is gay; female impersonators—baby dolls, as they are called—are everywhere in drag. Mardi Gras has a kind of Louis XIV light-opera decadence. These gays are dressed as cowboys. They have turquoise and other jewels in their belt buckles. They pass out champagne and candy to the passengers. They make ambiguous cracks to the men and titillate the women. "We bought twenty-two bottles of champagne and have drunk twenty-three." In case anybody doesn't get it, the man squeals it again.

"The men dress up like women and, do you know, some of them look better," the older man tells the flower child. They got onto the plane in Dallas. He is going to meet his family in New Orleans; she, her boyfriend. She is going to her first Mardi Gras; he is a Mardi Gras pro. He discusses Endymion, one of the krewes—organizations or cults. "Mardi Gras is a big show, a freak show that doesn't cost anything." He gives her something before they get off the plane. She clasps it in her hand and says, "I'll never forget you." I'm touched.

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I didn't know that if you planned to travel to New Orleans during Mardi Gras, you had to book at least six months ahead. The motels were full within an 85-mile radius of New Orleans. I wound up in a wretched motel on Tulane Avenue. It was what Alcatraz would have been if Alcatraz were a ticky tack. I was down for a double, but one of the beds had been removed from my room to accommodate other Mardi Gras visitors. The motel was also headquarters for some of the students who were attending Mardi Gras. Students were all over town; the place looked like Fort Lauderdale or some other nesting place for students during the intercollegiate mating season. At night, they spent a lot of time knocking on one another's doors, asking for ice. In my day, we got our own ice.

That night I headed from the motel to Canal Street, in the French Quarter, where the carnival suddenly came in upon me. People were sitting on deck chairs or on the curb, watching the marchers and floats, all the way up to the Marriott at Canal and Chartres streets. I caught images of corn-dog vendors with Confederate flags waving from their carts, fried chicken, cotton candy and decorated lampposts. The streets were brightly lit. The people watching were drinking beer, wine and whiskey from Thermos bottles.

It was the old populist crowd: rednecks, country-and-western types in vans bearing spray-painted illustrations. Blacks. Not the urbane New York magazine glossy Superfly or Negro Gatsby types but people who put on overalls and walk down the street holding their children's hands. This is the field division of Negro society. They're a taciturn, hard-working bunch. "Their deepest dissent is silence," a slave master once said. They drink corn whiskey and dance at clubs with names like The Honey Hush and do their wash in the Splish Splash Washateria. Sometimes they stand on the sides of roads, next to old Buicks, selling crawfish.

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Mardi Gras's past is not only scandalous and violent but racist. The Irish of the 1860s used Mardi Gras as Get Nigger Day and amused themselves by invading Negro neighborhoods to murder and shoot up people. In the same decade, maskers dressed as apes chased Negroes to delight the crowds. Baron de Rothschild, a Jew, was denied admission to the Comus and Proteus elite balls. Even today, the floats carry caricatures of Indians with faces from the old Cleveland Indian emblem.

For one day, the establishment permits the old gods to parade up and down; gods it crushed, often mercilessly. The old gods of the Confederacy are people such as Stonewall Jackson, Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee, the last of whom generations of children have been taught was a kind of tragic Prince Valiant who led a noble but lost cause. The Confederate gods are those who tried to restore an imitation Middle Ages, a land of serfs, of fair ladies and cruelty. During Mardi Gras, the old romance is stirred. Floats bear colonels and soldiers in those dreaded gray uniforms; I saw a young man in Confederate regalia, stranded in a Fiat, as yelping, hooting Black Indians blocked traffic. He was wearing the Confederate battle flag as a headrag.

The Confederate battle flag, America's swastika, waved everywhere—from balconies, from housetops, from windows, from the carts of corn-dog peddlers, alongside the cotton candy. Designed by P. G. T. de Beauregard, this symbol of that anachronism the old South flies all over America these days. It waved alongside the Stars and Stripes on the lawn where President Ford greeted president Giscard d'Estaing; and it was on the left side of Jimmy Carter the morning after his primary win in Ohio. Is this harmless, or an omen? I thought. The flag was a reminder that when the North withdrew its troops, the old Confederate officers, through murder and terror, continued slavery as usual, leading Henry Adams, a Louisiana freedman, to say, in 1877, "We lost all hopes. The whole South—every state in the South—had got into the hands of the very men that held us slaves."

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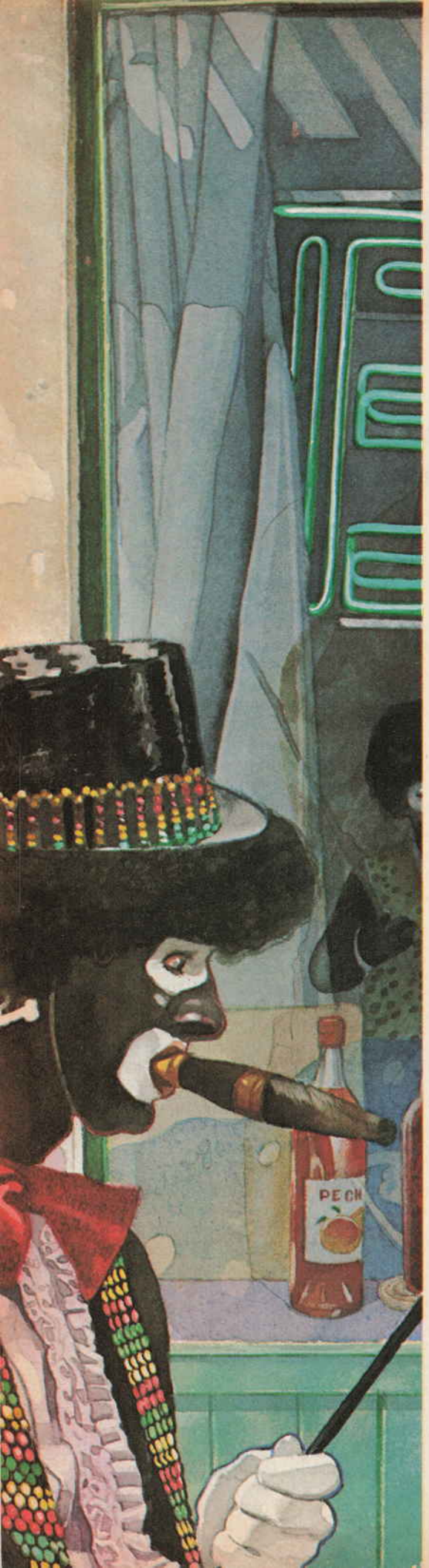
Saturday night I am standing in a crowd, catching the end of Endymion Parade. The American Endymion not only is in a coma but he dreams bellicose floats. The theme of the parade is Hail to the Chief. There is a "giant" of J.F.K., with his PT boat. Other floats

Illustrations by Julian Allen



roll by with other giants: MacArthur, in dark glasses with corncob pipe; Eisenhower, "who supported the anti-Communists in Guatemala"; and others who are remembered for being tough, standing up to the Russians, refusing to bug out. Guns and missiles roll by. Alice Cooper, the rock person, is the grand marshal of this parade and somebody named Irving Wallace is the King. The black university bands march by doing K.C. and the Sunshine Band's *Get Down Tonight*; and it goes on, Endymion, with even a Nixon float, sporting what appears to be a picture of John Ehrlichman on its side.

After it is over, I follow the Negroes who are heading toward Shakespeare Park, because I figure they know where something else is going on. Their destination turns out to be the Greyhound bus station. I go into the bar and order a Budweiser, lest someone think I am loitering about Greyhound bus stations these days in my leather jacket and jeans. Barry Manilow is on the jukebox singing, "I write the songs. . . ." The Negroes are boarding buses, leaving this white Mardi Gras or *Caucasian* Mardi Gras, as my friend Ruby Lombard, an architect, sneered. Nobody in an ape's costume chased them this night. Mardi Gras has become civilized, far removed from its sordid past.

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The next morning I headed toward the French Quarter where the HooDoo shrines are located. Purists refer to it as Vodou, or Vodoun, a word with Dahoman and Togo origins meaning the unknown. In the Americas, it has come to mean the fusion of dance, drums, embroidery, herbal medicine and cuisine of the many African nations whose people were brought to Haiti during the slave trade. It is an element in many of the syncretistic religions of South America (Pocomania, Umbanda, Santeria), which, combined, claim more followers than Christianity in that part of the world. A religious war has been going on in Brazil for years, with the Vodoun cults now gaining the upper hand. Vodoun has always had a remarkable ability to blend with other religions, even those considered its rivals.

Edmund Wilson wrote: "I was once in Haiti near Christmas and found that the Christmas cards, along with the *Joyeux Noël*, were sometimes decorated with a snake." (The snake was based upon the symbol for Damballa, the oldest loa, or god, of the cults, said to be a white python that appears every 1000 years.) Haitian Vodoun is said to be more African than the African religions, which have been influenced by the colonialists. The Haitians always kicked the rascals out, a feat that struck dread into the

WHITES ARE POSSESSED BY AFRICAN LOAS AND ARE, IN SOME CASES, LOAS THEMSELVES

hearts of Southern slaveholders who felt that the revolutionary spirit might be catching. Adalbert Volck, that genius of Confederate cartoonists, the American Bosch, depicted Lincoln as a satanic figure signing the Emancipation Proclamation, with grinning demons next to the ink bottle and peering through the windows. Above Lincoln's head, in a painting titled *Santo Domingo and Haiti*, Negroes put the machete to the struggling whites. The Southerners felt that what happened to the French would happen to them.

In the United States, Vodoun became HooDoo, a word that appeared in the 1800s when Marie Laveau, a HooDoo queen, held power in New Orleans. The Haitian practices, which one scholar has described as "baroque," were dimmed. The ceremonies were no longer secret and whites were invited by Marie Laveau, an extraordinary showwoman, to attend the rites. HooDoo might be called Vodoun, streamlined. In New Orleans, it's all over town, but it is invisible to all but the trained eye. Faced with a curious and sometimes comical suppression by the police, it never went underground; it merely put on a mask.

In New Orleans, one of the forms it took was what we call jazz, a music performed in whorehouses whose madams were possibly HooDoo queens, such as Marie Laveau and Mammy Pleasant, who catered to the local captains of industry and finance, including officers of the Bank of California. Pleasant, a fearless abolitionist, was active in the underground railroad and was constantly pursued by the authorities until smuggled out of New Orleans by Laveau.

Vodoun is based upon the belief that the African loas are present in the Americas and often use men and women as their mediums, men and women of all races and classes. Fifty percent of the followers of American HooDoo have been white, including the masters and mistresses of some Southern plantations where the conjure man, or HooDoo man, was the most powerful figure. Whites operate temples in some parts of South America, are possessed by African loas and are, in some cases, loas themselves. For example, *Mademoiselle* Charlotte is a French loa who makes illiterate peasants speak impeccable French. Augusta, a tall blond woman, was Marie Laveau's assistant and was reported to have been quite good at orgies. The

African loas, like the Greek and Norse gods, are very human in their behavior. They love, hate, get jealous, mess around, drink rum and cause mischief, injury and even death; they are also healers, doctors, scientists, intellectuals, artists, warriors and consulars; and they are great dancers; they crawl up and down the side of trees dancing, as certain women do when possessed by Damballa.

They are also tough and persistent. In *All Men Are Mad*, by Philippe Thoby Marcelin and Pierre Marcelin, a zealous young priest, unaware of the tacit agreement of tolerance between Catholicism and Vodoun, attempts to uproot the local Vodoun shrines. The peasants become possessed by Baron Samedi, the aristocrat of a family of loas known as guedes, which is associated with the cemetery. Baron Samedi addresses the young priest through a host the loa has borrowed: "It's me, Baron Samedi, talking to you. What do you think you're doing, knocking down my cross? It's made of wood. You can burn it. But I, who am a loa from Guinea, you won't burn me."

Mardi Gras is also of ancient origins; it derives from celebrations involving fornication, self-castration, human sacrifice and flagellation with goatskin whips. Therefore, it's appropriate that the celebration of carnival takes place in the South where, in a former time, whipping was the chief entertainment. Mardi Gras, like Vodoun, is polytheistic; it involves drumming and dancing as in Vodoun; Mardi Gras and Vodoun both make use of ritual masking and costuming. Heathen and Christian rites blend. Mardi Gras is French for Fat Tuesday, the Tuesday preceding Ash Wednesday. In Mardi Gras, there is a captain who stage-manages the ceremonies for each krewe. In Haiti, this role is taken by the *houngan* (loosely translated as priest) or *mambo* (priestess). One of the big song hits of every Mardi Gras season is *Mardi Gras Mambo*, by the Hawkettes.

Both Mardi Gras and Vodoun include secret societies equipped with flags, songs and rites.

On March 3, 1699, a few Frenchmen, with bread and fish, celebrated Mardi Gras at a place called Pointe du Mardi Gras, or Bayou du Mardi Gras. Over a century and a half later, in 1857, six young men from the Cowbellion de Rakin Society of Mobile, Alabama (the only other American town where Mardi Gras is observed), organized the Mystick Krewe of Comus, which, on February 24, 1857, presented a New Orleans street parade. Its theme was The Demon Actors in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, a Vodoun pageant if there ever was one, since Milton consigns African gods to hell.

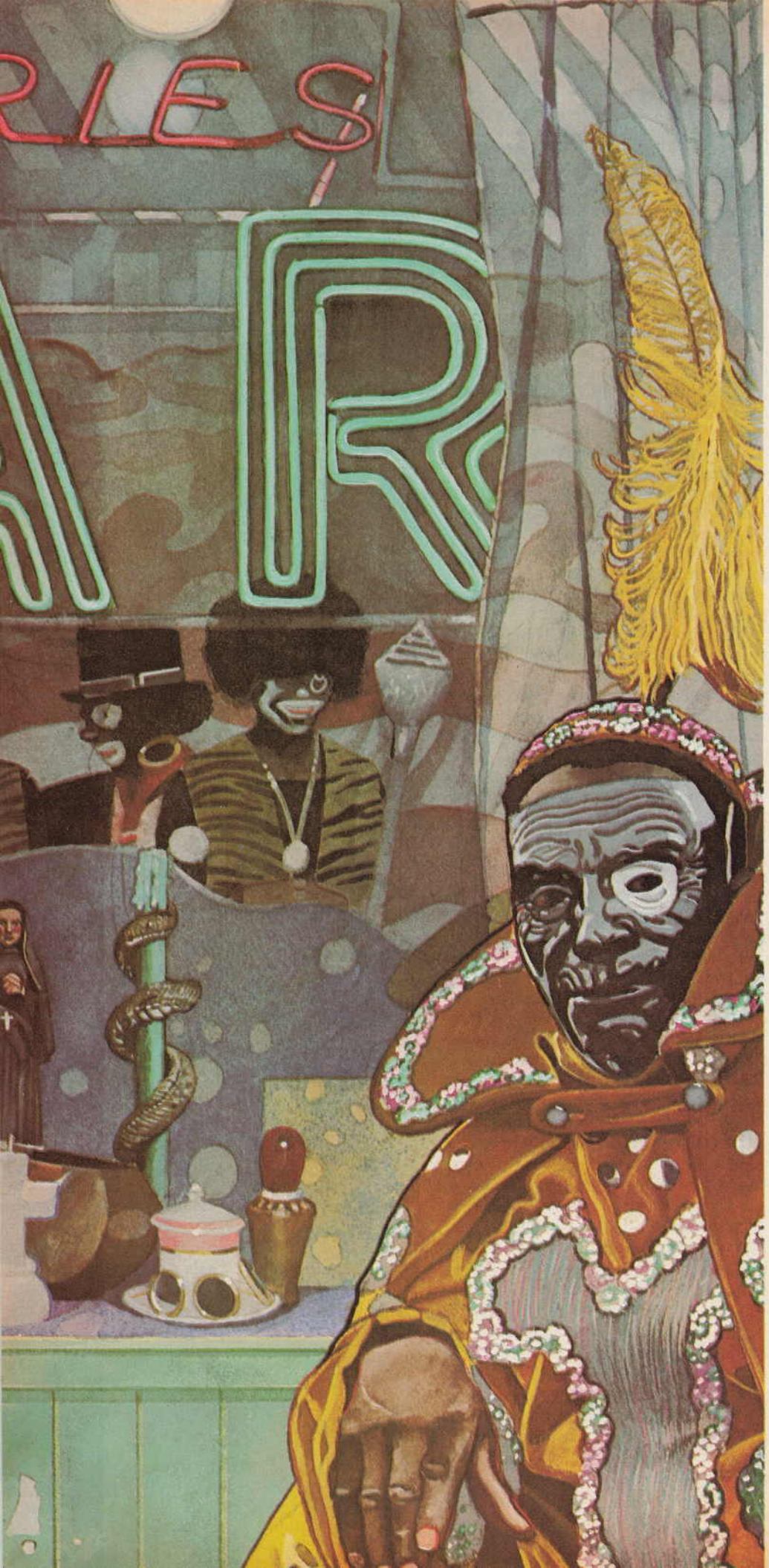
Later came Rex, the carnival's elite krewe, which was hurriedly put together for the occasion of the visit to New Orleans of his Imperial Highness Alexis Romanoff Alexandrovitch, heir apparent to the Russian throne. Apparently a militant womanizer, the prince—who had just hunted bison with Buffalo Bill—followed actress Lydia Thompson to New Orleans. She was the star of the musical comedy *Bluebeard*. According to contemporary accounts, the prince was a little too formal and stiff for the land of hospitality and the Colgate smile. He is remembered as being rude to his hosts and refusing to shake people's hands. The Rex song that year, dedicated to his Royalvitch, contained the lines: "If ever I cease to love, if ever I cease to love,/May the Grand Duke ride a buffalo in a Texas rodeo." It is still the Rex song.

Since the middle 1850s, many other krewes have been added, some formal and some outlaw—such as last year's krewe of Constipation, whose maskers dressed in boxes of Ex-Lax.

The history is interesting, but ignored by many Mardi Gras revelers.

The principal shrine of New Orleans HooDoo is Marie Laveau's tomb, at St. Louis number two, though the name on the stone reads GLAPION, THE WIDOW PARIS. The VooDoo Museum is located at 1139 Bourbon Street. It's dives such as this that give HooDoo a bad name, associating it with black magic and devil worship; in fact, the *houngan* is known for his curing abilities, not hexes. (The Devil does not exist in the Vodoun pantheon, this creation having to do with the conflict between the Christians and the old Pan cults, the cults of the Golden Calf, and other horned gods.) Inside was the cliché tourist display of dolls and hex powders. No wonder HooDoo has received such an abominable reputation. Charles Gandolfo, the curator, was inside unloading boxes. Though there was a CLOSED sign on the door, Gandolfo opened the door for me. "I don't usually do this," he said. He was unpacking a box shipped from Samuel Weiser's famous occult bookstore in New York City. There was a box of tarot cards, a watered-down, bogus deck at that, with Camelot figures on it, since the tarot originates in Africa. As phony as the old South.

A black man entered the shop. He was the famous Prince Kyama, or Chicken Man, as he is known internationally—America's HooDoo prince and, according to the prince, the incarnation of Marie Laveau. "They coming next month to make a film on me," the prince said. Tourists travel from Canada and from all over the United States to see the prince; they live in campers outside of town and send emissaries to make contact with him. He makes a living lying



in caskets, handling rattlesnakes and putting on shows for tourists.

Some innocent-looking college girls entered the shop. He invited them on his VooDoo underground tour. When they declined, he invited them to attend a concert that night, in which he would perform with Doctor John. "He isn't the original Doctor John," I said. Prince Kyama was unacquainted with the original Doctor John. That should have deterred me from taking the underground tour, but this was a case of consumer fraud that might be interesting.

The prince was wearing turquoise and silver beads, a fringed jacket, a bamboo hat shaped like a stetson, a red-and-yellow-checked shirt and T-shirt on which was painted Bruce Lee posing before a dragon—all done in snazzy graphics. He said that Bruce Lee had been his student. The prince had a lot of stories. He was born in Haiti and had come to New Orleans just a few years ago and now he had the whole scene. Oh, the police had busted him a few times for the chicken act, but outside of that, he was well-known and would star in a film. He told one fellow he owned 1000 acres in Texas. For ten dollars, he showed me Marie Laveau's tomb and a cottage reputed to have been inhabited by the HooDoo queen, on St. Anne's Street, an intersection where the first black was said to have been hanged. I already knew about the tomb and the house. Impatiently, the prince pointed out a beauty salon, on the supposed location of one owned by Laveau.

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It's very hard to separate the Laveau legend from fact. Were there two Marie Laveaus? Or three? Was Marie Laveau a title given to HooDoo queens after the death of the original Marie Laveau? There is evidence that there existed a Marie Laveau who was born in 1794 and who died in 1881. Another Marie Laveau lived until the 1920s. So confusing are the accounts of the deeds of both, that it's possible to speak of them as one person. For example, although thousands of pilgrims visit the St. Louis cemetery to pay homage to the original Marie Laveau, there is evidence that the daughter, not the mother, is buried there. The original Laveau is said to have disappeared from the earth without a trace. I shall speak of them both as Marie Laveau. There are accounts of the activities of a Marie Laveau in the 19th Century New Orleans *Picayune* newspaper. She is said to have conducted ceremonies, which sound like orgies, attended by people of both races, including prominent men and women of New Orleans society. She has also been accused of murdering and driving her rivals out of town or even driving

them mad. Marie was a kind of patron saint of prostitution and was supposed to have performed a miracle that postponed the hanging of a prisoner. She operated a house of prostitution called The Maison Blanche, where Negro balls took place, an astonishing name since no black males were admitted.

It was in these opulent houses that white men would rendezvous with Negro women called quadroons—racially mixed women on whose beauty an Englishman once commented: "[They resemble] the high-class Hindus: lovely countenances, full, dark, liquid eyes, lips of coral, teeth of pearl, sylphlike figures; their beautifully rounded limbs, exquisite gait and ease of manner might furnish models for a Venus or Hebe."

Marie's chief rival was Doctor John.

Jean Montanet, or Jean La Ficelle, or Jean Latanie, or Jean Racine, or Jean Grisgris, or Jean Macaque, or Jean Bayou, or VooDoo John—he went by many names but has come down to us as Doctor John—is supposed to have been a Bambara, from Senegal. Lafcadio Hearn, the New Orleans writer known for his "jewellike" words who is reputed to have been one of Marie's lovers, described Doctor John as "a man of middle height, very strongly built, with broad shoulders, well-developed muscles, an inky-black skin, retreating forehead, small bright eyes, a very flat nose and a woolly beard." Hearn also says, "He had a resonant voice and a very authoritative manner." Doctor John was a wealthy man of expensive tastes who often received scorn from sections of New Orleans because of his adherence to the polygamistic ways of his Bambara tribe. He is said to have had an international harem of 15 wives. He had knowledge of Obeah, the West Indian Vodoun, sometimes referred to as Pocomania; and he knew botany—knowledge that traditionally belonged to only the high priests of Vodoun, the *houngans*.

Marie's background, on the other hand, wasn't that great. The daughter of a slave owner and the slave woman he raped (at least, so modern feminists would claim), she constantly vacillated between Catholicism and HooDoo and is said to have denounced HooDoo on her deathbed in favor of Catholicism. One can imagine the conflict between the two—with Doctor John dismissing Marie's HooDoo as humbug. He was inky black; she was quadroon. He knew the real, or at least the original, thing.

There was also an altruistic side to Doctor John. He was supposed to have distributed "gombo" and "jimbalaya" to the poor. His career was brought to an abrupt end when somebody cut his throat. Marie Laveau went to jail for the crime until it was discovered that some female members of his cult did it. The conflict between Marie and John had been exacerbated over an incident concerning a slave named Pauline. It seems that a white man fell so in love with Pauline that he moved her in with his family. When he left town on a trip, Pauline enslaved the family. When the authorities broke into the house, they found the wife and children in a state of malnutrition. Doctor John was supposed to have provided Pauline with a charm to keep her from hanging. She was hanged anyway and so Doctor John was accused of bad *gris-gris*. A strange coincidence occurs when we find that the family's name was Rabbeneck, and Doctor John, The Nighttripper, spells his last name Rebennack. Mac Rebennack.

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Like most of the tourists in New Orleans that week, I had been jacked-up. It ain't all that free. They were even selling a Viva Mardi Gras lipstick on the radio. Now if I were conducting a VooDoo tour, I wouldn't have left out the church at 1229 Saint Philip Street—a most unusual church. I wouldn't have left out Congo Square where African slaves gathered and performed ceremonies for tourists. I wouldn't have neglected the other shrines where slaves gathered and created such foment that the Spanish colonial governor issued an edict against the importation of slaves from Santo Domingo and Haiti. "They are too much given to VooDooism and make the lives of the citizens unsafe," said the guv. I couldn't understand why the prince didn't point out the Pharmacy Museum at 514 Chartres Street, where HooDoo botany can be found. He left out the Quadroon Ballroom, located inside the Ramada Inn at 717 Orleans Street, where Marie set up "dates" for her quadroons with fans who visited from all over the world.

I was getting hungry and the prince recommended a place called the Vaucresson Café Creole, which was located at 624 Bourbon Street. Well, we went in and laid out five dollars for a scoop of something that looked like rice with some kind of red dye on it. The waiter, who looked Latin, referred to the stuff as jambalaya. Well, after we'd eaten whatever it was and drunk a glass of wine and the prince seemed as though he was real comfortable, I told him that I was writing about his VooDoo tour for a magazine. He just about fell off of the chair. He asked me if I wanted to meet Doctor John, The Nighttripper. Would I like to go rattlesnake hunting with him? Did I want to see him lie in a casket in broad daylight? All I wanted was a receipt. With trembling fingers, he signed his name under "VooDoo tour." I smiled and shook his hand.

PAULINE WAS HANGED AND SO DOCTOR JOHN WAS ACCUSED OF BAD *GRIS-GRIS*

That night was spirit night. Attended Bacchus with poets Tom Dent and Kalamu Ya Salaam and their wives. Each float was dedicated to a spirit. The Spirit of Exploration, The Spirit of '76, etc. Perry Como was Bacchus VIII ("The only outside king," a citizen who knows his Mardi Gras chided). He seemed to be resting his feet on the shoulders of some old smiling Uncle dressed in a red suit. In one of the segments, some Negro grooms led horses ridden by white knights. There was the giant Bacchus, with that same blank, droll grin, clutching a goblet. The Spirit of Courage was a giant coonskin cap–wearing Daniel Boone clutching a gun; it had the same sinister stare. Then a giant black raven was before me—The Spirit of Literature—and there were the names of Twain and Poe. On the side of the tableau was a typewriter, next to which a Confederate soldier held forth a bayonet. Now this float was trying to tell me something.

I spent dead Monday, the day before Fat Tuesday, or Shrove Tuesday, with writers Toni Morrison (*Sula, The Bluest Eye*), Toni Cade (*Gorilla, My Love*) and Gloria Smart. We had lunch at a place called The Provencial. When I tasted the jambalaya, I could tell why it had achieved the status, through lore, of a holy food. It is better than Boston clams, Nathan's hot dogs, dinner at Wo Ping restaurant on Pell Street in New York, prawns at Spenger's, Texas red at Shultz's in Austin and Albuquerque's blue *tacos*. HooDoo food. Syncretic: Spanish, African, native American, French—adaptable to all cultures. New Orleans, like HooDoo, is all over place and time. We walked from the French Quarter of the 19th Century to the Spanish *cabildo* of the Middle Ages, where jugglers performed in the courtyard. It's *so* nice. Almost makes you forget that other South that lies buried in the new South's soul to surface once a year as this pageant. The day when portraits of Robert E. Lee are dusted off and placed alongside the Audubon bird displays in the windows of antique-book shops. The South where the Klan and the White League used to terrorize Negroes for having saved enough money to buy a house, or for raising uppity crops. For wanting to go to "quality" schools. The same things they "lynch" Negroes for today. That's why

I'm always a little uneasy in the South. I never know which one I'm going to run into: the elegance of Chapel Hill and Lexington, or North Carolina's chicken coop, Winston-Salem. The difference between Jimmy Carter, smiling on his face's right side, the Stars and Stripes behind him; or Jimmy Carter, frowning on his face's left side, the Confederate flag beside him. They thought they'd buried the old South before, only to have it rise, like Frankenstein's monster, to pillage, terrorize and plunder in the hooded robes of organizations whose charters refer to fraternity in the feminine gender. Perhaps the most important question the United States faces in the next ten years is: Has the South gotten rid of its monster?

When we arrived at St. Louis number one, the cemetery, the gates were locked. When I visited the day before, in the company of Chicken Man, the tourists were white. They made wishes before Marie's tomb. People from all over the South—HooDoos—still come here. There are fresh flowers at her grave, and visitors are invited to make an X for good luck on her tomb. The surface of the tomb is crowded with Xs.

Toni Morrison mentioned a place called the Cabaret. Once there, I was able to snap a photo to add to my Hoo-Doo altar which consists of "evidence" and gifts from all over the world, including a Yemanja mask from some Argentines. You see, above the bar at the Cabaret, resting on a shelf, was a skull to each side of which were bowling trophies to the casual observer, but loas to the trained eye. Atop the skull's head lay a necklace beaded with snake vertebrae. It is what the Haitian *houngans* call *an arrêt*.

The important parades on Fat Tuesday were Comus, Rex and Zulu. This year's Rex was Frank Garden Strachan. A shipper, he looked as if he probably had no problems with regularity. His consort was Alma Marie Atkinson. Strachan wore royal golden robes. His sacrificial maiden was surrounded by maids, jonquils and ribbons of purple, gold and green. Mardi Gras ladies wear laurel crowns. She wore a candy wool crepe suit.

There was a giant oxen, the Boeuf Gras, on a float whose base bore the design of the cornucopia. Behind the giant oxen was a giant chef. There were men in eerie white suits and white hoods who seemed to be guarding it. Executioners? In the old days, the Boeuf Gras would have been slaughtered, a rite known as burying the carnival. Interesting, when you realize that carnival, loosely translated, means farewell to meat. Other things, right out of the pages

THE FIRST ZULU KING WORE A STARCHED WHITE SUIT AND CARRIED A LOAF OF ITALIAN BREAD

of *The Golden Bough*: wild men all over town, carrying clubs, acting savagely, black and white. The Rex Parade featured ragtime floats and *Muskrat Ramble* floats and an "Oriental" *Chinatown, My Chinatown* float. The bakery equivalent of this aesthetic is blueberry cheesecake. But if you think that's rich, in 1838, a Mardi Gras procession contained "several carriages superbly ornamented—bands of music, horses richly caparisoned—impersonations of knights, cavaliers, demigods, chanticleers, punchinellos, etc., all mounted. Many of them were dressed in female attire and acted the lady with no small amount of grace."

Old-timers say that the Zulu parade began as a response to Rex. Whereas Rex was a white, mythically aristocratic, Confederate pageant that once honored the daughter of Robert E. Lee, who was "took out" by Comus at the ball one night, the Zulu parade involves an ancient Afro-American survival form—adopting their oppressors' parody of themselves and evolving, from this, an art form with its own laws.

The first Zulu parade had a jubilee quartet at each end. It was a proletarian parade of porters and laborers, who were put down by the Afro-American middle class, the six colored companies. What you put down you often join, someone once said, and so last year's Zulu King was the Reverend Lawler P. Daniels of the great Southern Negro death industry: preachers, insurance men and undertakers, the millionaires of the race. His court included Big Shot, Soulful Warrior and Witchdoctor. The social mobility of the Zulu parade can be measured by comparing the style of last year's parade to that of earlier Zulu parades. King Peter Williams, the first Zulu King, wore a starched white suit, and for a scepter, he carried a loaf of Italian bread. By 1914, the King could afford a buggy, and by 1922 the Zulus owned a yacht. Last year's King wore turquoise vestments and a jeweled crown. He waved a feathered spear. His wife wore a trailing turquoise gown.

The Black Indians are said to be a hermetic krewe, so secret that those who reveal them are not looked upon favorably. Jules Cahn, a film maker, has done a film on the Mardi Gras Indians, which was being shown at the Historic New Orleans Collection. Unkind remarks were made about his activities as we saw him walking down the street during the Black Indian ceremonies. People have made so many billions of dollars from "the black experience" that it ain't funny. And some wish to protect the last remaining secrets, but I don't think the Black Indians are going to be so secret for long, if they ever were. I've seen them cited in a number of books concerning New Orleans and the carnival. Even Dick Cavett cited one titled *Gumbo Ya-Ya* on nationwide television while touring the city in the company of Tennessee Williams.

I was told that they never cross Canal Street—white zone—but I followed them to Canal Street and beyond. The first thing I noticed at the black intersection, one of the stops for the Black Indians, was an old beat-up jalopy full of guedes. Guedes are statesmen, clowns, artists, known to "show each man his devil." In *Canapé-Vert* by the Marcelin brothers, they are depicted as "Gay, rowdy . . . scandalous." They are often proletarian gods who satirize Government officials on the people's behalf and are not afraid to mock the *houngan*. Here they were on this New Orleans street, pouring beer into the water tank of the car. Six hours later, I saw them in the same car, making that car run on beer. There's a whole ritual of greeting, mock competition, chief-saluting and unintelligible lingo. There was a little boy named Flyboy who was into some heavy discourse with Wildman.

Some of the inconvenienced were good natured, like the fellow in Confederate battle dress with the Confederate flag around his head. Others menaced the blacks with their auto bumpers, and the blacks, yelping and whooping, menaced back, waving their flowered axes about their heads. It was a mock race war. Though whites consider the Black Indians to be odd, some claim that cohabitation between blacks and Indians has produced a new race in America. The most extraordinary feature was the colored, feathered costumes, richly decorated and fantastic. People work on them throughout the year. One theory has it that the creation of geometric designs (*veves*) through use of cornmeal on the ground—used by *houngans* to order "down" loas—is a technique Haitians learned from the indigenous Indians of Haiti. They made the African gods meaner, because they hated the Spanish so.

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Since the major American holidays seem to induce anxiety and depression, Mardi Gras is a bright moment on the American death calendar. It's a time of joy when people can act the fool and

wild instead of acting that way for the whole year around. They ought to have a Mardi Gras in South Boston. There could be San Francisco, Chicago, Detroit and New York Mardi Gras, as well as Mardi Gras in Atlanta, Denver and Philadelphia. Cults all over these communities could organize their floats and participate in parades. This could become a land of a million krewes. A nonpolitical holiday could continue through July where the only thing we have is the Fourth, a day set aside to commemorate feudal slave owners whom tennis-court historians would have us believe spent most of their time talking like Alistair Cooke and sitting, hands clasped, in winged Chippendales. How many people do you know who live in places like Monticello and Mount Vernon? I'd like to see each town work together to put its local histories, legends and gossip on wheel and foot. Why not a sexy day during the month when the whole earth is doing sexy things, getting swollen to stand erect like that legba symbol found here and in Africa?

Mardi Gras is the one American art I've witnessed in which the audience doesn't sit intimidated or wait for the critics to tell them what to see. The Mardi Gras audience talked back to the performers instead of sitting there like dummies and even participated in the action. Oscar Wilde said, "Why shouldn't the Fourth of July pageant in Atlanta be as fine as the Mardi Gras carnival in New Orleans? Indeed, the pageant is the most perfect school of art for the people."

I for one had been overfloated with this Mardi Gras. I headed away from the Black Indians and took one last photo of an interracial motorcycle gang all leathered up and giving the carnival some existentialist stares. I saw the last Black Indian chief who was wearing those robes I imagined Quetzalcoatl of African and South American lore would be dressed in.

Sitting next to me on the plane was a brother man, dressed in an outfit and with the features of what could only be described as Barry White Cavalier. He stirred when the stewardess shook him.

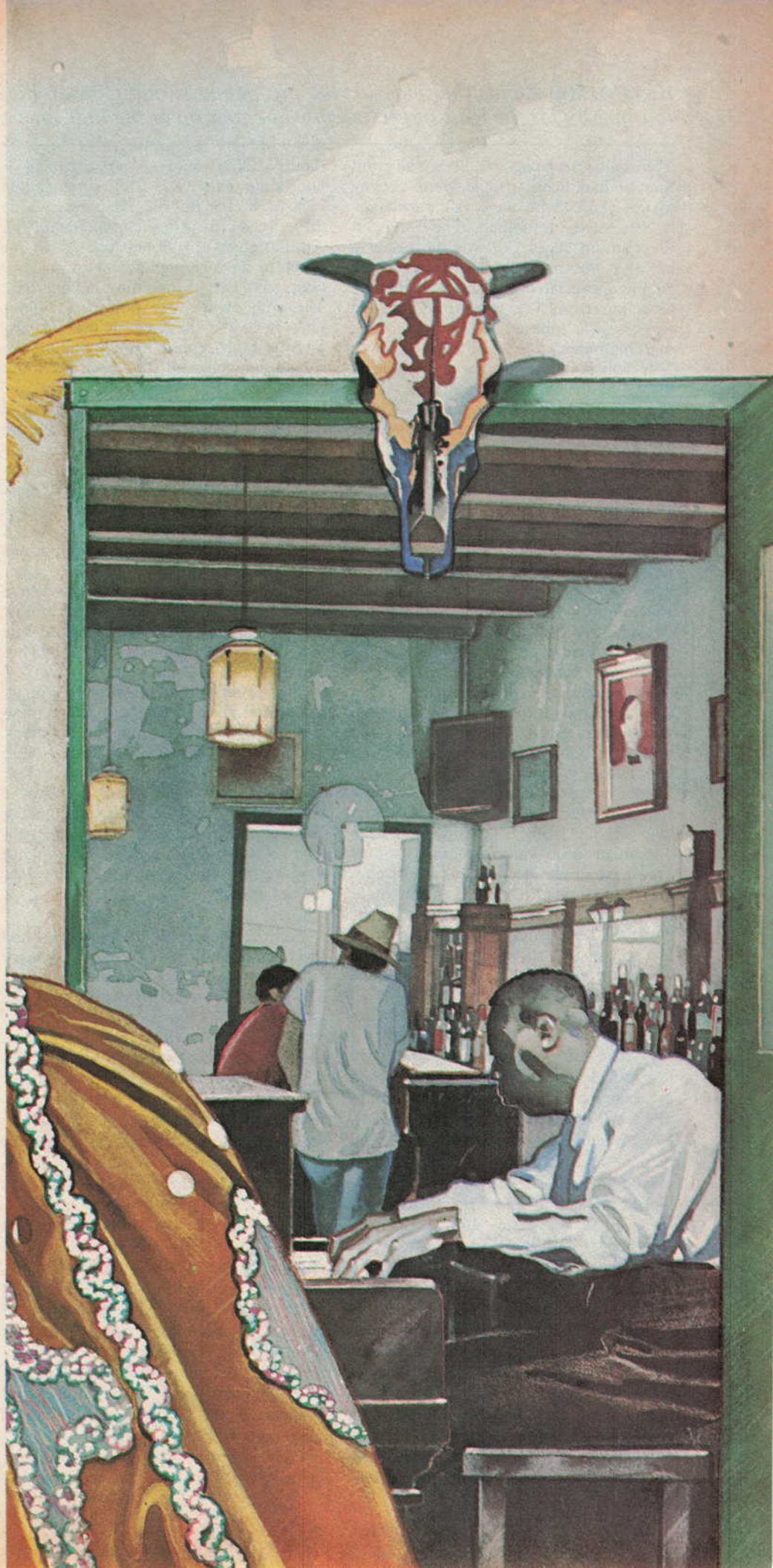
"Did you go to Mardi Gras?" I asked.

"Yeah," he said.

"What did you think of it? An obscene Confederate pageant?"

"I don't know nothin' about that," he said. "Mardi Gras to me is gettin' together with your friends and eatin' and drinkin'."

He dozed off, leaving me watching the Mardi Gras southwest sky and sipping burgundy. Robert Tallant wrote in his book *Mardi Gras*, "Mardi Gras is a spirit." HooDoo, too. Watch out, Christmas! ▣



HALF TIME! *Bands that play for the pro games shouldn't even bother getting on the bus. Pro-football fans are by far the least interested in what goes on at the half time of a game.*

(Continued from page 100) social event than it had been; people were coming to the games who were not particularly interested in football. They were at the stadium because it was the place to be and the place to be seen. These people appreciated any sort of half-time diversion from the dreadful game. In response to these factors, the first marching bands were formed.

If you could transport yourself back to one of those early games, you would be amazed at how far the game has come in 50 years. You would look in vain for the bomb and the blitz, the place kick and the wishbone. Coaches talked to their players instead of to faceless men at the other end of headsets. The University of Texas did not have to hire a man whose sole duty appears to be to run behind the head coach and keep his wires untangled so that he doesn't trip and fall on his face. Young men dressed in shorts had not yet started racing onto the field after every play to replace the old football with a new one.

The game has changed a lot, but if you bothered to watch the half-time shows of long ago, you would have felt right at home. Each school's band marched out onto the field in turn, formed words or designs, played school songs and popular tunes of the day, and then marched off. The fans may have pretended to be watching and they may even have applauded politely at the end, but they were no different than we are now. They were nipping out of their flasks and adjusting the bulk of their raccoon coats, all the while keeping a weather eye peeled for the return of the teams from their locker rooms.

Somewhere in this explanation lies the seed of the half-time problem: It says that the band never should have left the bleachers. It adds that as soon as the marchers first climbed down onto the field they were over their heads. How much easier it would have been if they had stayed in the crowd and played the old fight song when things looked bleak for the hometown boys. What is all that extra effort worth? A nice note from a speed freak living 1200 miles away who watched it with the sound turned off? A "Wow!" from Chris Schenkel? Baton elbow?

And, of course, if the college bands should stay in the stands, the bands that play for the pro games shouldn't even bother getting on the bus. Pro-football fans are by far the least interested in what goes on at the half time of a game. Some poor slob in the 88th row or at the end of some bar with his house and family riding on a six-point spread is not going to give a shit whether the East St. Louis Boys Band plays two or three verses of *America the Beautiful.* All that guy wants at half time is for the coach to have enough brains to put in a man who can throw the fucking ball. The club owners are not stupid. They know who the fans are, so they usually give us high school bands. These high school bands are not that bad, all things considered, but they offer only the barest link to the original spirit of a band at a football game. They have no allegiance to either team. There are no recognizable team songs for them to play. They must loiter on the field with leggy Cowbelles and Redskinettes and overweight pompom girls. All of this can be very taxing on a youngster's character.

There is another kind of half-time activity that is often more than mildly repellent. This is the Presentation. The half-time presentation is almost always composed of the same elements: a rostrum, a small table with a trophy on it, a representative of football, a flack man for some corporation and the recipient. The resulting banter is on a par with that which accompanies the presentation of the winners' checks at the end of a bowling tourney. I invariably change the channel. When I turn the channel I usually get the added woe of finding out that the other pro game is also languishing at half time.

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For the longest while now, I've had the distinct feeling that a large presence is somewhere in the room with me. It is like a shadow over my work. It is the Orange Bowl. It is astounded that any story could be written about half-time shows without mentioning it, the one half-time show every year that cannot be categorized or shunted aside with a few easy words. Those of you who have seen the extravaganza every January first know what I'm talking about. Those of you who haven't—well, let's talk about bowl games for a moment.

The Rose Bowl was the first of the post-season games. It was the brain child of a man named James Wagner, who was president of the Tournament of Roses in 1901. The Tournament of Roses had been presenting Pasadena with an odd assortment of entertainment over the years, including races between horses and greyhounds, but Wagner decided he wanted something different for January 1, 1902.

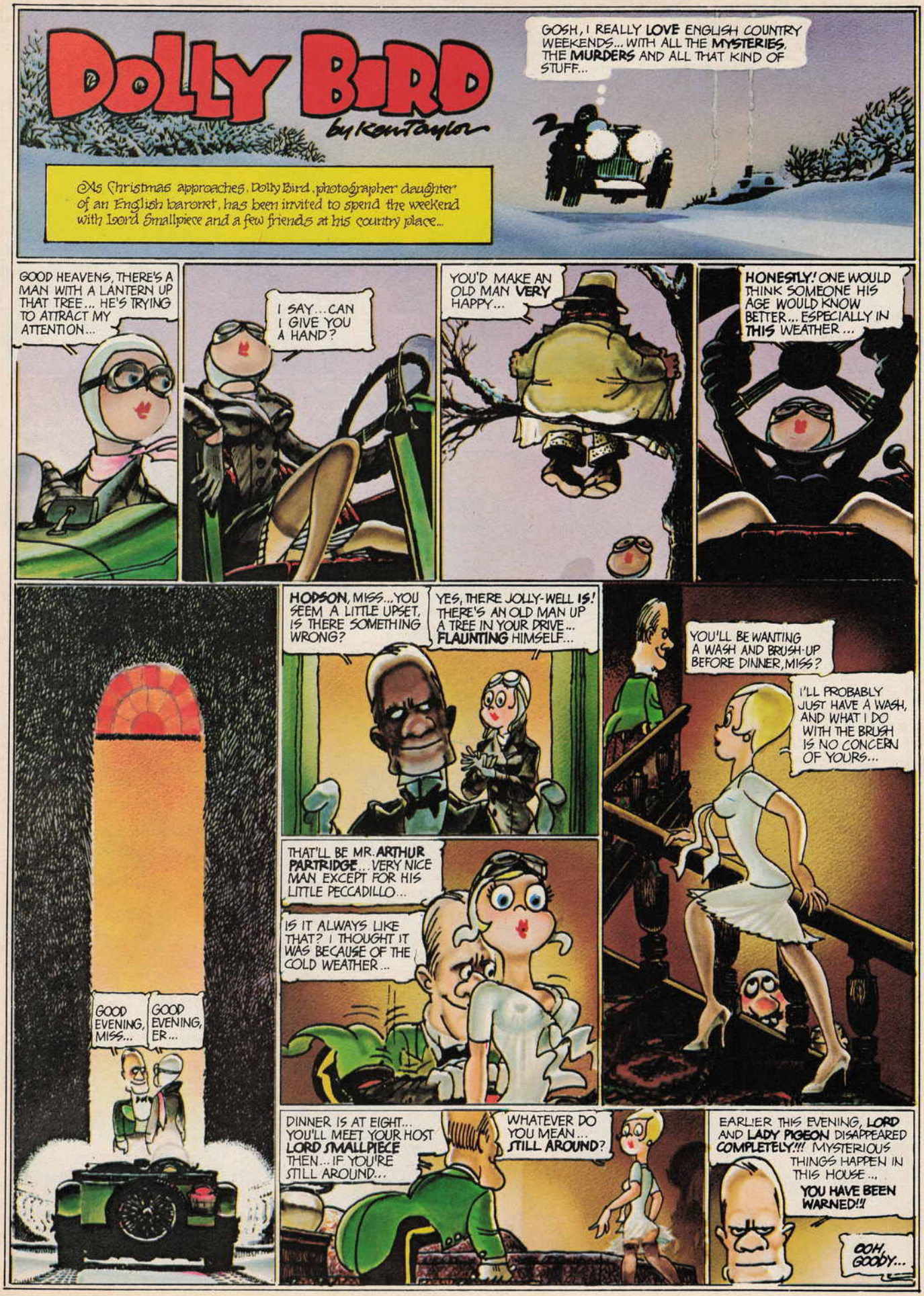
Fortunately a man named Fielding "Hurry Up" Yost was at the time the football coach at the University of Michigan. Yost had been coach at Stanford University the year before, but he'd been fired because, he thought, others at the school had been jealous of his success. Yost challenged Stanford to a grudge game, Stanford accepted and Wagner provided the site.

A crowd of 8000 watched that first Rose Bowl game. It saw a revenge-crazed Michigan squad throttle Stanford by a score of 49 to 0. The magnitude of the slaughter gave the Western schools pause concerning a rematch, but they eventually agreed—14 years later. It's been an annual event ever since. After a few years, the Rose Bowl game provided a forum for great football teams. It put Pasadena on the map as a winter playground and it made a lot of money. Other areas of the nation's warm southland took note and decided to follow suit. The first of these was Miami.

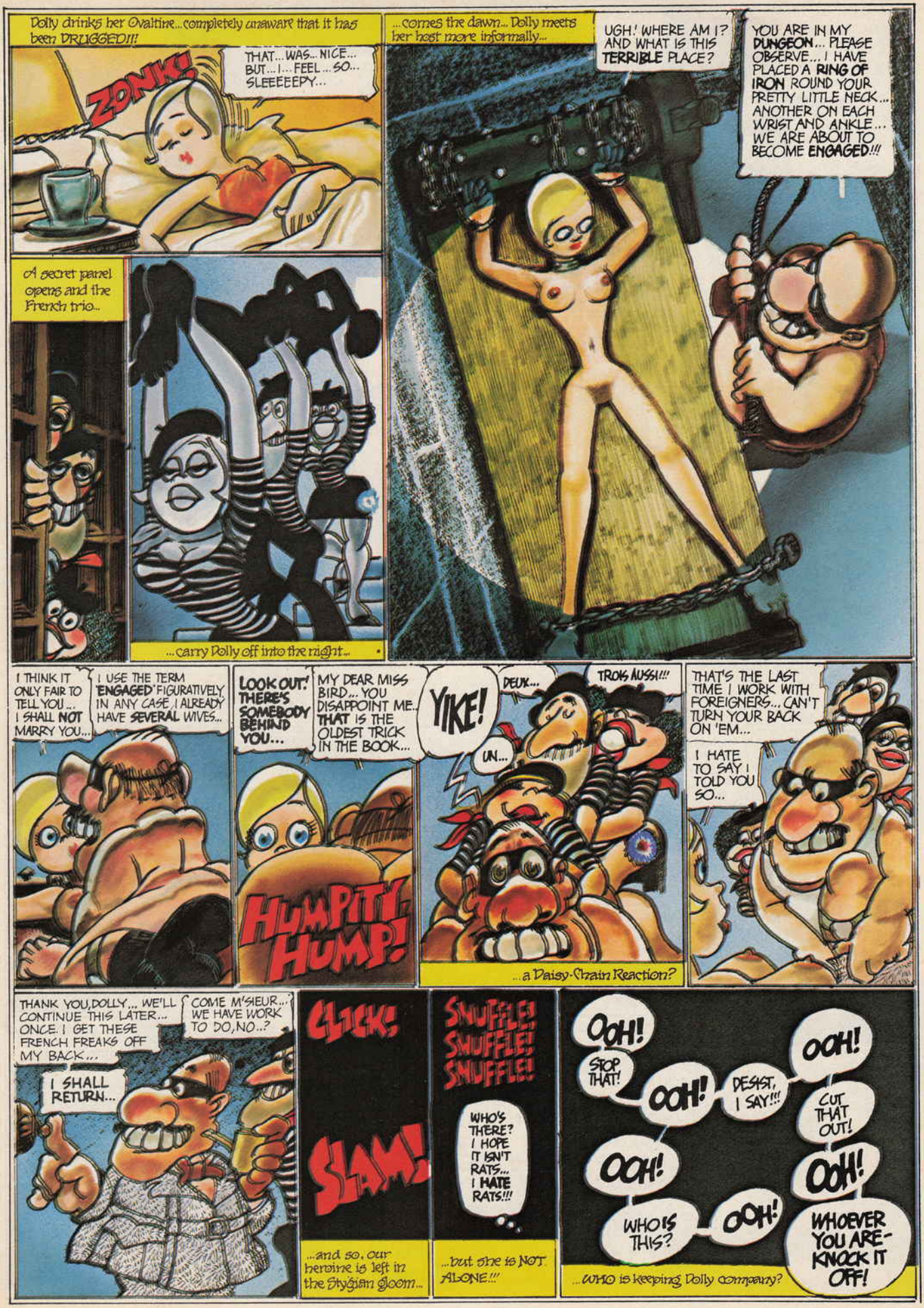
When the people in Miami started the Orange Bowl, they had a problem. They didn't have the money to attract big-name football teams, but they still wanted to entice people and their tourist dollars down south for the holiday season. The solution seemed simple enough: Give the people something else in addition to football, something they'll remember well enough to want to come back and see again. Give them glamor.

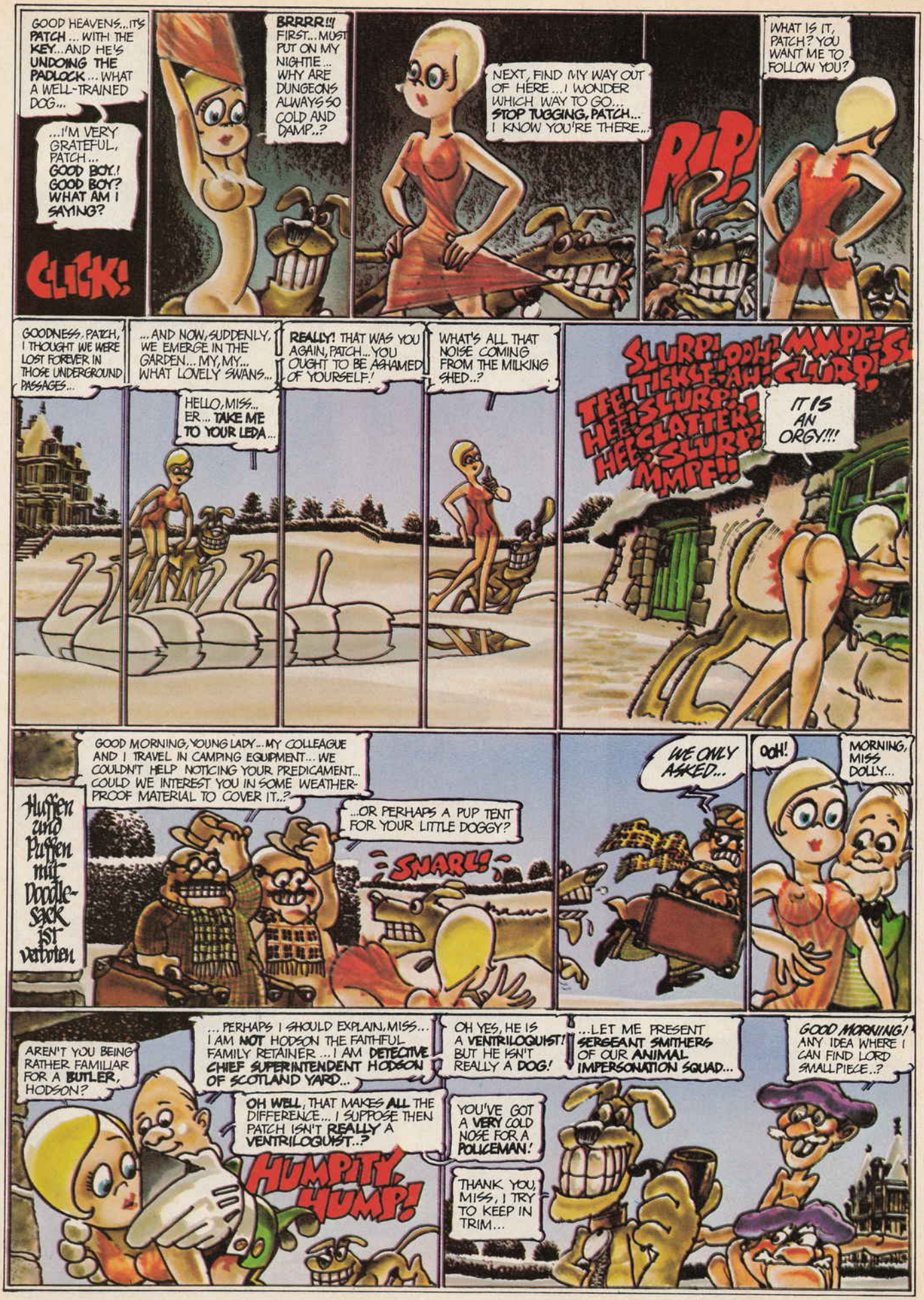
And it was glamor by the shitload that the people got. They got it before the game, they got it at half time and they got it after the game. And, gradually, the Orange Bowl fell into the dread Glamor Trap. The G. T., as it is often called, is sprung on an unsuspecting public when someone or something becomes no longer content with being a common mediocrity and decides to be a spectacular mediocrity. We have recently seen this happen to Bobby Riggs, Evel Knievel and Elton John. They made good their grab for media exposure by supplementing their modest talents with all manner of artificial devices.

In a similar way, the Orange Bowl has taken a serious swerve away from the format of other football games in its search for the elusive public eye. As a result, its pomp and pageantry have gotten out of hand. You have to leave the customers gaping and bug-eyed, and then, next year, you turn up the juice just a little bit more. While other football games just sort of happen every year, the Orange Bowl rears up from the tropics each New Year's Day like an extravagant, uncontrollable jungle plant, feeding *(Continued on page 138)*


DOLLY BIRD
by Ken Taylor
As Christmas approaches, Dolly Bird, photographer daughter of an English baronet, has been invited to spend the weekend with Lord Smallpiece and a few friends at his country place...
GOSH, I REALLY LOVE ENGLISH COUNTRY WEEKENDS... WITH ALL THE MYSTERIES, THE MURDERS AND ALL THAT KIND OF STUFF...
GOOD HEAVENS, THERE'S A MAN WITH A LANTERN UP THAT TREE... HE'S TRYING TO ATTRACT MY ATTENTION...
I SAY... CAN I GIVE YOU A HAND?
YOU'D MAKE AN OLD MAN VERY HAPPY...
HONESTLY! ONE WOULD THINK SOMEONE HIS AGE WOULD KNOW BETTER... ESPECIALLY IN THIS WEATHER...
GOOD EVENING, MISS...
GOOD EVENING, ER...
HODSON, MISS... YOU SEEM A LITTLE UPSET. IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG?
YES, THERE JOLLY-WELL IS! THERE'S AN OLD MAN UP A TREE IN YOUR DRIVE... FLAUNTING HIMSELF...
THAT'LL BE MR. ARTHUR PARTRIDGE... VERY NICE MAN EXCEPT FOR HIS LITTLE PECCADILLO...
IS IT ALWAYS LIKE THAT? I THOUGHT IT WAS BECAUSE OF THE COLD WEATHER...
YOU'LL BE WANTING A WASH AND BRUSH-UP BEFORE DINNER, MISS?
I'LL PROBABLY JUST HAVE A WASH, AND WHAT I DO WITH THE BRUSH IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS...
DINNER IS AT EIGHT... YOU'LL MEET YOUR HOST LORD SMALLPIECE THEN... IF YOU'RE STILL AROUND...
WHATEVER DO YOU MEAN... STILL AROUND?
EARLIER THIS EVENING, LORD AND LADY PIGEON DISAPPEARED COMPLETELY!!! MYSTERIOUS THINGS HAPPEN IN THIS HOUSE... YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED!!
OOH, GOODY...

At dinner, Dolly meets her host for the first time...
I'M AN OLD POLITICIAN, DOLLY... CAN'T RESIST PRESSING THE FLESH...
as the vicar is having a worrying meal...
OH, DEAR, LADY EDITH'S LEFT BOOB IS ABOUT TO BURST ITS CONFINES AND LAND IN THE LOBSTER BISQUE... HOW CAN I DISTRACT ATTENTION...?
IT'S DARK OUTSIDE... IF I CAN JUST DISTRACT THEM FOR A MOMENT...
I SAY, EVERYONE, LOOK OUT THE WINDOW...
...the other guests are surprised and delighted that the vicar has flushed the Pigeons out...
CLICK!
THEY REALLY ARE KEEN ON OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES...
GOOD SHOW, VICAR... YOU MUST HAVE EYES LIKE A CAT!!!
I CAN'T LOOK!!!
NEITHER CAN I... I MEAN I CAN'T SEE!!!
NOW WE KNOW WHY THEY MISSED TEA...
WHAT STYLE!
OH!
I SHOULD IMAGINE THEY'RE QUITE CHILLED... HODSON... ASK IF OUR FRIENDS WOULD CARE FOR A HOT RUM TODDY...
WON'T THAT BE EMBARRASSING FOR THEM...?
NOT WITH HODSON... LISTEN...
AHEM! EXCUSE ME GENTLEMEN... WOULD YOU CARE FOR A SMALL REFRESHMENT?
OH, WELL DONE, HODSON... HE'S A TREASURE... SO DIPLOMATIC... BEEN WITH YOU LONG?
...COUPLE OF WEEKS... BUT HE CAME VERY WELL RECOMMENDED...
WELL, HODSON, WHAT DID THEY SAY?
NOT A WORD, MILORD...
SANG-FROID, EH? THE TRADITIONAL ENGLISH DISPLAY OF COOLNESS...
COOLER THAN YOU THINK... THEY'RE DEAD! FROZEN SOLID!
DEAD? DAMN! THAT'LL LEAVE US VERY BADLY OFF FOR BRIDGE...!!!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
OOH!
WHO IS IT, HODSON?
STRANDED TRAVELERS, MILORD...
'ALLO ... EET 'AS BEEN VER' COLD, HEIN?
'ALLO, CHEEKY, NICE PLACE YOU 'AVE 'ERE, HEIN?
OUR CAR EES STUCK IN ZE SNOWDRIFT, AND ZE ROAD IS IMPASSABLE, HEIN?
Lord Smallpiece startles... as though he has just heard THE CODEWORD!!!
STRANDED, EH? YOU MUST BE PERISHING...
NO, M'SIEUR... I AM FRENCH!
ME TOO!
MOI AUSSI!
TWO FRENCHIES AND AN AUSTRALIAN, EH? IF YOU'RE STRANDED, YOU MUST STAY THE NIGHT... HODSON... HAVE MRS. RIDGES FIX A MEAL FOR OUR FOREIGN GUESTS... NOW DOLLY... WHERE WAS I...?
IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, LORD SMALLPIECE... I'LL TURN IN NOW... IT'S BEEN A VERY TRYING DAY... COULD YOU BRING ME SOME OVALTINE LATER, HODSON?
Dolly receives advice from a very strange quarter...
BEWARE! BEWARE!
LOCK YOUR DOOR!
DANGER! DANGER!
DON'T TAKE SWEETS FROM STRANGE MEN!!!
CURIOUSER AND CURIOUSER!
WHAT CAN IT ALL MEAN, HODSON? STUFFED BIRDS TALKING... WARNING ME OF UNTOLD DANGERS... IS IT SOME KIND OF TRICK...?
PAY NO ATTENTION, MISS... IT'S PATCH THE DOG... HE'S A VENTRILOQUIST...


Dolly drinks her Ovaltine... completely unaware that it has been DRUGGED!!!
ZONK!
THAT... WAS... NICE... BUT... I... FEEL... SO... SLEEEEEPY...
...comes the dawn... Dolly meets her host more informally...
UGH! WHERE AM I? AND WHAT IS THIS TERRIBLE PLACE?
YOU ARE IN MY DUNGEON... PLEASE OBSERVE... I HAVE PLACED A RING OF IRON ROUND YOUR PRETTY LITTLE NECK... ANOTHER ON EACH WRIST AND ANKLE... WE ARE ABOUT TO BECOME ENGAGED!!!
A secret panel opens and the French trio...
...carry Dolly off into the night...
I THINK IT ONLY FAIR TO TELL YOU... I SHALL NOT MARRY YOU...
I USE THE TERM 'ENGAGED' FIGURATIVELY IN ANY CASE, I ALREADY HAVE SEVERAL WIVES...
LOOK OUT! THERE'S SOMEBODY BEHIND YOU...
MY DEAR MISS BIRD... YOU DISAPPOINT ME.. THAT IS THE OLDEST TRICK IN THE BOOK...
HUMPITY HUMP!
YIKE!
DEUX...
TROIS AUSSI!!!
UN...
...a Daisy-Chain Reaction?
THAT'S THE LAST TIME I WORK WITH FOREIGNERS... CAN'T TURN YOUR BACK ON 'EM...
I HATE TO SAY I TOLD YOU SO...
THANK YOU, DOLLY... WE'LL CONTINUE THIS LATER... ONCE I GET THESE FRENCH FREAKS OFF MY BACK...
COME M'SIEUR... WE HAVE WORK TO DO, NO...?
I SHALL RETURN...
CLICK!
SLAM!
...and so, our heroine is left in the Stygian gloom...
SNUFFLE! SNUFFLE! SNUFFLE!
WHO'S THERE? I HOPE IT ISN'T RATS... I HATE RATS!!!
...but she is NOT ALONE!!!
OOH!
STOP THAT!
OOH!
DESIST, I SAY!!!
OOH!
CUT THAT OUT!
OOH!
WHO IS THIS?
OOH!
OOH!
WHOEVER YOU ARE- KNOCK IT OFF!
...WHO is keeping Dolly company?


GOOD HEAVENS...IT'S PATCH... WITH THE KEY... AND HE'S UNDOING THE PADLOCK... WHAT A WELL-TRAINED DOG...
...I'M VERY GRATEFUL, PATCH... GOOD BOY! GOOD BOY? WHAT AM I SAYING?
CLICK!
BRRRR!! FIRST... MUST PUT ON MY NIGHTIE... WHY ARE DUNGEONS ALWAYS SO COLD AND DAMP..?
NEXT, FIND MY WAY OUT OF HERE... I WONDER WHICH WAY TO GO... STOP TUGGING, PATCH... I KNOW YOU'RE THERE...
RIP!
WHAT IS IT, PATCH? YOU WANT ME TO FOLLOW YOU?
GOODNESS, PATCH, I THOUGHT WE WERE LOST FOREVER IN THOSE UNDERGROUND PASSAGES...
...AND NOW, SUDDENLY, WE EMERGE IN THE GARDEN... MY, MY... WHAT LOVELY SWANS...
HELLO, MISS... ER... TAKE ME TO YOUR LEDA...
REALLY! THAT WAS YOU AGAIN, PATCH... YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!
WHAT'S ALL THAT NOISE COMING FROM THE MILKING SHED..?
SLURP! TEE! TICKLE! HEE! SLURP! HEE! CLATTER! SLURP! MMPF!!
OOH! AH! MMPF! SLURP?
IT IS AN ORGY!!!
Huffen und Puffen mit Doodle-sack ist verboten
GOOD MORNING, YOUNG LADY... MY COLLEAGUE AND I TRAVEL IN CAMPING EQUIPMENT... WE COULDN'T HELP NOTICING YOUR PREDICAMENT... COULD WE INTEREST YOU IN SOME WEATHER-PROOF MATERIAL TO COVER IT..?
...OR PERHAPS A PUP TENT FOR YOUR LITTLE DOGGY?
SNARL!
WE ONLY ASKED...
OOH!
MORNING, MISS DOLLY...
AREN'T YOU BEING RATHER FAMILIAR FOR A BUTLER, HODSON?
... PERHAPS I SHOULD EXPLAIN, MISS... I AM NOT HODSON THE FAITHFUL FAMILY RETAINER... I AM DETECTIVE CHIEF SUPERINTENDENT HODSON OF SCOTLAND YARD...
OH WELL, THAT MAKES ALL THE DIFFERENCE... I SUPPOSE THEN PATCH ISN'T REALLY A VENTRILOQUIST..?
HUMPITY HUMP!
OH YES, HE IS A VENTRILOQUIST! BUT HE ISN'T REALLY A DOG!
...LET ME PRESENT SERGEANT SMITHERS OF OUR ANIMAL IMPERSONATION SQUAD...
YOU'VE GOT A VERY COLD NOSE FOR A POLICEMAN!
THANK YOU, MISS, I TRY TO KEEP IN TRIM...
GOOD MORNING! ANY IDEA WHERE I CAN FIND LORD SMALLPIECE..?

...WE'VE COME TO COLLECT HIM ...HE'S TWELFTH MAN ON OUR NUDE LEAPFROG TEAM...
IS YOUR TEAM HERE NOW?
YES, IT IS... WE'RE ALL RARING TO GO...
...THE LEAPFROG TEAM IS WARMING UP OVER THERE... THE LADY DANCERS ARE PRACTICING THEIR ROUTINES... OH, OH, THE LEAPFROG TEAM IS OFF COURSE... THEY'RE GOING TO RUN INTO THE DANCERS!!! AND LITTLE LORD JACK IS GOING TO BE FIRST... HE'LL NEVER GET OVER LADY DOROTHY... SHE'S A BIG LADY... HE'S UP!!!
HE'S DOWN!!! HE'S UP AGAIN!!!
HE'S DOWN... UP!!! DOWN... UP!!! DOWN... HE'S GETTING EXCITED... SHE'S GETTING EXCITED...
I'M GETTING EXCITED!!!
...LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER ORGY... MUST GO... WE'RE ALREADY ONE MAN SHORT...
TIME FOR TODAY'S GOOD DEED!
OOH... NICE DOGGY!
THANK YOU, MADAM, YOU'RE UNDER A R..
A RETRIEVER?
NOPE! ARREST!!! LET'S GO...
SUMBITCH!
IT'S A BIT COMPLICATED... LORD SMALLPIECE WAS KIDNAPED AND HIS PLACE TAKEN BY HELMUT DOPPELGANGER, THE MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES... HE'S THE LEADER OF A CONTINENTAL GOLD-SMUGGLING GANG... THEY HID A CACHE OF GOLD HERE READY TO BE PICKED UP BY THE LEAPFROG-TEAM BUS... THEY MISTOOK YOU FOR A TREASURY AGENT... THE REST YOU KNOW...
I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND... WHEN I ARRIVED I MET MISTER ARTHUR PARTRIDGE... A PARTRIDGE IN A PEAR TREE!!!
GOLLY GOSH... MY FIRST MYSTERY CLUE...
...AT DINNER... THE PIGEONS IN THE SNOW... TWO TURTLE DOVES!!! ...THEN THE RECOGNITION SIGNAL FROM THE APACHE GROUP... THREE FRENCH HENS!!!
...YOU REMEMBER WHEN PATCH FIRST THREW HIS VOICE?
FOUR CALLING BIRDS!!!
I'M REALLY INTO HAND-CUFFS!!!
LORD SMALLPIECE CHAINED ME IN THE DUNGEON WITH FIVE COLD RINGS!!!
...AFTER WHICH I WAS GOOSED SEVERAL TIMES BY PATCH... SIX TIMES, TO BE PRECISE... SIX GOOSES A-LAYING!!!
SEVEN SWANS A-SWIMMING!!!
WHAT HAPPENED NEXT? THAT NAUGHTY FRENCH TRIO... ATE MAIDS A-MILKING!!!
...YOU REMEMBER THE NOTICE IN GERMAN PROHIBITING THE PLAYING OF BAGPIPES?
OF COURSE... NEIN PIPERS PIPING...
AND THOSE CAMPING-EQUIPMENT SALESMEN... SALESMEN... SALESMEN... DRUMMERS!!! GOT IT!!! TENT-DRUMMERS DRUMMING...!!!
HIS LORDSHIP AND FRIENDS... ELEVEN LORDS A-LEAPING!!! AND THEIR TERPSICHOREAN TREASURES... TWELVE LADIES DANCING!!!
...ARE THEY REALLY LORDS AND LADIES, HODSON?
NO... THE HOUSE OF LORDS IS A PUB NEAR DOVER... THE GANG USES IT AS ITS HEADQUARTERS... THEY WOULD HAVE TAKEN THE GOLD THERE...
...WE DIDN'T FIND THE GOLD, BUT I DID DISCOVER THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS!
UNDER ARREST
HOUSE OF LORDS NUDE LEAP FROG TEAM
ACCOMPANIED BY THE MAIDDIE REMOVAL ARTISTIC DANCERS

HALF TIME! *Seiler sprayed the stadium with orange-blossom perfume, set metal flamingos careening dangerously close to the crowd and paraded five pastel-colored elephants onto the field.*

(Continued from page 132) off the oohs and aahs of the mob, getting bigger and brighter and more bewildering each time out.

Last January, for instance, if you happened to leave your chair at exactly the wrong moment, here is what you missed at half time: three marching bands, a vocal troupe, genuine Concord Minutemen, a group of ballet dancers, a historical Bicentennial flag routine, military personnel from the U. S. Army, Navy, Coast Guard, Marine Corps and Air Force, dancers from two dance studios, eight drum logos, four eagles and flags on genie hoists, 200 American flags, 12 historical Bicentennial flags, inflatable replicas of the Washington Monument, the Capitol and the Lincoln Memorial and various other props for effect.

In all, there were more than 900 people on the field, marching and singing and saluting and generally paying tribute to America on the dawn of the Bicentennial. The show cost about $100,000. It was watched by some 80,000 flash-bulb poppers at the stadium and another 45,000,000 to 50,000,000 people nationwide. It was considered a great success. It lasted just over nine minutes.

Let me hasten to add that the halftime show was only a small part of the festivities. There was also the Junior Orange Bowl Parade (Star-Spangled Heritage), the King Orange Jamboree Parade (Odyssey to Freedom) with 32 floats and 25 bands, the pregame show (Patriots in Petticoats), featuring five bands, two majorette teams, a queen and two princesses, tasteful warbling from Anita Bryant and floats of the Statue of Liberty, Betsy Ross and Columbia, Gem of the Ocean. In addition, there were two tennis tournaments, competitions in golf, bowling and soccer, a sailing regatta, a fashion show and the Orange Bowl Prayer Breakfast. Some people claim there was also a football game.

The entire show now costs about $2,000,000 each year to produce and generates some $45,000,000 in local business over a two-week period. The Orange Bowl Parade presents a ponderous line of corporate floats—such as last year's McDonald's Boston Tea Party float—which cost up to $20,000 apiece. Surrounding these good-will behemoths, of course, are the usual rows of perfect, smiling teeth, the strutting white boots and the acres of tanned, eager thighs.

All of this is a very long piece down the road from that humid afternoon back in 1933 when a group of Miamians hustled up some stands, literally yanked people in off the streets and put on a football game known as the Palm Festival. The game itself was not memorable, but what was interesting was that even at the beginning, the entertainment took some rather bizarre turns. Before the game started, an aerocar was driven out onto the field. On top of it was a large replica of a football field containing a cellophane football. Somewhere concealed in the float were pigeons that were supposed to fly out and be doves. They declined. Meanwhile, the first queen, a young lady by the name of Marguerite Sweat, was inside the football, gasping for air. It seems that someone had inadvertently stapled shut the queen's air vents. By the time the problem was discovered, she had almost passed out.

The man who pulled out the staples was the young recreation director for Miami, Earnie Seiler. It was Seiler who had found financial backing for that first game from local bookies and who had been out on the sidewalk fast-talking people into entering the park and filling up the stands. It was, in fact, Earnie Seiler who was to engineer the Orange Bowl on its ever-upward course during the following 40 years.

Seiler is something of a living legend around Miami. They call him The Mad Genius. His exploits over the years run off the page. In 1935, for example, Seiler knew his fledgling bowl game needed a permanent stadium instead of the glorified cow pasture that had been ridiculed in the New York press. He went to Washington in 1936 to beg for Federal funds and, while he was there, he learned that the influential Postmaster General, Jim Farley, was a big fan of Catholic University. Seiler had never heard of Catholic U., but he got an audience with Farley and told him that his favorite team would be invited to the first game, to be called the Orange Bowl. Catholic University went to Florida that winter and beat Mississippi, and one year later Seiler had a spanking new 22,000-seat stadium.

Two years later, Seiler decided that the Orange Bowl needed some top football teams to compete on the nation's sports pages with the older Rose Bowl and the upstart Cotton and Sugar Bowls. He packed off to the frozen wastes of Norman, Oklahoma, to try to lure the unbeaten Sooners south. A drawback in his quest was that he could guarantee only $20,000 to the school, compared with offers of $50,000 from the other bowls.

"But then I brought out my pictures," he says. "Palm trees, beaches, girls. Especially girls."

He also enlisted undergraduates to paint the slogan ON TO MIAMI on sidewalks and buildings all over the campus. The blitz worked. Oklahoma played in the 1939 game and the football quality of the bowl has been assured ever since.

It is in the nonfootball aspect of the Orange Bowl, however, that Seiler has taken the most pride. Following the first incident, with the suffocating Queen Sweat, Seiler gradually cranked up his curious sense of glamor. In 1935, he organized the Orange Bowl Girls from the coed ranks at the University of Miami and had them march out at half time to throw hundreds of oranges and tangerines into the crowd. Things started rolling in 1936 with eight bands, many beautiful floats, 400 brilliantly costumed girls and mummers and clowns in fantastic attire cavorting in holiday spirit. It was in 1938 that the spectacle began to overshadow the game. There were 12 bands on the field at half time, a total of 1100 marchers. A local paper commented the next day that it was a "nightmare of color and rhythm. . . . Over it all floated the measured discordancies of band set against band, of flashing scene against flashing scene." And so it would remain.

Over the ensuing years, Seiler has been responsible for some remarkable stunts. He's sprayed the stadium with orange-blossom perfume, set metal flamingos careening dangerously close to the crowd and once paraded five pastel-colored elephants onto the field. One year Seiler needed some lions to roar on cue at half time. Not to worry. He hooked them up to a substantial electrical charge and the roar was just swell.

You may think that all these gimmicks are crude and tasteless or they may be right up your alley, but no one can say they haven't worked. It's been estimated that Seiler's Orange Bowl antics have brought one billion dollars into Miami over four decades.

Seiler has now extricated himself from the Orange Bowl. Oh, he's still on the committee, but he gives the impression that he won't take much of a role in the festivities from now on. He's 76, but you can believe him when he says age wasn't the reason he got out. He seems to be in fine shape and, though he may have mellowed some over the years, he still appears to be full of hustle, muscle and bluff. He holds your attention with his bright-blue eyes while the cagey, side-mouthed drawl picks

In January

PLAYBOY, humorist Dan Greenburg takes Werner Erhard's course in self-development and concludes that he feels a little better, sort of, in **You Are What You Est.** Jimmy Breslin writes about a *macho* type who opens a gay bar and ends up losing his straight friends to the gay life in **McGuire's.** Paul Krassner sheds new light on "The Case of the Hijacked Heiress" in **The Parts Left Out of the Patty Hearst Trial.** Art Buchwald tries a different court case in **Art Buchwald's Illustrated Guide to Superb Tennis.** Erica Jong tells the tale of a young girl and her well-heeled lover in **The Rolls-Royce Love Affair.** Mike McGrady checks into one of those no-tell motels to check out America's love life in **The Motel Tapes.** A special-weapons man for the CIA talks about the James Bond gadgets he's produced in **Mr. Death.** Plus *Roots* author **Alex Haley** in the *Playboy Interview* and a reprise of the past delightful dozen in our annual **Playmate Review.** Don't you dare miss it!

Playboy

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HALF TIME! *"We've had elephants, lions, tigers, chariots, queens, princesses and thousands of beautiful girls. I think it's the best show of its kind in the world. What more do people want?"*

your pocket. On a hot Miami afternoon not long ago, he sat in his office in the Greater Miami Chamber of Commerce building and, surrounded by eight large drawings of showgirls in scanty costumes, talked about the Orange Bowl. He began by wistfully recalling his own college days at Oklahoma A&M.

"The college game has always had class, tradition and, most of all, youth," he said. "When I played, I always played for a girl in the stands—and I think most everybody else did, too. There was something that came into the air every fall, the sudden coolness, or something, that made everyone and everything seem just a little brighter and more glamorous.

"Homecoming was the best time. Even if you didn't care for football, there was still plenty to see at a homecoming. The girls could look around to see who was wearing what. You'd see the bands and majorettes and twirlers, and if you didn't see 'em at half time, maybe you wouldn't go back. The game was just part of the glamor. A football game without a band isn't a football game."

But 12 bands?

Seiler said that the lavish festivities surrounding the Orange Bowl game grew in part out of his fondness for bygone college days, but there was another, more practical, reason.

"We started in the Depression and we didn't have any money. Hell, we didn't even have a stadium. Other bowl games could get good teams because they could afford to pay them. To tell the truth, we started with some pretty bad teams. We decided then and there to feature the pregame time and half time. We determined that no matter what the score of the game, the half time would be worth the money."

Luckily, Seiler got all the help he needed from other Miamians who were eager to direct the tourist dollar toward them. To this day, the Orange Bowl remains a show that is almost entirely put on by volunteers. Through hard work and aggressive public relations, the game and its trappings grew each year and at last became successful. But that success brought with it changes and some problems, such as when the game went onto national television in 1953. Seiler and his corps of workers found that they had to please not only the paying customer but also the beer-hoisting millions gathered in the nation's rec rooms. At that point, half time became not just TV-conscious; it became a TV show.

"Television helped us more than anything else in getting Miami and our game across to the country, but it also made things tougher in putting on the show," Seiler admitted. "One year we'd get all kinds of wires and letters from people who saw the game and liked what we did, and then the next year, we'd get hardly any. We didn't know just what that meant, so we worked harder to make it better the next time."

Another crucial step toward grandness came in 1965 when Seiler talked NBC into going prime time with the game. A total of eight hours of Orange Bowl activity is now carried live during the prime viewing hours.

"We were the first nighttime sports spectacular," Seiler said with pride. "When the deal was announced, I got a telegram from Charlie Finley congratulating me. Taking place at night changed the whole show, the whole concept of design. It opened up a whole new thing with lights and lighting effects."

The game in 1965 also drastically altered the way that sports is presented in this country. Following the Orange Bowl under the surrealistic night lights have come pro football, network baseball games, the baseball All-Star game and most world-series games. Alex Karras and Joe Garagiola fans now know whom they have to thank.

The most remarkable thing I noticed in talking to Seiler was how relieved he seemed to be now that he was out of the half-time hot chair. I sensed the great relaxation Dr. Frankenstein might have felt the day after his monster had gone off to summer camp. The comparison is not so farfetched. Seiler said he left his position as general manager because of "too much pressure." He'd helped conceive the game and he'd fed it and watched it grow, but one morning he woke up and it was too much for him.

"It was mostly trying to come up with new ideas every year," Seiler said in explaining his decision to leave. "I wanted to please everyone, but at the same time, we were trying to outdo ourselves every time around. That can get to be a little too much, especially when you're talking about fifty million people."

This is not to say that Seiler has any regrets. He doesn't. He also doesn't take kindly to people who say his show has gotten bigger without necessarily getting better.

"Listen," he bristled, just before our talk ended, "we have to work our show with an audience on all four sides. We don't have a backstage. We worry about music and how it'll sound, so now we prerecord it. We have to worry about the weather; a little shower could ruin everything. People don't understand the problems we have.

"We've had quite a time. We've had elephants, lions, tigers, chariots, queens, princesses, thousands of beautiful girls, magnificent floats. . . . I think it's the best show of its kind in the world. What more do people want?"

Although Seiler seemed worried that television was working a subtle sabotage on half-time shows in general, he was confident that the Orange Bowl would remain in good hands and that it would continue to be a success. I wondered about that. I wondered if there could possibly be other people around driven enough to try to sustain a garish half-time show as one of the watershed events of our culture. I shouldn't have bothered wondering.

I drove over to the Orange Bowl, to a cluster of offices behind Gate 7. The stadium sat high and immense, surrounded by a bright lawn, parking lots and a high metal fence before at last giving way to the flat neighborhoods that splayed off in all directions. Inside, the offices were cool and the people relaxed and friendly. I wondered what it was like to work every day of the year inside a huge football stadium, to take only a few steps to be inside the bowl, protected, watching the sprinklers play lazily over the lush green grass.

I spoke to Gil Sloan, the publicity director, and Jack Day, the assistant to Seiler's successor, Daniel McNamara. I really didn't have too much to ask them. I tried to pry out a little information on the 1977 half-time show, but the tradition is to keep the show a secret until the last moment. I then asked them what I really wanted to know. Would the show keep getting bigger every year? Could the new steeds maintain the frantic pace now that the old war horse was retired? Could the wide-open world of the tropics keep a promise as shiny and fresh as the grass out on the field?

"There's a difference between the Orange Bowl and a game that doesn't mean anything, and we'll try to live up to it," said Day.

"We want something new and different all the time. The public liked it last year and we want them to like it even more this year," said Sloan.

"You try to top yourself if you can," said Day.

"Bigger is better," said Sloan. ■

THE CIA IN EUROPE *An early interest in Portugal.*

(Continued from page 56) "Why, he's the best hope the Americans have."

As the Englishman, now a Member of Parliament, tells it, the conversation took place shortly after World War Two between him and General William "Wild Bill" Donovan, a Wall Street lawyer and the legendary chief of America's wartime cloak-and-dagger clan, the Office of Strategic Services. At the time, Donovan was in Europe on a special intelligence mission; he had sought out the Englishman because he knew that the up-and-coming member of the Labour Party had fought in the Spanish civil war as an officer in the International Brigade and had come away, like so many left-wing idealists of his generation, deeply embittered by his brush with the Stalinists.

Would the Englishman now be willing to help the Americans organize and train other anti-Stalinists as a secret assassination squad against the Reds? the general wondered aloud.

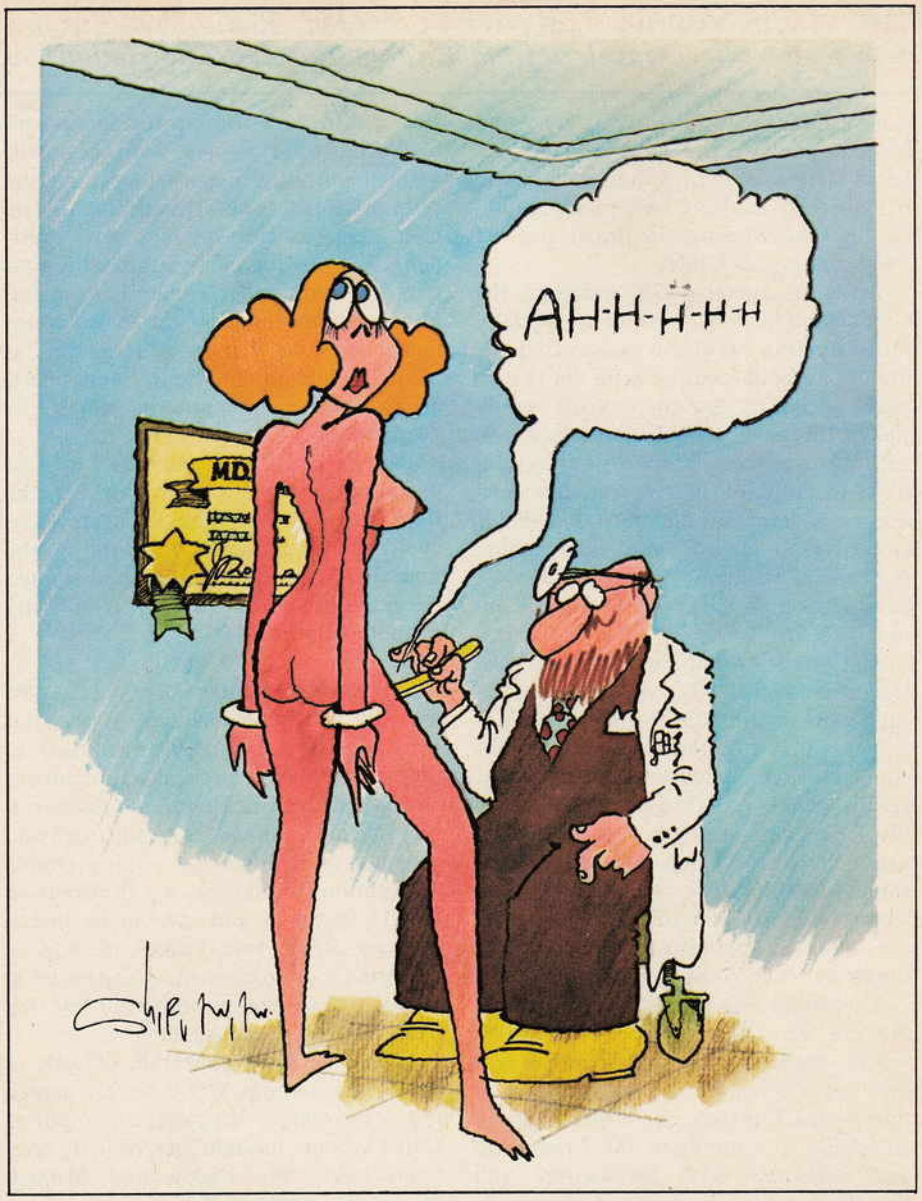
The Englishman was intrigued. Who were the victims going to be? he asked.

Well, Willy Brandt, for one, Donovan answered.

And as the English M.P. now recalls, that was when he told the part-time general and millionaire attorney the facts of life—that in many parts of war-torn Europe the only hope against the Communists was to help European Socialist leaders such as Brandt, not kill them.

The English M.P., of course, was neither the first nor the last to teach American leaders the value of the Socialist gambit and, as most CIA veterans know, the Agency did give enormous help and money to the anti-Communist Willy Brandt, who in due course became mayor of West Berlin and chancellor of West Germany; from all accounts, the CIA also appears to have helped, among others, the French Socialist Guy Mollet, the Italian Social Democrat Giuseppe Saragat, various Socialist newspapers and magazines throughout Europe and the International Union of Socialist Youth. Wittingly or not, several present-day European Socialist leaders, including the current British foreign secretary, Anthony Crossland, also worked closely with such CIA-funded operations as the Congress for Cultural Freedom.

So it came as no surprise when diplomatic correspondent Leslie Gelb reported in *The New York Times* in September 1975 that the CIA was now



giving money to Willy Brandt's protégé Mário Soares and the Socialist Party of Portugal, and that the money was being passed to Soares by the CIA's old Socialist friends.

The CIA, of course, had shown a much earlier interest in revolutionary Portugal, having sent Deputy Director General Vernon Walters to Lisbon in early August 1974. Officials first described Walters' visit as a vacation, but the embassy, under pressure, finally admitted that Walters had come to review the political situation. The visit occurred shortly before General António de Spínola, then president, attempted to rally the country's more conservative groups in the ill-fated March of the Silent Majority—an attempt that failed, forced General Spínola into exile and put the country temporarily in the hands of left-of-center forces.

In the months that followed, the Portuguese situation changed rapidly: In the military, a new group of moderates came to the fore to counter the army's revolutionary leadership; the Catholic Church gave up its self-imposed silence and promoted a campaign of violence against the left; the exiled General Spínola mobilized his Portuguese Liberation Army (E.L.P.) for a campaign of psychological warfare, staging cross-border raids from base camps in Spain and dropping incendiary bombs that caused highly dramatic forest fires; and in the Azores, home of a vast U. S. air base, a separatist movement appeared, ostensibly funded by the Portuguese community in the United States.

It looked, for all the world, as if the CIA had started another campaign of destabilization. But without any hard evidence, no one could know for sure—except to point out that the Agency did place the Lisbon CIA station in the hands of a destabilization team with Latin American experience. The team

THE CIA IN EUROPE *Last year in Sweden, Radio Free Europe hired an American-owned survey firm to interview travelers from Eastern Europe. The station calls this "audience research."*

was headed by John Morgan, who had helped put down the Tupamaro guerrillas in Uruguay, and by Jim Lawler, who had worked in the CIA's manipulation of the 1962 elections in Brazil and the 1964 elections in Chile.

By late summer 1975, however, the CIA's hand had become clear, especially in its funding of Mário Soares and the increasing collaboration with the European Socialists. As later events would show, the new CIA-Socialist activism heralded a concerted attack on the country's Communist Party, on the left-leaning government of Vasco dos Santos Gonçalves and on such independent radicals as General Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, then head of Portugal's internal-security service.

The first sign that European Socialist leaders had decided to intervene forcefully came in July 1975 when the chiefs of government of the Common Market countries met in Brussels and talked of giving $840,000,000 in economic aid to the Portuguese. But, they said, the aid would be forthcoming only if Portugal achieved "pluralistic democracy"—an ideal previously announced as being the goal of U. S. Portuguese policy, according to Secretary of State Kissinger.

The threat was clear. To reinforce it, the old war horse Willy Brandt—no longer chancellor of Germany but still head of the ruling Social Democratic Party—led Europe's Socialist leaders in launching a Committee for Friendship and Solidarity with Democracy and Socialism, which pledged extensive support to Soares. Brandt's party had already reportedly given the Portuguese Socialists several million dollars' worth of office supplies and cash; as the Gelb *Times* story revealed, the CIA was also giving cash, some of it through the European Socialists.

Results came quickly. In early September, the moderates in the Portuguese armed forces ousted the Communist-backed Gonçalves government, and in November, the right-wingers in the military and the new government used a small revolt of leftist paratroopers to disarm all of the radical military units and eventually to dismiss most of their officers and men, including General Carvalho. The left had lost, at least in the short run, and the swing in Portugal was back to the right.

The European Socialists cheered loudly. The money continued to flow, and in the midst of the elections in the spring of 1976, Brandt led a delegation to Portugal to show support for Soares and his Socialist Party—who went on to win a small plurality in parliament and the right to form a new government. The next step was election of a new president, and in June, Soares threw his support to right-wing General Ramalho Eanes, a close friend of the exiled coup-maker Spínola. Eanes won the parliamentary election, and Soares announced a new government program, which had very little socialism left in it.

Kissinger, the CIA and "the forces of pluralism" had won, at least for the time being. The thanks, meanwhile, could go in no small measure to the man that Wild Bill Donovan had wanted the Englishman to wipe out—*Herr* Willy Brandt of Berlin.

•

"CIA-BACKED RADIO BASE MAY COME TO BRITAIN" read the headline in a major British daily last August. According to the story, the American Government had asked the British for permission to build a radio station "to beam news and propaganda behind the iron curtain." The station would replace a transmitting facility in Spain and "would be linked with the Radio Free Europe network—the American propaganda voice based in Munich—but largely financed by the Central Intelligence Agency."

When the story appeared, officials at the British Foreign Office simply denied it, but we made a couple of quick phone calls, which brought anguished cries from both the London and Munich offices of now-combined Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty. Neither of the radio stations, we were told, had asked to build a new station in Britain. And neither was getting financing from the CIA!

The story had clearly hit a nerve. As the CIA has admitted, it did create, run and finance both Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe from the early Fifties until 1971—when Congress put an end to the covert funding and voted to pay openly for the two networks, first through the Department of State and then through a specially created Board for International Broadcasting (B.I.B.). So the story dredged up a murky past that the stations wanted people to forget.

From the beginning, the CIA had used the two radio stations for propaganda, just as the B.I.B. does today. But the CIA—and the stations—also gave direct support to various anti-Communist *émigré* groups and to secret *émigré* armies, many of which had earlier sided with Hitler against the Russians. The stations' multilingual staff members collected enormous amounts of intelligence and even transmitted coded signals to agents and saboteurs behind the iron curtain. Propaganda, yes. But much, much more.

Today, of course, the Cold War has supposedly ended, and now that Congress and the B.I.B. openly pay over $50,000,000 a year for Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, the CIA no longer has to foot the bill. But despite the switchover from CIA to B.I.B. funding and *détente*, the stations appear to have continued their espionage activities and to have kept many CIA personnel on their staffs.

Radio Liberty, for example, broadcasts in several languages to the Soviet Union and devotes as much as a quarter of its programing to reading the underground samizdat literature produced within the Soviet Union by the generally right-wing dissidents—the new internal *émigrés*. How does Radio Liberty get the samizdat? The dissidents and their friends smuggle it out, explained a top staff member; Radio Liberty has nothing to do with it.

Radio Free Europe operates more openly—almost. Last year in Sweden, the station hired an American-owned survey firm, Burke International Research, to interview travelers entering Sweden from Eastern Europe. The station calls this "audience research." The 20-page questionnaire does include questions on how often, when and under what conditions the respondent listens to Radio Free Europe and the other Western stations. But some of the questions seek the kind of information that only CIA analysts need; many of the questions also look very much like the first step in identifying potential Western espionage agents. Although the survey firm promises not to reveal the identity of questionnaire respondents, the CIA could easily identify them by matching the answers against information on the respondent's visa application, which the Agency could get easily, through its liaison with the local security service.

Here are two questions that could yield useful intelligence and also help spot likely recruits:

32a. What kind of party or political direction would you favor?

37. The French and Italian Communist Parties announced

"I'd offer you a cigarette,
but I'm afraid it might stunt your growth!"

> that they disagree with Moscow on the dictatorship of the proletariat. Some people say that this new type of communism is meant in earnest—others say that this is merely a tactical move. With which of the two views do you agree more?

Radio Free Europe has conducted similar surveys over the years throughout Western Europe, and as more Eastern Europeans travel to the west, it is a safe bet that "audience research" will increase.

•

Senator Richard Schweiker of Pennsylvania recently came into the public eye as the man Ronald Reagan picked to be his Vice-Presidential running mate; to observers in Washington, however, Schweiker has long been regarded as a clean-living, hard-working man who is not at all the type to go off tilting at windmills. No one was laughing, therefore, when, in December 1975, Schweiker revealed that the CIA was conducting economic espionage against such American allies as Japan, Canada and the nations of Western Europe.

As the Senator explained it, the CIA was worried that scientists in other countries might overtake American companies in developing new technologies, especially in the field of transportation. Consequently, the Agency was enlisting American firms overseas to spy on foreign countries that might be readying technological breakthroughs in high-speed ground and water craft, more efficient automobile engines and magnetic-levitation and tracked air-cushion vehicles. The spying would be directed against the Soviet Union, of course. But also against America's closest friends.

Schweiker's evidence was impressive—a seven-page memo from the CIA to an American engineering firm that the Agency was trying to recruit. The Agency was forced to admit that the Senator's charges were accurate, and newspapers all over Europe headlined the story of the new American threat.

For all Schweiker's good intentions, however, he scratched only the surface. The CIA, along with other American intelligence agencies, had been conducting a major economic intelligence-gathering program against America's allies for many years; from what we can tell, it is still being done. This espionage may not violate any laws or international treaties, but it certainly does violate the unwritten code of ethics that exists among Western intelligence services, and under which it is understood that these services will not conduct spy operations against other Western nations.

The existence of the program first came to light when we managed to obtain a 1975 airgram containing secret instructions from Secretary of State Henry Kissinger to all American diplomatic and consular posts. The instructions laid out eight Key Intelligence Questions, or K.I.Q., on "Priority Economic, Financial and Commercial Intelligence Requirements World-Wide." These questions came straight from then–CIA Director William Colby and carried the approval of the National Security Council's intelligence committee, chaired by Secretary Kissinger. The intent of the K.I.Q. was to set official guidelines for the gathering of economic intelligence, both open and covert, for the entire American intelligence community—from the gun-shy spooks of the CIA to the food-and-aggies of the Department of Agriculture.

For those willing to wade through the bureaucratic gobbledygook, the K.I.Q. give a firsthand view of what American leaders wanted to know about the economies of their friends and neighbors, from how the oil-rich Arabs planned to bank and invest their wealth abroad to what negotiation positions key European allies would take at future international conferences.

Each of the K.I.Q., of course, contained a lot of little questions, including requests for "continuous and timely reporting" on such topics as the *likely* timing and content of *projected* economic decisions and union actions or the relative influence of various interest groups and individuals on upcoming policies. Clearly Washington wanted more than a close reading of the financial pages.

But perhaps the clearest was this:

"What actions are being taken or planned by foreign governments or private groups that could substantially affect the ability of American business to compete for foreign sales as to involve the U. S. interest in an important way?"

All of which might not sound too bad in Peoria, but has a distinctly unpleasant ring in Rome and London.

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Arthur Opot could hardly believe his ears. The government back in his native Kenya had just arrested his cousin, he was being told, and was at that very moment torturing him. "You know yourself how things happen down there," explained Opot's informant, a slim, well-dressed American who sat across from Opot in one of Stockholm's finer restaurants.

And then came the hook. The American—officially an attaché and political officer at the U. S. Embassy—had already given Opot the old I'll-scratch-your-back-if-you-scratch-mine routine, and now he had seen to it that Opot—and his cousin—would need all the help they could get. "So you see, Arthur, here's an example of how I can help you out," the American went on. "If you join the Company and cooperate with me, we'll see to it that this fellow down there is freed immediately. OK?"

This was the spring of 1975, and the Americans were in the process of recruiting a young black Kenyan journalist to be a low-level agent in Sweden. Or so they thought at the time. Within a year, however, that CIA case officer—a hard-drinking, hot-tempered Pennsylvanian named Bruce Duane Hutchins—would find himself with a one-way ticket back to CIA headquarters, the victim of a beautifully handled double-agent operation run by Opot and a handful of enterprising Swedish journalists led by Jan Guillou and Roger Wallis.

Hutchins and the CIA set out to entrap Arthur Opot, starting with a supposedly chance encounter at a local tennis club and escalating through a series of expensive and highly alcoholic lunches, during which the American spook talked ever more openly of what the Company was doing in Sweden and of how much it already knew about Opot and his family in Africa. At one luncheon, Hutchins brought along Paul Garbler, the CIA's Stockholm chief of station, who sounded out Opot on everything from sex to Swedish smorgasbord; on another occasion, Hutchins happened to mention that the Company liked to reward those who helped it—not in Sweden, of course, where all the money would go for taxes, but through a nice safe bank account in Switzerland. Then came the torture of Arthur's cousin and, after checking to see that Hutchins had kept his word and arranged the cousin's freedom, Opot said yes, he would work for the CIA.

But Arthur Opot had plans of his own. At the very first sign that the American was looking for something more than a tennis partner and luncheon companion, the young journalist went to visit

some friends in Radio Sweden's foreign-broadcasting service and in the leftish magazine *Folket-i-Bild* (*People in Pictures*). Between them, a simple plan was devised: Arthur would become a double agent, stringing Hutchins along, pretending to work for the CIA and even taking CIA money; but Opot would give the Agency only phony information, which he and his journalist friends would fabricate, and all the while he would be in a unique position to see how the world's most publicized secret service really worked.

The risks were enormous, of course. Early in the game Hutchins warned that if at any time Opot failed to cooperate, the Company could kill him or arrange a second torture session for his cousin or other relatives in Kenya.

"This isn't meant to be a threat," Hutchins said. "It's just to let you know."

But Opot and his fellow journalists figured that the risks were worth taking—if they could only get the story published before Hutchins found he was being duped and before the Company could get around to making Opot take its routine lie-detector test.

In the beginning, the game seemed easy enough. Hutchins wanted information on the generally clannish African diplomats stationed in Stockholm, and with the help of his team Opot had little trouble cooking up convincing data. Hutchins also had him throw a couple of parties for a selected group of Africans—all of them political officers or members of the coding departments of the various embassies. The Company paid for the food and drink, of course, and Hutchins came along to meet the Africans personally and to size up any potential recruits. At Hutchins' instructions, Opot also improved his relations with the Chinese Embassy, where he was supposed to gather information and help Hutchins to recruit second secretary Ching Yueh as a CIA source.

And so it went on. But sometime in mid September 1975, Hutchins began to show a new and urgent interest in the escalating civil war in Angola. The Americans were supporting two Angolan factions—the F.N.L.A. and UNITA—and Hutchins wanted to send Opot into F.N.L.A.-controlled areas to collect material for a series of newspaper articles attacking a third faction, the M.P.L.A., which was backed by the Soviets and Cubans. Hutchins and his CIA colleagues in Stockholm would then "improve" Opot's articles and use their contacts in the press to place the articles in a Swedish newspaper. What,

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OUI ALBUM 2 goes on sale January 4 at all the places that sell OUI magazine. If you don't see it—ASK FOR IT.

after all, could be more seemly than an anti-M.P.L.A. series written by a supposedly independent African journalist in a Swedish newspaper? It was just the kind of propaganda that CIA stations all over the world could replay in local newspapers and magazines.

Hutchins' plan was scrapped in December, however, when the U. S. Congress threatened to totally halt American intervention in Angola, right at a time when Cuban support of the M.P.L.A. was escalating. Now the Company hurriedly decided to send Opot into the heart of M.P.L.A.-controlled territory around Luanda, carrying with him a long list of military and political questions that it wanted answered.

The Agency was clearly scraping the bottom of the espionage barrel, since Opot had little intelligence-gathering experience and wouldn't have known one M.P.L.A. faction or one Russian airplane from another. But the CIA had little choice. It had already been caught short by the sudden coming of the Cubans, and judging from Hutchins' eagerness, it was hard up for field intelligence.

As for Arthur Opot, he was something less than thrilled. If the M.P.L.A. caught him spying, he would be executed; if he came back without solid answers to the Company's questions, Hutchins might uncover his double-agent ruse. There wasn't much of a choice. But again Arthur took the risk, and with $3000 in Company funds he set off for Luanda, leaving his journalist friends back in Sweden to wrestle with the problem of how to break off the game and still save Opot's ass when he returned empty-handed.

After a few days of worry, the journalists settled on what appeared to be a promising ploy: They would get Hutchins so angry with Opot's incompetence that he would fire Arthur without asking too many questions; then they would publish their article and, with all the adverse publicity, the CIA would be afraid to hit back.

From the beginning, Hutchins had warned Opot not to tell anyone—not even his Swedish wife, Bibi—about working for the CIA; also, since it was assumed that Swedish intelligence routinely monitored American Embassy telephones, Hutchins had given the Kenyan a simple code to use in calling him there. So, a few days after Opot left for Luanda, the journalists had Bibi Opot telephone Hutchins at his office, introduce herself as Arthur Opot's wife and excitedly explain that Arthur had lost the money that the CIA had given him for his trip to Angola; then, every bit the worried wife, she demanded that the CIA send him more money.

While Hutchins must have been stunned at this breach of security, he kept his cool and told Bibi that it wouldn't be possible to send any money. Later, on an outside telephone, he called back to arrange a meeting with Bibi for the following day, at the bar of the Grand Hotel.

As Bibi recalled the meeting, Hutchins wasted no time with small talk. He ordered a drink and threatened to have her killed. That was one possibility. The other was for Bibi to work for the Company, too, especially on the recruitment of the Chinese diplomat Ching Yueh. That said, Hutchins gave her $300 to send to Arthur, ordered another drink and went on to tell in liquid detail how he and John F. Kennedy had fought for democracy and justice.

The journalists' ploy had failed. Instead of firing Opot, Hutchins had gotten his hooks into Bibi as well, and when the fearless agent returned from Angola the American closeted him in a room at I.T.T.'s Sheraton Hotel and spent two days questioning him on what he had learned about the M.P.L.A., which was very little indeed. In fact, Arthur had failed to carry out a single mission while in Angola, and for two days, he did nothing but bullshit Hutchins.

But the stubborn Hutchins refused to give up. Within a few days of the debriefing, he ordered Opot to make a second trip to Angola, toting a new list of espionage targets.

Opot didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. How bad did he have to be for the CIA to give him the sack? And how long before Hutchins would realize what was really going on? Once again, however, Opot agreed to go to Angola, and once again he returned empty-handed; this time Hutchins appeared to concede defeat, paying Opot off with $300 in return for a signed statement that the failed spy would never expose a single secret about his relationship with the U. S. Government.

The rest is history. In early March 1976, *Folket-i-Bild* hit the streets with the entire story, complete with names, dates, photographs—even photostats of the internal CIA questions on Angola. The very next day, Bruce Hutchins went home. He had been beaten at his own game by a group of amateurs, and now the entire world knew every sordid detail, from the torture of Opot's cousin in Kenya to the Company's ill-fated exploits in Sweden and Angola. By any standard, Arthur Opot and the *Folket-i-Bild* journalists scored a major coup against the CIA.

The story also highlighted the helping hand that American spymasters receive from their Swedish counterparts. For example, if the Swedish secret service (S.Ä.P.O.) tapped the American Embassy's telephones and overheard Bibi Opot's compromising call to Hutchins, it didn't step in to stop the operation; meanwhile, Hutchins and his CIA colleagues went about their business as if Sweden—a supposedly neutral country that opposed American intervention in Vietnam—were the CIA's back yard.

S.Ä.P.O. is an internal-security service and police force, the Swedish equivalent of the American FBI or Britain's MI 5. But the Swedes also have a supersecret agency, which for years had no official existence in Swedish law—the Informations Byran, or I.B.—and the CIA has made use of the I.B. in some surprising ways.

The bureau's existence and CIA ties to it first became public in 1973 when a former agent spilled the beans to two Swedish journalists, Jan Guillou and Peter Bratt. The story was a shock, as most Swedes, including several high-ranking politicians, had never heard of I.B. Now they were hearing the worst. As Guillou and Bratt told it, I.B. worked hand in glove with the CIA and several Western European intelligence agencies, as well as with the Israeli Shin Beth. I.B. had used Swedish merchant ships to spy in Arab ports; it had broken into the Egyptian Embassy in Stockholm; it had infiltrated Swedish labor unions, the anti–Vietnam war movement, Palestinian support groups and several leftist groups and parties. The I.B. had even spied on certain members of Sweden's ruling Social Democratic Party.

As for the CIA, only a few years before, I.B. had helped it stage a secret

landing on the coast of Finland! Even more startling: I.B. had supplied the CIA with intelligence on China, North Korea and North Vietnam.

The chief of the latter operation, Carol Bennedich, traveled to Saigon to gather information on the situation in the north and also made extensive use of the eyewitness accounts of people who managed to travel to North Vietnam on ostensibly legitimate business. On the basis of such on-the-spot accounts, the supposedly neutralist Swedes in 1970 provided the Americans with a long report on exactly how the North Vietnamese were managing to withstand the American bombing raids.

The exposure of the I.B. rocked the Swedish government and especially hurt Prime Minister Olof Palme, who had publicly condemned the American war effort. Had Palme known of all I.B.'s activities? Or had he lost control of his own intelligence service?

The evidence is mixed. While it is clear that Palme knew of I.B.'s existence and that he had continuing contact with I.B.'s chief, no one could say whether or not he knew specifically of I.B.'s collaboration with the CIA over Vietnam. In Sweden, as in the United States, the chief executive could claim that no one had told him.

Still, Palme did show his hand. In October 1973, after the Vietnam part of the story broke, the Swedish government secretly brought warrants against journalists Guillou and Bratt and their I.B. informant Haakon Isaksson; then, in a well-planned dragnet, the Swedish police arrested the three men, broke into their houses and confiscated their papers and documents. As in the Pentagon-papers case, the main charge was espionage, and after a swift and partly secret trial, each of the three culprits was sentenced to a year in jail.

"It really wasn't so bad," says Jan Guillou. "We served only a few months, and you might say that we learned not to leave certain pieces of paper lying around."

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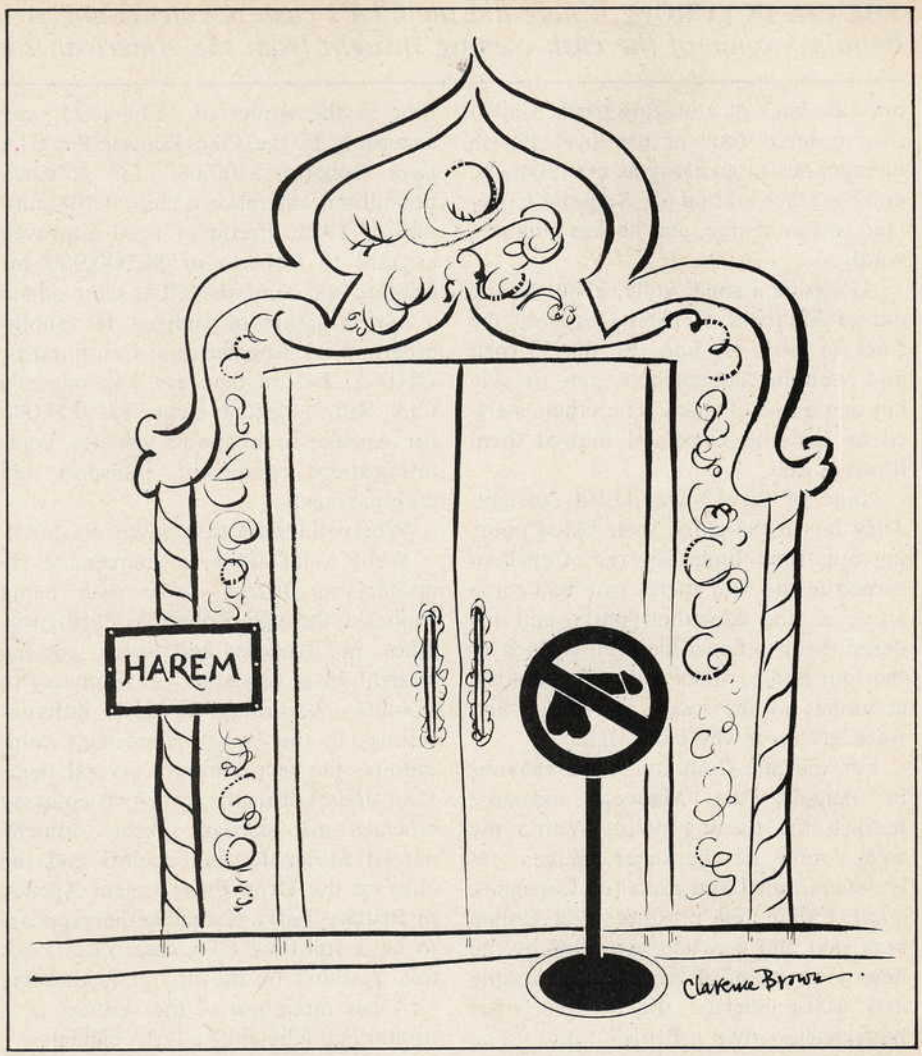
Throughout the camp, the men were grumbling. They had come to fight the Commies in Angola, but nothing was going right. They had rifles and a few rocket launchers to use against Cuban tanks. Their food and supplies were running low, and they had heard rumors that their families back in Britain weren't getting the $300 a week they had been promised.



Sunday, January 31, 1976. Maquela do Zombo, a hamlet in northern Angola. The commander, a 25-year-old Greek Cypriote who called himself Colonel Callan, had ordered his 100-man mercenary force to line up on the parade ground in front of the old Portuguese barracks.

"All right," Callan snapped. "How many of you want to soldier and how many of you want to go home?"

More than a dozen of the men wanted out, and according to one of the mercenaries who was there, Callan went berserk. Shouting furiously, he ordered all of the would-be dropouts to stand to one side. They were all under arrest, he said. Then, accompanied by a group of those who wanted to stay and fight, Callan set out for the front.

That night, when Callan had still not returned, the men who had remained at Maquela saw lights approaching. The lights appeared to be those of an enemy tank convoy, and one of the dropouts—an inexperienced kid in his early 20s—hastily fired a rocket. It was a direct hit. The following morning, when Callan returned, the dropouts learned that the rocket had demolished one of their own Land Rovers. Callan angrily lined them up and ordered them to strip down to their undershorts.

"Who fired the rocket?" Callan demanded.

"It was me, sir," answered the young mercenary.

Callan pulled his pistol. "This is the only law here," he shouted, and shot the kid in the leg.

"God help me!" cried the mercenary, falling to the ground.

Callan looked down, shot him a second time in the stomach and then fired a third bullet to scatter the young mercenary's brains.

By this time, several of the would-be dropouts had thought better of quitting the war. Callan looked at them and called to his British sergeant-major, an ex-paratrooper named Sammy Copeland.

"Take them away and wipe them out," Callan ordered.

A group of mercenaries loyal to Callan stood guard with a .50-caliber machine gun as the 13 remaining dropouts, still in their skivvies, climbed slowly

THE CIA IN EUROPE *Where did the CIA's cash payments go? A lot went to mercenary recruiters in Britain—some of the cash coming straight from the American Embassy in London.*

onto the back of a waiting truck. Callan then ordered four of his loyal British mercenaries to go along as executioners, and the truck started off. Sergeant Copeland was in charge, and he was laughing wildly.

Alongside a small gully, about a mile out of Maquela, Copeland ordered the truck to stop. He lined up the 13 men and with his submachine gun quickly cut down five of them. The others started to run and Copeland mowed them down as well.

None of the 13 was killed outright. They lay in the gully, their blood pouring out, their limbs severed. Copeland turned to the four mercs who had come along as the execution party and ordered them to finish the killing. Each of the four had to shoot at least one of his comrades in the head, and the bodies were left to rot where they fell.

For the anti-Communist mercenaries in Angola, the Maquela massacre marked the turning point. Within the week, some of the saner mercenaries court-martialed and executed Copeland, while Callan fell prisoner to a Cuban tank unit and was later executed by the new government of Angola after a long and well-publicized trial. Three other mercenaries—two British and one American—also received the death penalty, and nine others are now serving prison sentences.

But even apart from the fate of Callan, Copeland and their comrades in arms, the Maquela massacre might well mark the beginning of the end of all white-mercenary adventures in Africa. And if it does, it will mark a major defeat for the CIA—and for American policy of compromise with the white-minority regimes of southern Africa.

This, of course, wasn't the first time that the CIA had hired white mercenaries to fight in Africa. In the Sixties, it had used them in the Congo, now Zaïre, to help Colonel Joseph Mobutu and his fledgling army beat down left-wing guerrillas, and it had kept a hand in the bustling world-wide mercenary community ever since. So years later, when Mobutu, by then Zaïre's chief of state, asked Secretary of State Kissinger to help his Angolan brother-in-law Holden Roberto and his F.N.L.A., it was natural that sooner or later the Agency would turn again to mercenaries.

Mobutu's request for help came sometime in the winter of 1974–1975, and according to the Pike Report, the CIA gave Roberto $300,000 for political, nonmilitary operations; then, in the summer of 1975, President Ford approved a grant to Roberto of $6,000,000 for military aid, and the CIA soon added a new program of support for another group of Angolan anti-Communists, UNITA. Before the year was out, the CIA had budgeted some $32,000,000 for Angola, in weapons, vehicles, communications equipment, transport and cash payments.

Where did those cash payments go?

Well, a lot went to mercenary recruiters in Britain—some cash being funneled through Roberto's Portuguese allies in Brussels and some coming straight from the American Embassy in London. According to three different sources in the British mercenary community, the recruiters got several thousand dollars directly from two embassy officials—an assistant Army attaché named Major James Leonard and the chief of the Drug Enforcement Agency in Britain, Larry Katz. Neither appears to be a full-time CIA case officer, but this wouldn't be the first time that the CIA has made use of the services of a military attaché or of a DEA official.

A third American, George E. Bacon III, also showed up at the London end of the mercenary operation and met with recruiters in the presence of Katz. According to two of the recruiters who identified Bacon's photograph, he had arrived from Holden Roberto's headquarters in Kinshasa, Zaïre.

"He wasn't working for us here," one of the recruiters told us. "He just seemed to be looking over what we were doing."

According to his friends and family in the United States, Bacon had earlier served as a Green Beret in Vietnam and as a CIA contract officer with the famous Opium Army in Laos; for his work, the Agency had awarded him its coveted Intelligence Star. In February 1976, shortly after his trip to London, Bacon died fighting in Angola.

The Agency also backed the mercenaries with a large CIA station in Kinshasa headed by Stuart Methven, who had won his spurs in Agency operations in Laos and Indonesia. According to mercenary sources, at least four American CIA men worked directly with Roberto after August 1975. The American mission also included a team of Lockheed technicians, who were probably used to keep the supply planes flying, and a group of military-assistance advisors to the Zaïrean army, which contained a full division of F.N.L.A. Angolans in its ranks.

But for all the money and effort that went into the Angolan mercenary operation—and so far we've heard that as much as $500,000 was spent in Britain alone—only 200 or so British mercenaries actually turned out, and most of them seemed a sorry lot. More than 60 of the British mercs were reported killed in action, and the rest came home bitter and disillusioned.

In America as well, the recruiters hit rock bottom, though a group tied to the Congress for Racial Equality claimed to have lined up 200 black Vietnam vets who were raring to go. One way or another, only about 100 American mercenaries showed up in Angola.

Will such fiascoes put an end to the use of mercenaries? Not at all. Recruiting continues in Europe and the United States for mercenary service in Rhodesia and Namibia, as well as for future actions in Israel, Iran, Oman, Saudi Arabia and Lebanon. A growing network of commercial recruiters has sprung up, as have a number of trade journals containing classified merc-wanted ads. And for all the harsh words against the mercenaries from responsible men of state, the CIA and its European counterparts are ready to tap the market wherever it suits their needs; after all, it is a lot easier to hire mercs than to ask Congress or parliament for permission to wage an honest war.

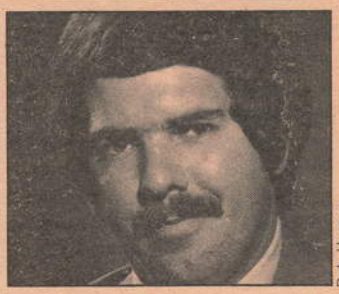
Even more disturbing, however, is the growing relationship between the mercenaries and political groups with an openly racist and fascist appeal. This is hardly a new association, as its roots reach back to World War Two and before. But even in lovely old Britain one of the recruiting groups that grew out of the Angolan mess calls itself the Anti-Communist Revolutionary Organization and promises to use its mercenaries to break domestic strikes and combat "other Communist activity" in England. As one of the organizers asked journalists at a press conference, "Do you want a postman with a red star on his hat knocking on your door?" ▣

WHO

Mark Sennet

Jackie Bisset needs good parts

Film directors "want to lay you but don't want to talk to you," says actress Jacqueline Bisset. "Directors just aren't putting women up for anything." Which means that Bisset, at the age of 31, remains just another spectacular face-in-the-movie-crowd. Bisset's latest attempts to overcome this fate will be lead roles in *The Deep*, due out this summer, and later in *The Greek Tycoon*, in which Bisset will play another Jackie.



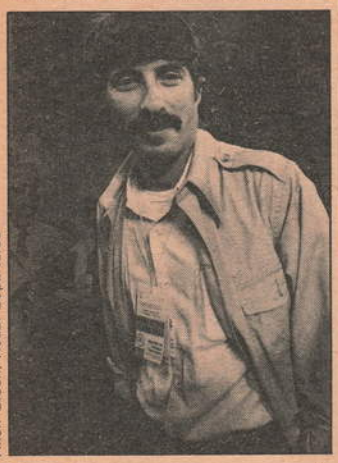
Bob Homan

Robert Edmund: Mr. Scientific

Edmund Scientific is an excellent mail-order catalog crammed with the latest technological goodies—from weather computers to telescopes. Robert Edmund, 28, is the publisher, having taken over from his father, the founder, and having kept the high standards that keep 3,000,000 science freaks anxiously awaiting each edition.

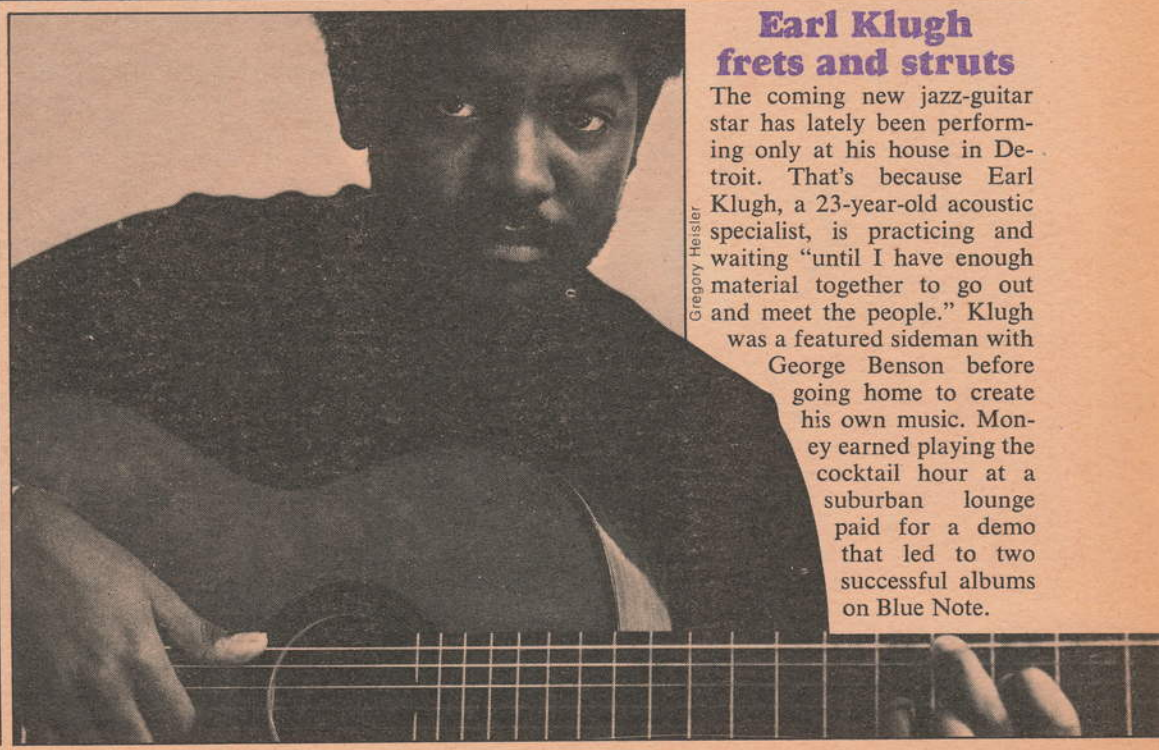
Stan Mack: funny ha-ha, funny strange

The little characters in Stan Mack's *Real Life Funnies* act just as silly as those in other comic strips, except that Mack's happen to be real people saying things so strange that even *Doonesbury* wouldn't understand. Mack's



Allen Green/Visual Departures

Funnies appears every week in *The Village Voice* (a publication now available in every burg in America), and each word in the balloons has been recorded verbatim by Mack himself. In addition to being a fine cartoonist, Mack is an expert blender-into-backgrounds, and each week he picks new places to hang out—a party, a store, or (as here) a political convention—and listens to what is being said by next week's unknowing *Funnies* stars. Sometimes it doesn't work, however: Mack has been thrown out of a couple of stores because he looked like a shoplifter.



Gregory Heisler

Earl Klugh frets and struts

The coming new jazz-guitar star has lately been performing only at his house in Detroit. That's because Earl Klugh, a 23-year-old acoustic specialist, is practicing and waiting "until I have enough material together to go out and meet the people." Klugh was a featured sideman with George Benson before going home to create his own music. Money earned playing the cocktail hour at a suburban lounge paid for a demo that led to two successful albums on Blue Note.

Susan Meiselas: stalking the wild carnival stripper

Dick Rogers

Nice girls who attend Sarah Lawrence and then get master's degrees from Harvard are not supposed to go chasing after carnival shows. But that's what Susan Meiselas did, being fascinated by the lives of the strippers who work off flat-bed trucks and in makeshift tents; where the standard fare is getting down and dirty for a half-dozen shows each day. Meiselas dogged the tent shows for three summers and photographed the pubic spectacle with the eye of a documentary film maker and the *chutzpah* of a photo-journalist. The result is her *Carnival Strippers* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), a words-and-photos collection that reflects Meiselas' qualified admiration for these women's willingness "to gamble a great deal in order to actively change their lives."

Marty Feldman: all in *Geste*

Mark Sennet

Mel Brooks's most memorable contribution to comedy may be his rescue of Marty Feldman from low-budget, grab-ass English comedies, where a leer is always as good as a laugh, and elevating the Britisher to the ranks of Hollywood star. After being featured in several Brooks films (most recently in *Silent Movie*), Feldman has signed a five-picture deal with Universal and is now at work directing his first film: *The Last Remake of Beau Geste*, in which he co-stars with fellow Brooks-alum Gene Wilder. Presently one of several British "tax-exiles" living in Hollywood, Feldman keeps his upper lip stiff by sticking a wicket near the pool of his California home.

Billy Clark

Wavy Gravy: nobody's man

Yes, one campaign for the 1980 Presidential race is already under way. The candidate is Nobody and his campaign manager is the legendary Wavy Gravy, former Merry Prankster, former Voice of Woodstock, former Hugh Romney. As Wavy sees it, his candidate can't miss being elected: After all, Nobody's perfect.

Ed Cassidy: rock of ages

At the age of 53, Ed Cassidy just may be the oldest rock musician still working—living proof, he says, "that you can teach an old dog new licks." Cassidy began playing drums in 1938, worked with the top swing and jazz groups, and ten years ago agreed to help a ladyfriend's young son with his music; Ed and the boy formed a group called Spirit and the rest—nine hit albums later—is rock history.

Nancy Bundt

Mark Sennet

Jodie Foster: teeny terror

Having already scored in the past year as a teenage hooker (*Taxi Driver*) and teenage flapper (*Bugsy Malone*), Jodie Foster is now knocking 'em dead as a teenage murderess in *The Little Girl That Lives Down the Lane*. The 13-year-old's next smash performance may be as an Academy Award winner this April. Is she counting on it? "Winning an Oscar would be neat," Foster says. "You get to join the Academy and see all those movies free!" Free movies or no, Foster says she wants to be a lawyer.

The McCartneys: love on an F-stop

Before being discovered as a rock musician and becoming a member of a superstar group, Linda McCartney was a photographer. Remember, that's how she met Paul in the first place (or was it at his place?). Well, Linda has continued in her earlier pursuit and has recently written a book titled *Linda's Pictures* (Knopf). Paul, quite frankly, is bored silly by the whole bloody idea.

Harry Benson

Roberta Bayley

David Mamet, perversifyer

When OUI magazine is stumped by some new fetish or peccadillo sweeping America, it calls David Mamet, author of *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*. This is a play that, having wowed the city of its title, went on to off-Broadway success and to win for Mamet the Obie Award for best new playwright. Whenever Mamet is back in his windy home city, he spends most of his days around the OUI offices, explaining *Sex Tape Letters* to us and writing girl copy. How come he's an expert on such things? "Don't know," Mamet shrugs. "All I know about sex is what I read in the papers."

Crystal Gayle: hand-cut glass

Women country-music singers often hide their talent behind gaudy costumes, teased hair and an adenoid twang. So it is a refreshing switch when Crystal Gayle comes onstage—brunet hair flowing to below her waist, cotton-print dress sweeping the floor—and lets out with a clear soprano sound. Being Loretta Lynn's little sister might flaw lesser talents, but

this Crystal is cut from a more flexible mold: There is no harsh hillbilly edge to her voice and her phrasing and arrangements are as cosmopolitan as any East or West Coast native. The only things she has in common with big sister, in fact, are down-home, grass-roots lyrics and her diminutive (five feet, three; 100 pounds) stature.

Nancy Bundt

William Corliss collects "tailings from the mine of science"

Eighteen years ago, science writer and occasional NASA consultant William Corliss began collecting accounts of arcane, unexplained phenomena, which he calls "the tailings from the mine of science." Others call it Forteana, after 19th Century author Charles Fort, who collected similar material in works such as *The Book of the Damned*. Corliss, a worthy successor to Fort, began publishing his collections privately, until his *Sourcebook Project* reached 21 volumes and became a cult book for paranormal fans across the country. Now Bantam wants to tap that audience and has persuaded Corliss to produce a paperback anthology, *The Unexplained*, in which readers can learn of such little-known events as the time when fish fell from the sky over Stansted, England.

Allan Carr hits fat city

The porcine sybarite lounging by the pool of his Benedict Canyon mansion is Allan Carr, a personal manager to the stars who is Hollywood's newest heavy. Carr excels at terrorizing studio executives, throwing lavish parties and directing the careers of such folks as Sonny Bono, Peter Sellers and Ann-Margret. Also a shrewd opportunist, Carr recently bought rights to a trashy Mexican adventure film, dubbed it in English, titled it *Survive!* and made it a hit by capitalizing on publicity for the best-selling book *Alive*. Carr's next venture as a producer will be the film version of the rock musical *Grease*. Hollywood is holding its breath.

Harry Benson

SHORT TAKES

JIMMIE WALKER

The "Dynomite" kid admits to being a stud on both sides of town, a reformed militant and the world's loneliest surf-music fan

Jimmie Walker, a native of New York City, is best known for his portrayal of J.J. on the TV series "Good Times," but he's also one of the stand-up comics who perform regularly at the Comedy Store in Hollywood, which is currently the hottest scene in the country for that kind of action. To find out what goes on in Walker's one-of-a-kind mind, we sent Danny Fields to his apartment overlooking Sunset Strip.

OUI: Where do you get the ideas for your routines?

WALKER: Everywhere. Watching TV, driving down the road, reading a magazine—and listening to people talk, because people say the most outrageous things in the world. You know, I've had girls say to me, "Jim, I really dig you, because I never like going out with good-looking guys anyway." I've heard that at least three or four times. You listen to what people say, and it's unbelievably funny.

OUI: Who are your favorite comedians?

WALKER: I like everybody; I really do. I have no one favorite. If you check my collection of comedy albums, you'll find everybody—Pryor, Cosby, Carlin, Rodney Dangerfield, Myron Cohen, all those guys, they're all funny.

OUI: You used to tour with a group that called itself the Last Poets, and their position was separatist, or even anti-white, wasn't it?

WALKER: I really can't speak for the others.

OUI: All right, but you were playing to the audience that came to see them. Were you aware of a militant attitude?

WALKER: Yeah, yeah, there's no doubt about it. There were fucking guns and berets and a lot of militance.

OUI: And were you militant as well?

WALKER: I was different then. I was doing much more and heavier black shit in those days. Today, people who saw me seven or eight years ago when I was first starting out say, "Gee, you've mellowed." You know, I worked with David Brenner, Steve Landesburg, Mike Preminger—all of us were together and we worked as a unit. I think among the nine or ten of us there's a love stronger than what most families have—real closeness. I hadn't really been around any white people before, but when we hung out, it wasn't black or white, it was cats who were trying to be funny, trying to work on ideas, trying to do things. So what happened is that I became extremely close to some white people, and I just naturally stopped thinking along separatist and racist lines.

But also, when I first started, I was very political, saying "Fuck the white people! They're fucking us up!" and things like that. I was coming on at three in the morning, and I wasn't getting any jobs. One day, David Brenner said to me, "What's the plan? Are you going to be a comedian or a philosopher? You're a funny guy—you can be really funny—but if you keep turning people off, you ain't going nowhere." Of course, he was right—I didn't need too much convincing. So eventually my thing evolved and changed, and here I am in Hollywood.

OUI: You have a reputation as a major stud about town.

WALKER: I won't deny that I love women.

OUI: Black or white, does it matter?

WALKER: Both.

OUI: Do white women and black women differ sexually?

WALKER: I would like to tell you the truth, and this is going to freak a lot of people out. I'm a very sexually active person, and I would say—it's very weird—I would say that black women are much, much more conservative than white women. Much, much more. I don't know why—I guess it's because of the strong family upbringing—but whatever the reason, black women are very, very conservative sexually. Now I know I'm going to get a lot of letters from black chicks who hang from chandeliers and do it in space, and whatever. Let's just say that the ones I've gone with are very conservative, and the white chicks are more into letting go. I love sexually aggressive women. I don't like the little petite lay-back types who wait for you to sneak up to their rooms and undo their pinafores and stuff like that. I like chicks who walk up to me in clubs and say, "Hey, I want to go to bed with you." There's a lot of guys who think that's gross, but that's where I'm at.

OUI: Do you care if a woman really likes you, or if she's a starfucker?

WALKER: Oh, starfuckers don't come around the comics. They're into the Rod Stewarts and Mick Jaggers. I don't get that kind. Sitting in a little club on Sunset watching a guy tell jokes, and then going home with him and listening to him call his friends to tell them which jokes went over is not very glamorous to a chick. That doesn't knock them out. They want to say they went out with Mick, and over to Cher's, and ran into Rod, and all that stuff.

OUI: When you were little, did you ever get a thrill from meeting someone famous?

WALKER: This is going to sound ridiculous, but the only guy I ever got a thrill out of seeing was Jim Gilliam, who was a baseball player. I was a big Jim Gilliam fan in those days. He was so cool, but he was on the same team with Koufax and Wills and Drysdale, and no one paid much attention to him, so when I saw him and asked for his autograph, he was really freaked out, and he said, "Why, of course!"

He was so cool. He had a tweed suit on, man, he had all these things that really knocked me out, being from the ghetto, you know—money things, mercenary things. He had a Cadillac convertible and a great-looking chick sitting there in the car, man, and I said to myself, "Jesus Christ, that's the way to go. That's it, man. What else is there? A Cadillac and a chick and a tweed suit, what is there after that? What else could there be?" Goddamn, no house, nothing—just a Cadillac, a tweed suit and a chick, on the highway of life. ▣

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FEDERICO FELLINI *Casanova's memoirs are murderously boring. He tells us about all those adventures as if he's trying to convince himself that he really did live. You find yourself in a cemetery.*

(Continued from page 92) call on superb painters, experienced technicians. Cinecittà offers me everything.

OUI: How do you create a film?

FELLINI: First, I have a nebulous, instinctive idea. The only contacts I have with it are in my imagination. At this point, the film seems to have everything; but actually it has nothing. It's a vision, a feeling; its purity is enchanting. Then there's the business side: The lawyers enter into the dance. One drinks Coca-Cola and toasts with champagne. Things begin to move ahead with revolting punctuality. The Americans arrive. We go to speak with them. They walk around the room in their underwear, more interested in making money than in making movies. While they talk to you, they telephone Tokyo. The Americans give you money, which, in a way, is consoling.

OUI: Then you prepare the screenplay?

FELLINI: Yes. That makes me suffer, because words are seductive and they obscure the visual sense of the film. So it becomes necessary to pull the screenplay by its hair; the story line is recalcitrant; some way has to be found to bend it into shape.

OUI: With *Casanova*, did you work more or less from a script?

FELLINI: In a way. But I'm not using the official one Gore Vidal wrote; I like the first English version much better. What Vidal did was a complete betrayal of the spirit of the film. He tried to be funny, as if it were a Woody Allen film, introducing a series of gags; and then he did a real queer's thing, shifting the accent, becoming ironic about women. It was not the neurotic thing that is mine. He pansyfied it.

OUI: Is this the first time you've done a movie biography of someone who actually existed?

FELLINI: I'm doing the biography of a man who *thinks* he existed, but who never really did. He was like an Italian, imprisoned all his life in his mother's belly. My Casanova will be someone who, enclosed in his moist placenta, never felt authentic passions and who now, in his sunset years, is trying to rewrite his memoirs.

OUI: Even if he only thought he existed, he did leave traces of his passage through life. What kind of person do these traces indicate to you?

FELLINI: A question like that immediately makes me stutter. I can't give a moral description of others, I don't even know who *I* am. I see him as a sort of shadow of myself, of all Italians. He is a super *vitelloni*, a do-nothing who avoids responsibility and lives in the comfortable conviction that everything is supposed to come from on high. In my opinion, Casanova is more a son of the Counter Reformation than of the age of enlightenment. His animal instincts led him to oppose society's taboos, but his unhealthy Catholic upbringing prevented him from growing. I see him as a courtesan, a big, cumbersome, prancing man who stinks of sweat and face powder, with the arrogance of the barracks and the church—someone who always has to be right. And apparently he is, too, because he knows everything about everything. He says of himself that he can make love eight times running, and so here, as well, it's impossible to compete with him; he translates from Latin and Greek, he spouts classical poetry, he argues mathematics, he speaks perfect French, he visits Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour. How could anyone stand such an asshole?

OUI: Doesn't he raise *any* sympathy?

FELLINI: Perhaps, as an old man, when servants made fun of him, and he, a posturing old clown, went on behaving as he did before the Revolution, without realizing that times had changed, when his hodgepodge of a life, all bombast, was reduced to a tottering skeleton, maybe then he stirs a bit of sympathy. The fact that he wrote his memoirs when he was old, melancholy, humiliated, was a kind of retaliation. He must have invented himself better than he really was.

OUI: Haven't you said that Casanova was a forerunner of the Fascist type?

FELLINI: If he had lived, that's what he would have been: a Fascist, very close to the powerful, well-liked by Mussolini. After all, he was also a spy. He reported on sexual offenses, on prostitutes, on homosexuals. All this doesn't make me dislike him; he was just behaving like an Italian. And he would fit in with the collective, nonindividual existence of the Fascist, getting drunk on fire-brigade activity, on mass stage effects, thinking in all-embracing slogans. But let's take it easy on fascism. These days, people see it everywhere, but it's also fascism to call everything fascism.

OUI: Fascist or not, he didn't appeal to you as a subject after you signed the contract to make the picture. What turned you off?

FELLINI: The nausea that his memoirs aroused in me; the apathy, boredom, the irritation; the contract I had signed; the mortification of hearing the paradox: "Fellini is doing Casanova," "Casanova, thousands of beautiful girls." All of this rubbed me the wrong way, upsetting me so much that I became intolerant of everything that concerned the project. I read *History of My Life* by Casanova with growing mistrust and fury, tearing the pages out instead of turning them.

OUI: What was your impression of what you read?

FELLINI: The memoirs are murderously boring. He tells us about all those adventures as if he's trying to convince himself that he really did live. You find yourself in an enormous cemetery; what's happened is there, but it's dead, tasteless. He wanted to make people feel that he'd been someone; he'd loved this one and that one; he'd dressed in such and such a way. It's the horrifying proof of a life lived for appearance's sake. His memoirs have all the fascination of the *duomo* of Milan done with seashells, or the Tower of Pisa made out of toothpicks. He roamed the whole world and it's as if he never moved from his bed.

OUI: You really don't like Casanova. Can you still put enthusiasm into a subject you don't like?

FELLINI: Sure. I need only an excuse to set my creative energy in motion. Once past the initial phase, when I feel I need everything—identification, status, recognition—one pretext is as good as the next. A contract with an advance is one of the most valid things for me today. I'd even be in favor of a situation similar to what existed in the 1400s, when a Pope or a grand duke commissioned a work from a painter or a poet. If the artist didn't do it, they wouldn't feed him. I've discovered that at one time I had to like a film to do it; now I like a film because I make it.

OUI: Was Casanova a literary extension of Don Juan?

FELLINI: He was the opposite of Don Juan, who had to prove his virility constantly. Casanova was an explosion of vitality, he lived a truly Italian way of life—opaque, egoistic, squalid, with a feminine softness. A hero of gallant literature who never became a man.

OUI: Are you saying he lacked eroticism?

FELLINI: In the sense of Don Juan, yes. Don Juan was a much more dramatic personage, complete. He tried to know himself through women.

OUI: Will the film be erotic?

FELLINI: There is a kind of tension in it, like an erotic key that can open a mysterious world. It won't be a pornographic film, because there aren't enough bare asses. Casanova was interested in them biologically. They were necessary to him. They meant some very pleasant encounters to be able to survive, to get close to power. But when an adventure comes to an end, when he's jilted, he cries. Only then is he real, because he has

destroyed an opportunity for clarification and another way out of his prison is closed.

OUI: But his aim was to conquer women, to make love to them?

FELLINI: He wanted to be loved by the rich and powerful and he wanted to be loved by women, because that, too, was a matter of prestige. A real asshole, as I said before. Not a bad person, though; in fact, *simpatico.*

OUI: Do you think he viewed women as sexual objects?

FELLINI: Now, listen, we're not talking about a person, a man, we're talking about a character out of a book. He never had the slightest respect for women. He employed every method, even pretending to admire their intelligence, to get them into bed. In this, he was a typical Italian, with more or less the same psychology: infantile, rhetorical, full of feigned chivalry, accenting his virility and at the same time having a sexist attitude toward women. Also remember that he was a Venetian, a contemporary of Goldoni. The theater is in his blood. He acts.

OUI: How does he depict women in his memoirs?

FELLINI: First of all, he's a terrible writer. He sees women as though they came out of the paintings of Arcimboldi: teeth like pearls, lips like coral, a neck as white as goose down and hair as black as a raven's wing. We can only deduce what he did with them. He felt their fascination, he was a total slave not of women but of woman in general. From the sociological point of view, he behaved like a master, using them, then absolving himself with the excuse that he helped them, beatified them, praised them. But in the end, he was very vulgar, brutal.

OUI: Did Casanova ever rape anyone?

FELLINI: If there is anything that saves him from being too disgusting, it's that there isn't a single episode of violence in his memoirs. He always looked at women with tenderness, a bit spermatically. He perpetrated a different kind of violence on a woman: He exalted her, treating her like an object, and when finished with her, he would throw her away or put her up with a friend. Rape, on the other hand, is a form of weakness used to maintain domination. I rape you and possess you because I'm weak, and to show that I'm strong, I get help from five friends. Today's rapists are drugged, not just by drugs but also by a horrible kind of cinema of violence, powerfully suggestive, which I think should be completely abolished as extremely dangerous.

OUI: Do you mean pornographic films?

FELLINI: No, no. It's healthy for an underdeveloped country like ours to see a few asses and tits. But these films of violence, of blood and massacre, they're incredible, and it's the producers, directors, exhibitors of this sort of film who are the guilty ones. These films are 30 to 40 percent responsible for the deep suggestion that unleashes this delirium, this ferocity.

OUI: But isn't violence also due to the permissiveness of our time?

FELLINI: We're living in an age, at least here in Italy, of blind, mad, crazy, degraded and degrading sexual liberty, which is anything but liberty. In fact, it confirms the subjection that the Italian has always had with regard to sex: the fear and ignorance. All this permissive freedom—the ability to convince one's wife to go to bed with another man, or another woman, even the ability to go to a movie and see all the female nudity, this variegated display in Cinemascope with swapping, petting and fornication—is hardly a victory.

OUI: And the other causes of violence?

FELLINI: They're somewhat inevitable, destined, astrological. However, I don't understand how it is that not one of the psychologists or sociologists, these egg-heads, was able to predict this ten years ago, when all the destruction of values, perhaps very justified, began. Not one. It's a crime!

OUI: Speaking of crime, last year some of *Casanova* was stolen and held for ransom. How much film was kidnaped?

FELLINI: Unfortunately they stole only the first three weeks' work. I was hoping they'd steal the rest of the picture.

OUI: Why do you think the film was stolen?

FELLINI: What madness! Even if it were returned, what guarantee would we have that the negatives hadn't been damaged? It must have been the work of someone in the world of cinema. I can't see it as having been political, since everyone knows that I have no particular political stand.

OUI: You don't support any party?

FELLINI: I feel that I am outside the mess. You have to have a passion for politics or feel the vocation of a missionary, the desire to be an apostle for a future society. I don't want to undergo continual blackmail to do something for posterity. I'm egoistically tied to my small world of expression, which, incidentally, is now being menaced by the reality around me.

OUI: Then you didn't reshoot those scenes?

FELLINI: No. Instead, when we come to that part in the film I may put in a little slide saying, "Sequence stolen by lovers of good cinema," or for another sequence, "Taken home as if it were a jewel."

OUI: How did you decide to use Donald Sutherland in *Casanova*?

FELLINI: Andrea Rizzoli suggested Jack Nicholson. I, for no particular reason, mentioned Donald Sutherland.

OUI: Have you ever seen him in a film?

FELLINI: No, but I met him years ago when we were appearing in a picture called *Alex in Wonderland*. I was playing a very difficult part: that of Federico Fellini. When the ball passed to Alberto Grimaldi, I immediately opted for Sutherland. He has an indefinite face, one that's difficult to remember. It seemed just what I was looking for in my version of *Casanova*—a spermatic glint in the eye of the masturbator, about as far as one could imagine from Casanova, someone uncertain, who moves in a fog—shapeless and vague. It's not that Sutherland is more like an Italian, but

FEDERICO FELLINI *It's not my fault if sexual relationships here center on a mother figure represented by mountains of bosoms.*

the way I've fixed him up, taking things away, his face has changed a lot.

OUI: That's kind of contradictory. You choose him because of his face and then you changed it. Is it possible, now that the film is finished, that you regret the choice?

FELLINI: No, I've always felt that Sutherland is the saving of the film, because he's a sort of metaphysical Casanova.

OUI: Were there any other casting difficulties?

FELLINI: Only the ones that inevitably come up. When I first looked for a giantess who would wrestle Casanova, a Roman called saying he had just the person for me, a terrific battler, he said, assuring me that he spoke from personal experience: It was his wife. Midgets and transvestites also turned up. The optimism of Italians convinces them that if someone's looking for a giant, he'll certainly need a dwarf as well.

OUI: So you're again using grotesque types?

FELLINI: I've been to parties in America and England where people have accused me of filling my films with freaks, but when I looked around at those parties, or outside in the streets of Broadway and Piccadilly, I felt my characters were normal by comparison. So I like big women. Do I have to apologize for that?

OUI: Well, there are people who have attacked you because you've used a lot of overbosomy women. Is it a sign of disdain for women?

FELLINI: I tell stories in which the principal figures are masculine: I explain how a slightly ridiculous and immature Italian sees "woman." Either he sees her ideally, as the Virgin Mary, as Dante's Beatrice, or as anthropophagous, voluptuous, dedicated to incest. Man won't be free until he liberates his wife, his girlfriend, his lover, from these false and degrading definitions. It's not my fault if sexual relationships here center on a mother figure represented by mountains of bosoms. It's likely that repression by the Church has caused Italian men to grow up famished gastronomically and sexually. Just as they want to see the dinner table piled high with food, they love to see a woman with an overelaborate visual menu.

OUI: You once said that you do films to clean out your memory. Freed of the Romans in *Satyricon*, of the circus in *The Clowns*, of the capital in *Roma*, of your youth in Bimini, Fascists and education in *Amarcord*, are you trying to be free of Latin lovers with *Casanova*?

FELLINI: Casanova can be considered the Latin lover's precursor because of his subjection to authority, for the help he expects from women: mother, sister, fairy godmother. But who isn't like this? Who isn't waiting for the encounter that will give him absolution, refuge? Why shouldn't fortune, a feminine deity, favor me because I'm a nice guy?

OUI: Who are the counterparts of Casanova in today's life?

FELLINI: They're all around us. Because what does Casanova represent? Vanity, a type who knows powerful people, who never works, who wins at gambling because he's lucky and who screws all the women. This is an idea that fascinates children, and since Italians are children to a large extent, always thanks to the Church, it's an archetype that attracts imitators. He's very seductive as an image. Who wouldn't want to travel for free, maintained by an old lady, be tall, elegantly slim, well-dressed and screw eight times a day? Who could refuse?

OUI: Have you ever wanted to confront Casanova?

FELLINI: Yes. I talk to him practically every morning to ask him what to do. Actually it is true that I did speak with him once through a medium, Gustavo Roll of Turin. It was a case of automatic writing, which proved to be identical to the handwriting on certain authenticated manuscripts. I opened our conversation by saying: "Listen here, Casanova, I have to do a film on you but I don't much feel like it." And he answered: "I *beg* you, sir, not to address me in the second person familiar." I had the impression that it was definitely Casanova—his arrogance was unmistakable. Then he said: "Respect me as I respect you, my dear *Signor* Goldoni." Of course, not understanding what a film could be, he saw it as a theatrical representation with new methods. So he called me *goldoni*, that is, author, director, producer all rolled into one. He also gave me advice on lovemaking: "Never after meals. Never standing up. Never holding back." *Coitus interruptus*, no!

OUI: Just one more question. Was Casanova a moralist?

FELLINI: Yes, Italian-style, which means basically amoral to the rest of the world. This will be a very moralistic film because Casanova, now old, looks back on his past. He thinks that nothing was worth while, his life was without meaning.

OUI: I know you don't like to be called a moralist, but it seems to me that your description of your screenplay leaves that impression.

FELLINI: It's a strange, oblique, disquieting film. As a matter of fact, I really don't know what it's like. I can't wait to go see it; then I'll tell you. ▣

SUTHERLAND ON FELLINI

The unlikely romantic heavy of *Don't Look Now* and *Klute* tries on Casanova's shoes. And they sort of fit.

OUI: Were you surprised when you were chosen to play Casanova?

SUTHERLAND: If anybody else had asked me to play Casanova, I would have said, "Don't be ridiculous, of course not." But I've wanted to work with Fellini for 17 years. I knew that if he wanted to use me, I didn't have to worry about anything; I could just play Fellini's Casanova. I like Casanova. Fellini doesn't like him as much as I do, but I have to like him because I have to be him. Fellini has only to look at him. For Fellini, Casanova represents the epitome of an Italian masculine trait: infantile shallowness. But for me, Casanova was a great wit. He wrote numerous criticisms of poetry. He wrote letters for and against Voltaire. He also tried to create the state lottery. In any event, Casanova writes in the first book of the memoirs that he doesn't have to account for his past—that the guilt, the failures, the successes are all balanced out and are part of his past. Now he can go on to the future. That was why he was capable of falling in love. He literally believed when he fell in love that suddenly the whole future was opened up to him and he was going to love this person and they were going to be married. And then suddenly, five days later, a month later, he would say, "Wait a minute. No, this isn't going to work out." And his life would constantly repeat itself, time and time and time again. It was pathetic, but it was true. And the fundamental energy behind all of that was social class: He came from a theater family—a field of endeavor not highly regarded in his day—but he wanted to be a gentleman.

OUI: There are, of course, elements of Casanova in every man in the world. Is this what Fellini is saying in his film, or is he trying to show Casanova's relevance to the contemporary world in terms of his shallowness?

SUTHERLAND: Lina Wertmüller said that Fellini is like a man with a black coat and a black hat and a black box and black eyes and you know that he is the most wonderful man in the world and he has a secret. And you walk up to him and you follow him and he opens the box and you know that in that box is the secret. And he opens it and lets you have just a little look and then he closes it and runs away. And that's what he's

like. I have the script and I know what the script is like and I talk to him, and I love him, and we have a wonderful relationship. But I wouldn't presume to say exactly what the film is. I wouldn't presume to say exactly how he feels about Casanova.

OUI: The average person's impression of Casanova is that he was a great cocksman.

SUTHERLAND: Well, he *was* a great cocksman. He could come, he said, six times without stopping. And on the sixth time—and I don't really know how he knew this—on the sixth time, his semen was always stained with blood. Me, for example, blood comes out of my ears and

Fellini supervises a sumptuous banquet scene.

my nose. So, in that sense, he was what you call a great cocksman. But he was also a great lover. And as a great lover, he was plagued with the fear of impotence. He was a very complex man. I play pieces of him. I play the calculus; I play the infinitely small sections to define the area of the curve, but I'm still one of the small sections. I can't really define the area of the curve for you.

OUI: Does Casanova provide a key to chauvinism?

SUTHERLAND: Sure, but I don't think everybody's relationships with women are necessarily chauvinistic. Casanova wasn't afraid of women, which is the root of most of today's male chauvinism. I'm certainly not an expert on male chauvinism, but I think it comes from man's fear of being the active and operative entity in a sexual exercise—this is apart from the political root of it—and therefore, to reassure himself, the chauvinist puts women down and goes into that whole cycle of diminishing returns until he is totally screwed up. Casanova wasn't that kind of man. He was very, very straight with people. Women who had relationships with him loved him. *Loved* him. And they had continuing relations all their lives.

OUI: How did you get along with Fellini during the filming?

SUTHERLAND: Fellini is one of the greatest geniuses in the world. He has a fantasy and he delegates the authority over sections of that fantasy to certain people. He gives me a section; he gives someone else a section. But none of those people knows the whole fantasy. And the way to learn the whole fantasy is to see the movie. Fellini doesn't like to see rushes because he doesn't like to see his fantasy played back. He's an extraordinary man to work for because he is so observant and so brilliant and so gentle and so specific. He gave me the best direction I've ever had in my life. He said, "Keep your mouth closed." As a result, throughout most of the film, my mouth is closed. And that creates a very strong, special, specific line.

I don't know whether this is true, but this is a story that I've heard for years. Marcello Mastroianni asked Fellini for a script of *La Dolce Vita* and Fellini said, "Oh, I will give it to you tomorrow; I'll give it to you tomorrow." And finally Marcello said, "I have to have a script or I will not do the film. I have to have something." Fellini said, "Tomorrow it will be there." And the next day a messenger arrived with a big package wrapped in brown paper, which was about four feet by six feet. It was taken into Marcello's apartment; he opened it, and there was a drawing. It was a drawing of Marcello, in the lotus position, sitting very comfortably on the top of the water, and according to the legend, Marcello's cock is hanging down to the bottom of the ocean and at the bottom of the ocean are three mermaids swimming around the end of his cock. And he phoned Fellini and said, "Thank you for the script. I will do the film." When I started this film, he gave me a drawing. It's a drawing of himself and myself. I was dressed as Casanova and Fellini was dressed as Fellini, and both of us were running away and pointing at the other, blaming the other, and out of the clouds came the real Casanova, from heaven, from hell, from the past, from somewhere, screaming and shaking his fist, saying, "You bastard!" And Fellini was saying, "It's not my fault, it's his fault," and I was saying, "It's not my fault, it's his

Fellini gestures a fine point of movie making. Sutherland listens.

fault." So that probably is as close to an idea of what the film is like as anything I can give you.

OUI: How erotic are the sex scenes?

SUTHERLAND: Last night I kissed my first man. I have never had that experience before. And it was erotic. For me it was erotic. But Fellini, like me, has a distinct and profound distaste for hardcore pornography; so every sex scene is a ballet of some kind. It's everything that is manifest or inherent in sexuality and sensuality.

Sex, for Casanova, involved conversation. This woman seems out of luck.

OUI: Did Casanova have homosexual relationships?

SUTHERLAND: Oh, sure. A lot of people in the 18th Century were bisexual simply because that's the way they lived.

OUI: How will women react to *Casanova*? Did Casanova use women as sex objects?

SUTHERLAND: Oh, no, never. Sexuality was a means of communication between Casanova and women, and he loved women. For example, he couldn't make love with a woman with whom he could not converse. In other words, because he could not speak English, he did not make love with English women.

Casanova wasn't just after woman after woman. He made love with a lot of people in his life and he documented it, but he wasn't a fornicator. He didn't say, "Oh, there's a woman. I would like to fuck her." He would see a vision of a woman and he would love her and they would love each other. And that love, you've got to remember, is conditioned on someone's not having any sense of his own past. It isn't conditioned on experience. It's conditioned on infantile innocence. Enthusiastic and gullible.

OUI: Casanova has been confused a lot with Don Juan.

SUTHERLAND: Yeah. See, Don Juan was a homosexual in Spain when homosexuality was punishable by death. He was the leader of a homosexual cult. And he covered himself with bisexual activity, with having a sexual relationship with as many women as he could. But that's not what Casanova was. Don Juan was a great fucker. Casanova was a great lover.

—FRED ROBBINS

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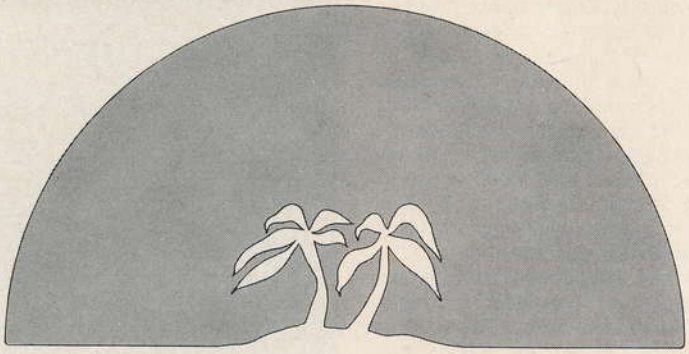

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ANN MARIE, ANN MARIE *I was asked to quit cheerleading.*

(Continued from page 66) day. But then the coaches complained that the players were having a hard time keeping their heads down, and so I was asked to quit.

OUI: Do you regret not becoming a teacher?

ANN MARIE: Not anymore. I've learned that teachers are some of the worst phonies of all. When I was a freshman and my brother was a senior, one of his teachers told him that he'd give my brother a higher grade if he'd give the teacher a nude photo of me.

OUI: You were student-council president in high school. Did you go in for politics at the University of Illinois?

ANN MARIE: No, no politics. But I did work for McGovern in the fall of 1972. Oh, this is rich. You're going to love this one. We had an oncampus rally for McGovern. After he spoke, he asked for questions from the audience. He called on a couple of people and then I asked him what he thought about busing and he said, "Well, I think that the whole busing issue is out of proportion." The whole house broke into laughter. I laughed, too. I was really impressed. A guy who was running for President had noticed *me*. So when he walked out to his car, I stood in line to shake his hand. Now this is the truth and I've got witnesses to prove it: I reached out my hand to shake his, but his hand went right past mine and grabbed my boob. Then he was gone. I almost didn't believe it, but I had *felt* it. "Did you see what he did?" I asked the guy next to me. "Yeah," he said. "McGovern grabbed your boob." I voted for him anyway. You know what I learned from that experience? A man who's running for President is just another man.

OUI: So later on that year you quit college.

ANN MARIE: Yes, in March. I hitchhiked home; I was out of money.

OUI: You *hitchhiked*?

ANN MARIE: When I first put out my thumb, not one but two trucks stopped. I thought they'd have an accident. Do you know what it sounds like when two trucks going 60 miles an hour screech to a halt? I got into one and the driver started coming on to me right away, so I said, "Hey, I'm not like that. Let me out." I finally had to jump out—he wasn't going very fast. Then a policeman picked me up. He didn't say a word but he let me out a few miles later. Then there was another trucker who talked a lot about his wife and then there was a maniac on a motorcycle.

OUI: You got on a motorcycle?

ANN MARIE: I was in such a hurry to get home. The guy took me into the woods and I got really scared. He said he wanted to see if I was for real, so I gave him a picture, but that made him even more crazy and I ran farther into the woods. I heard him say, "Oh, you're too much trouble," and he went away. I spent the night in the woods. I feel safer with wild animals than I do with some people.

OUI: What did you do once you were home in Chicago?

ANN MARIE: I got a job as a secretary, but that didn't last long. My boss kept asking me to stay after work and do extra stuff, but I knew what was on his mind, so I quit. Oh, this is a funny story: While I was looking around for another job, I met Joe Namath. I was in a restaurant eating lunch and Joe Namath and some other football players came in. They invited me over to sit next to Joe and then the others got up and left the two of us together. I tried to talk to him, just innocent stuff about the weather, but he just sat there and got redder and redder. I'd always thought that Joe Namath was a playboy, but he turned out to be shy and sweet—and oh so embarrassed. I thought he was cute. Not long after that I went to a Chicago Bears football game and became an instant celebrity and ended up in show business.

OUI: It really happened just like that?

ANN MARIE: Just about. I hadn't been to a professional football game in years. I got up to get a Coke and some popcorn and the place went up for grabs. People stood up in the aisles, pointing and shouting and blocking the way to the food stand. All of a sudden everyone forgot about the game and I was the entertainment. Dick Butkus was quoted in some paper as saying that maybe it wasn't worth the seven bucks to see the Bears play, but it certainly was worth it to see the monsters of the midway.

OUI: How did you get out of there?

ANN MARIE: You know, it's funny, but as I'd walk forward into these hordes of people, they'd all fall back, as if I were royalty or something. Very strange. Then Wally Phillips called and I went on his radio show. All my life people had been treating me as an entertainer, so I finally decided to become one. The Bears game was just the catalyst. I got myself an agent and an act and presto, here I am.

OUI: Where did you make your first night-club performance?

ANN MARIE: Dubuque, Iowa. That was a year and a half ago. Within a week, I was making more than any other exotic dancer, even though I never took all my clothes off. I've been all over the United States since then, with a couple of dates in Canada. This January, I'm supposed to go to Las Vegas for the first time.

OUI: Tell us about your show.

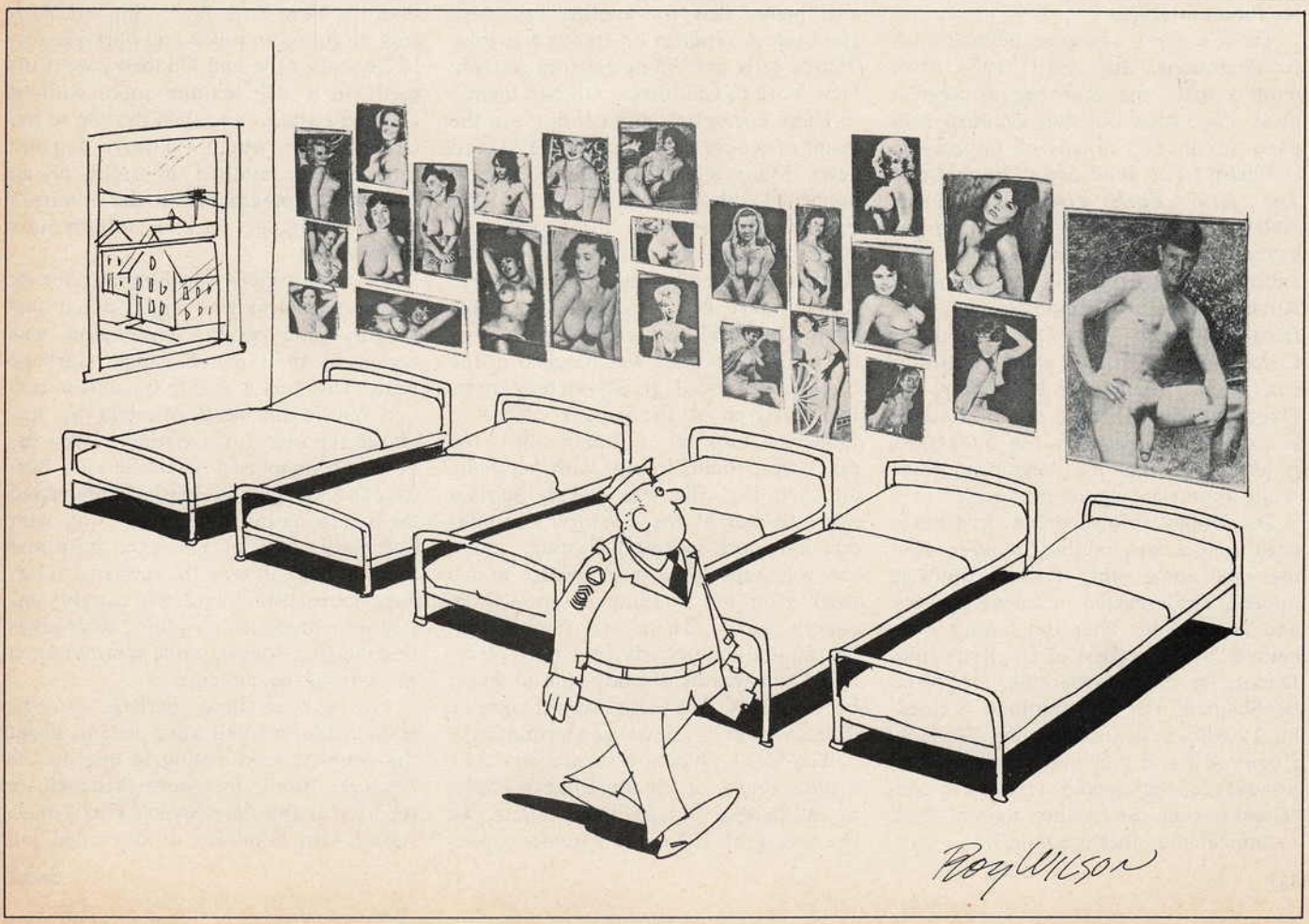
ANN MARIE: I like to think that I'm primarily a singer and comedienne. I strip a little and dance a little and sing a lot and make jokes. I like to involve the audience. It's a very clean show. Guys bring their wives, children, grandparents. People come to see my show who've never been in a night club before.

OUI: Where do you want to go from here?

ANN MARIE: I'd love to get into the movies or make records or both. I had a part in Russ Meyer's *Supervixens*. That was fun; he's a terrific person to work for. But I don't want to do any pornographic films. I've been offered a lot of those, and I turned them all down.

OUI: What's your ultimate dream?

ANN MARIE: This may sound corny, but I'd like to buy a farm in Texas and get married and have a passel of kids. I have so much love to give, but there are very few men who are willing to give as much in return, I've learned. I like to do nice things for the man I love. Sometimes I imagine being married and how I'd like to do a little dance for my husband, a striptease. One of these days that right man will come along. In the meantime, I'm waiting. ▣



EXCLUSIVE! AMAZING! INCREDIBLE! *The marriage of actress Sue Lyon to Gary Adamson, a convict serving a life term for murder, was arranged by editor Alan Markfield.*

(Continued from page 120) its credibility problem. The *Enquirer* has verification mania, even to cross-examining God. "Have your prayers been answered? Tell the *Enquirer* and win $50—include full details so our reporters can verify the information." Everything is checked, rechecked and cross checked. "Backup," they call it. Pope's solution has been to use doctors, one of the few groups left in society that has managed to maintain some semblance of credibility. Reporting a story is like having a consultation. At least three opinions are required, preferably more. Reporters may have to call 35 doctors before they can find three who will support the story, but when the paper quotes a doctor as saying that licorice causes dizziness, fainting spells, palpitations and swollen ankles, you can be reasonably certain that that particular doctor said that licorice causes dizziness, etc.

Inevitably, certain doctors want to be paid for their opinions. The going rate is usually $50, unless it is someone with a runaway best seller; they can command as much as $250. These are *Enquirer* figures. The *Star*, says editor Ray Kerrison, "has never paid a doctor a fee for an interview."

The *Enquirer* has gone beyond such considerations. In April 1974 (two months after the *Star* began publication), Pope took out two identical full-page ads in two organs of impeccable credibility, *The Wall Street Journal* and *The New York Times*, headlined: "WHAT LEADING SCIENTISTS, DOCTORS, PSYCHIATRISTS AND EDUCATORS LIKE ABOUT THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER." Among the 26 testimonials was one from Dr. Rene Jules Dubos, Pulitzer Prize–winning author and professor emeritus at Rockefeller University. Dr. Dubos was "delighted to see the *Enquirer*'s circulation recently top 3,000,000. It just shows that the American people really appreciate a good product."

Dr. Dubos, it turned out, had never even seen a copy of the *Enquirer*. Neither had some other doctors similarly quoted. They reacted by hiring lawyers, and two months later the *Enquirer* recanted "at the request of Dr. Rene Jules Dubos, Dr. E. J. Lieberman, Dr. Natalie Shainess and Dr. Edmund Sonnenblick, who have notified the *National Enquirer* that if they had been consulted in advance, they would never have consented to such use [of their names], both on ethical and other grounds."

Undaunted, the *Enquirer* spends $10,000,000 a year to gather the news. (*The Washington Post* has an annual news budget of $14,600,000.) For Aristotle Onassis' funeral, the paper spent approximately $50,000 to blitz Greece with an armada of 21 reporters and photographers who leaned out of helicopters and boats to shoot odd angles and even managed to get a limousine into the funeral cortege. The campaign was successful. The paper had stories for weeks afterward and circulation spurted to 5,000,000.

The top eight *Enquirer* editors earn from $48,000 to over $100,000. Writers start at $30,000 and reporters begin at $30,000. Raises come rapidly for those who stick. Not many do. The *Enquirer*'s personnel turnover is stupefying. There are few rewards besides the money. To work for the *Enquirer* is to become an expert on airport amenities and motel decor. One reporter was sent around the world for four months to find Utopia; he filed 20 stories, not one of which was published. A photographer flew to Tahiti with instructions to "photograph paradise." He flew for two days, took the pictures and phoned back, asking, "What should I do now?" "Come back," was the answer. He got on the next plane, flew for another two days and quit. A reporter on tryout was told, "Three girls are riding horseback from New York to California: Go find them."

These energetic tours of duty are the result of a very creative attitude toward news. Many stories would never have happened without the good offices of the *Enquirer*. For instance, the marriage of actress Sue Lyon to Gary Adamson, a convict serving a life imprisonment term for murder, was arranged by editor Alan Markfield—who even gave away the bride. The story was handled in the *Enquirer*'s typical greedy-secrecy style. Lyon arrived at the paper's offices in Lantana, Florida, a small town ten miles from Palm Beach, with her baby and her dog. She was quickly spirited away to one of the *Enquirer*'s numerous hide-outs in south Florida, where she was kept for a week before and a week after the wedding to protect the paper's scoop. There are rumors that the nuptials almost did not take place; that Lyon was paid a tidy sum to warm her cold feet. But these are just rumors. The marriage has since been terminated.

The Lyon adventure turned out to be a dress rehearsal for the Russian caper, a full-fledged international affair. In the spring of 1975, the *Enquirer* sponsored the U. S. reunion of Admiral Jackson R. Tate and Viktoriya Fyodorova, his child from a World War Two love affair with a Russian actress. No other tabloid has duplicated this daring feat. And if the truth were known, the *Enquirer* was not exactly responsible for pulling it off, either.

The credit for the Tate-Fyodorova reunion belongs to Dr. Irina Kirk, a journalist and professor at the University of Connecticut, who met Viktoriya and her mother in Moscow in 1959. Dr. Kirk, who has acted as a go-between in other Russian emigrations, and authored a book called *Profiles in Russian Resistance*, later helped to locate Admiral Tate and to arrange for stories in the Western press detailing his separation plight. Viktoriya—like her mother, an actress—became an embarrassing *cause célèbre* that the Russians had to do something about.

The *Enquirer* entered the picture after Viktoriya had obtained her visa and a ticket on the weekly Moscow–New York flight. In the most effective working of *détente* yet, Henry Gris, the paper's Russian-speaking wandering editor, had Viktoriya's ticket changed to a Brussels flight that left a day earlier than the New York flight. She left Moscow disguised in a wig and dark glasses; in Brussels, Gris and Viktoriya went directly to a VIP waiting room without clearing customs and then flew on to the United States, where Viktoriya and her father were reunited in front of an *Enquirer* photographer at the admiral's home in Orange Park, a suburb near Jacksonville.

The credit given the *Enquirer* for its humanitarianism was wiped out a few months later when Washington was rocked by the Great Kissinger Garbage Raid. This was a daring maneuver carried out in the dead of night by *Enquirer* reporter Jay Gourley, under the nose of a nonplused Secret Service. Surrounded by agents, Gourley flummoxed them into letting him drive away with five plastic bags of Kissinger trash and then sat back to reap the rewards. "Garbage journalism," said the haughty establishment media, wrinkling their noses in collective disgust, while scrambling to get a list of the contents.

For a brief time, garbage became fashionable. A small wave of raids swept the country, culminating in one on the *Enquirer* itself by Steve Mitchell, a reporter at the *Palm Beach Post-Times*. Along with hundreds of discarded job

applications (the *Enquirer* had just cleaned out its personnel files), Mitchell found a memo from Pope instructing reporters to "help" the people they interview to frame their answers.

According to the canons of the establishment media, making off with someone's garbage isn't a very classy thing to do and helping a source to frame an answer is unethical journalism. But style and levels of taste influence such judgments. The truth is that the establishment press operates in similar ways. Everyone listens to experts, but the establishment experts are not the tabloids' experts: One has psychics and astrologers; the other has sociologists and economists. One believes the mythology of Billy Graham; the other believes the mythology of Freud. One's self-help is crude and simplistic; the other's is cloaked in the pretentious mumbo jumbo of Esalen, Arica and est.

Tabloids have done some important stories, but their nonestablishment taste and style have prevented them from being taken seriously. The *Tattler* once did a lot of solid investigative reporting: an exposé of Fort Knox's missing gold and the food-stamp program, as well as stories on worthless contact lenses and defective hearing aids that must have been informative to its readers. A USDA investigator came to the office after the food-stamp story; Congressmen requested more information on an energy-crisis story. But while such scandals may arouse momentary interest, the long-run success is limited: Like their readers, the papers have little influence. "They came to Fort Knox to laugh," a *Tattler* editor told me. Nothing really changed; nobody really cared—it was the *Tattler*, after all. Now the *Tattler* is gone.

The *Tattler* had been foundering since its last owner, Drew Herbert, acquired it in March 1976, in a transaction that inspired its previous owners to sue him. A nonjournalist, the 46-year-old Herbert arrived at the paper's Chicago offices by way of owning various discount stores, supermarkets and the Kroger chain.

In its last days, the *Tattler* operated with a drastically cut staff, publishing sporadically and then with old material. A heart-warming story of how Ricardo Montalban kept his marriage together by prayer showed up in the *Tattler* a few weeks after it appeared in the *Star*. The paper ran an ancient story on Sophia Loren's divorce Italian-style and reran its Fort Knox story twice. The end came suddenly. According to a staffer, one day Herbert appeared in the office, told everyone he was moving to California and closed the shop.

Where Herbert faltered, the *Star*'s Rupert Murdoch is succeeding. Murdoch is a 44-year-old native Australian who moved first to England and finally, in 1974, to the United States. Murdoch began his American ventures by buying the *San Antonio News* and the *Sunday Express-News* and boosting the readership of both.

"They're the latest thing in natural birth control: They cause an instant headache."

Murdoch has a history of successful circulation building, characterized by an English journalist as "lowering the quality of . . . journalism for profits." While the Calvinist Murdoch is said to blush over dirty jokes, he nonetheless thinks that pictures of nude girls are "cheerful," not salacious and never indecent. Indecency to him is "four-letter words" and "double-page spreads of pubic hair."

Murdoch, the son of a dame and a peer (his father, Sir Keith, was an outstanding Australian newspaperman), and a graduate of Oxford, today owns more than 100 papers, including 12 metropolitan dailies and three Sunday papers. He also shares in various television stations, an Australian book-publishing firm, and women's magazines. Only one of Murdoch's papers is first class: *The Australian*, the country's prestige daily, which Murdoch built from nothing.

In England, Murdoch's properties are "the popular papers," not the "prestige papers." He owns the London *News of the World*, whose 6,000,000 circulation is the highest of any English-language paper. He is sensitive about his colonial origins. "There are all those elitist snobs. They don't like an Australian coming here," he told an English reporter. In San Antonio, he got the same objections from Texas' elitist snobs.

In the first year of the *Star*, Murdoch spent $5,500,000 on advertising alone. At first, it was just another Murdoch mishmash, so cluttered that a reader didn't know where to look first. Early stories were about killer bees moving up from South America (but not due until 1990 or so), killer water (i.e., asbestos-lined pipes through which the water traveled), killer baby cribs and killer bananas ("Five people were knocked out when they were clobbered by seven tons of flying bananas in Japan recently.").

Gradually Murdoch's *Star* evolved from an imitation of the London *Sun* to an imitation of the *Enquirer* to something more sophisticated (probably because of its young readers). The *Star* is more choosey than the *Enquirer* about which UFO stories it will publish, and its medical stories are more plausible. But these are minor differences between the competitors.

Distribution is the key to success in

EXCLUSIVE! AMAZING! INCREDIBLE! *As arbitrary as a baron ruling his fief, Pope dominates the* Enquirer *like a godfather. Secretaries have been fired for spilling coffee.*

the supermarket-media business, getting your racks and papers into the store. It is a very aggressive, cutthroat business. The *Enquirer* is sold in every supermarket chain across the country, with a squad of 186 full-time and 677 part-time field men making sure the paper is in its racks. Drew Herbert says that when the *Star* was moving into the Buffalo area, bundles of his *Tattler*s mysteriously disappeared, but the *Star* was there to fill the empty racks. No one at the *Star* is admitting anything. "When papers are not selling, publishers can always invent reasons. Circulation managers dream up most of these things for lack of sales," opines a *Star* executive vice-president.

If there is going to be a circulation war, the *Star*, with 1,500,000, still has a distance to go to top the *Enquirer*'s 4,800,000. Meanwhile, Gene Pope is reaching for 20,000,000. Pope, who is 49 years old, backed into the newspaper business by way of MIT, where he received an engineering degree, and the CIA, where he worked on propaganda. The bureaucracy bored him and he was not the sort of man to sit around waiting to be told what to do. He selects every story that goes into the *Enquirer* and determines the opinions he wants his readers to hold. Pope once told a reporter to make a massive survey of police chiefs in 25 cities to prove that violence on television was making their jobs harder; unfortunately, the police chiefs were unable to oblige, and the project was killed.

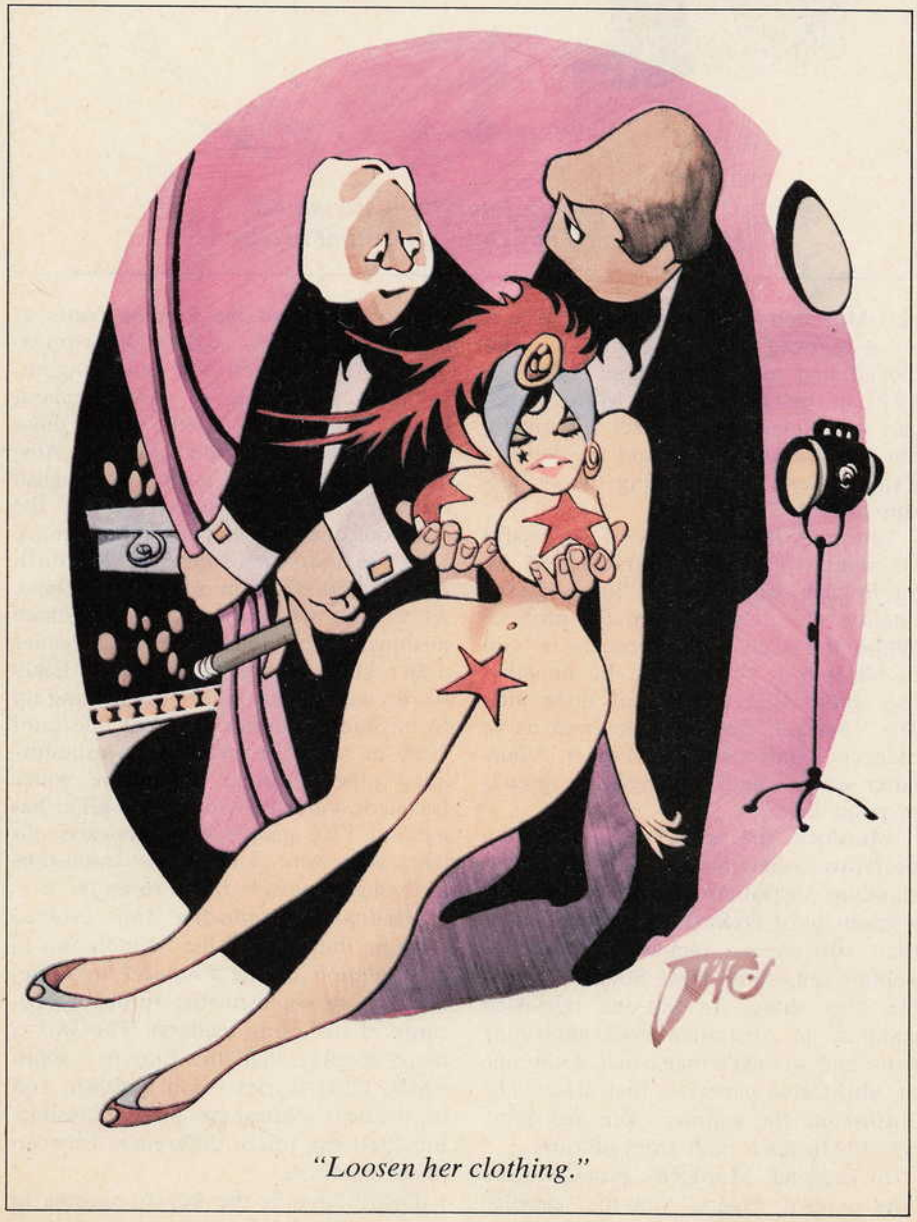
Some of Pope's decisions are enigmatic. In the old days of the paper, he vetoed a story about two South American men who killed a third and threw him down a live volcano. "It happens every day," Pope explained. Perhaps it did in the circles he was moving in.

Pope dominates the *Enquirer* like a godfather. He is the smiling, happy, family man, mild-mannered, avuncular, in his built-to-order $500,000 ocean-front mansion where he lives with his second wife, a former night-club singer, and his five children. The *Enquirer* Christmas-tree ceremony is a local tourist attraction in Lantana, as is the tour of the gardens surrounding the *Enquirer* building. Pope dresses casually, coming to work in shirt sleeves and open collar, but his style is deceiving. The paper is his life and he is its law, as arbitrary as a baron ruling his fief. An atmosphere of energized fear pervades the *Enquirer*. Pope hires and fires left and right. Secretaries have been fired for spilling coffee and for not dressing properly. Editors compete frantically to get their weekly quota of published articles. If they don't, they're out. But there is a small group to whom Pope is loyal: the British, who were with him in the early gore days. Instead of firing one English reporter for incompetence, Pope demoted him from $90,000 to $40,000.

Gene Pope would like to influence the world. "Hopefully, at some time, we can become the champion of the public," he has said. "If I had 20,000,000 (circulation) now, I think I could stop the narcotics flow in this country."

A detailed plan—even a general plan—to achieve Pope's goals has not been presented, but something else is happening that may help circulation along and bring us closer to the day. Not too long ago an amazing story appeared in the *Enquirer*: The *National Enquirer* was being taught as a college course in the continuing-education program at Santa Barbara City College in California. The teachers—a lawyer and an ex-researcher for ABC-TV—liked the paper's message of hope. "I personally view the *Enquirer* as a vehicle of courage and moral uplift," said the lawyer. "I find the stories well written and well documented."

A student who was taking the course said, "Articles in most newspapers are dull. I find it hard to finish them. But with the *Enquirer*, before I know it, I've read the whole article." The world may not be ready, but Santa Barbara is. ▣



"Loosen her clothing."

MEN'S LIB *A group, it seems, is filled with erotic passion—even a group of men. I see why the tradition of women's consciousness-raising includes so much lesbian adventure.*

(Continued from page 44) of myself?"

It was Chuck's news at this session that got all of us the most involved. Chuck, 33 years old, married for 11 years, two children, separated for a time from his wife—during this time, he had his first affairs—is now happily, he says, back with his wife. They have a few problems. She is angry. She wants to be herself. Chuck comments that he has difficulty opening up to anybody. He is a WASP, not a Jew or an Italian. He expresses himself discreetly.

"Go on, go on," say the Jew and the Italian. "Get down to it."

"Well, my wife. Well, she, she wants to *initiate* sex."

Whoops of congratulation. Chuck looks blond and bewildered. I, Jew, for one—and I suspect also Pauli, Italian, for another—believe this is not the end of it, but in the meantime, everyone says, what's wrong with that? It's great if you finish dinner, 11 years of marriage, the kids are tucked in and her soft hand goes creeping up your thigh.

Well, no. He is the only one not enjoying this.

What's wrong?

Well, she wants control over her own body. Well, she wants the decision about sex to be hers. Well, that *macho* thing pisses her off.

Well, what's wrong?

Well.

She's initiating sex, isn't she?

Well, no, she wants control. She, she wants to initiate it, but she never does. What she really wants is to initiate non-sex, no sex, *no goddamn fucking at all.*

Whew!

He, this sweet, muscular, intelligent, young, blond, WASP engineer, has a purple, congestive heart-failure face. "She's mad. She won't. I try; she's dry. She's mad and stays mad for a week. Nothing!"

Pauli looks with narrowed eyes at that face that one wants to call blushing, but that looks more like heart failure. At first, I think Pauli will stroke him, sympathize with him. Instead he grins and says, "Does she let you play with yourself?" Grabbing his own balls and rubbing the bulge in his jeans, he asks emphatically, "Does she let you jack off?"

"I suppose," answers Chuck. "I never asked her."

"Well, then," Pauli purrs, "well, then, she's pretty good to you."

I'm with Pauli now. "She only wants to control her own body, right?" I ask.

"Yes."

Pauli shrieks: "*But she runs yours, too!*"

"Well, if I had an affair, that would hurt her too much."

Oh, God. We sneer. Because she's mad at men, mad at him, she says no sex for her and none for him. The group rolls up its collective noses into one big snootiness toward heaven.

"But I like her," Chuck says. "She's my best friend. Does marriage have to include—I mean, after eleven years and the kids and all?"

"Then, if you feel like it, why not have those noonsies, those mad, bad afternoons on the floor of your office?" prods Pauli.

He shakes his head like a wounded, intelligent, stupefied buffalo. "I couldn't do that."

Everyone is laughing and yelling and pushing at him. Oddly, instead of keeling over from a burst of anxiety-clogged capillaries, Chuck seems touched by our caring; some kind of moral sneeze has cleared his plumbing. "I brought it up because it wasn't settled in my mind," he says.

Silence.

As a parting shot, I suggest: "Why not just have that affair but not hurt her, not tell her about it. Pretend you're a Frenchman."

Fred matter-of-factly counters: "Why not have it with a man?"

"Huh?"

"Well, me,"—this hasn't come up before; we are about to quit for the day, but Fred continues—"me, sometimes I get bored with my wife, the kids get on my nerves, so what I like to do is a pay-toilet scene: boys."

How well we know/don't know one another. How structured are our lives. Time's up. With this little bombshell, we put our shoes back on, stand, stretch and say: "Next Wednesday; same place, same time."

At subsequent sessions, Chuck's battle went on. Fred's confession rambled. We looked at one another time after time and asked: "How do you feel tonight?"

I gazed at blank, muscular, good-looking, weary Chuck. I saw a healthy young man who asked us if sex is essential to a happy marriage. He wanted his wife to be right; he wanted his history to be validated; he wanted to be comforted in his distress, and we weren't doing it.

A group, it seems, is filled with erotic passion—even a group of men. I recognize group dynamics. Libido fuels our sarcasms, groans, laughs, whispers. No wonder I feel light and hungry afterward and have indulgent feelings even for Pauli, the man I ridicule, and cozy ones for the other sufferers. I see why the tradition of women's consciousness-raising includes so much lesbian adventure. Much of it represents mere fumbling, despair of the opposite and opposing sex, rage. Some of it must be a freeing of the pathways to ease and affection. As to me in my men's group, I even like myself a bit more.

Pauli had a good karma catered by Werner Erhard. He was authentically derived from every encounter—Zen, group, drug, nondrug therapy—to be found floating like the Goodyear advertising blimp in the air of California. His smile said, "I'm centered," and a puzzled look in his eyes asked, "What's centered?"

One session, Pauli, the man who usually called me mindfucker, came 20 minutes late, bustling about, swishing his bells and said, "OK, I'm ready."

Rage rose in me. I looked straight at him and inquired with my best bland, peaceful, smiling, affable hatred: "Why is it that the one who talks about mindfucking always comes in late, as if he's too busy to waste his time, but wants everyone else to waste theirs waiting for him? Could I have an answer to that?"

He was gulping.

"Please don't tell me it's because you're so powerful and I should stand away from the flame."

It felt nice. Hatred, as Professor Corey put it, is a desirable emotion, because without hatred, there is no joy in revenge.

Pauli finally spoke: "That's a high yoga, man, a high boogie. I enjoy you, Herb. I was with Werner the other weekend, a whole weekend with Werner, and he said I had the power, man. Man, you *give* me the power."

Sixties jive gives this fallen Catholic Kaiser-plan doctor with the earring in his ear the authentic power.

"Did you do est?" I asked him.

"Man, you're mindfucking again."

"Did you do est?"

"What does that have to do with it?"

"Did you do est?"

"Well, I spent a couple of weekends with Werner—you *mindfucker*."

"Uh-huh. Well, it would save some of the time you waste if you just said 'Yes.' I mean, if you have the power, you shouldn't be afraid of a simple yes answer."

"Let me lay a hang-up on you," said Pauli. "Man, I've got to deal with the low life. I'm tied to change and growth, that's my karma. The bosses don't hassle me so much, but my fellow wage slaves do, and then the bosses get involved and *they* hassle me. I got a good job. I'm

MEN'S LIB *I, too, felt outnumbered by the new couple, Fred and Pauli. Pauli explained that it happens in women's groups, too, and many of his lovers were feminists. "I'm a feminist, Pauli," Fred said.*

fucking good at it, so they can't fire me unless they moral turpentine me, but man, I ain't going to do nothing that harms me—no messing around illegally. I'm just going to toast on my own flame. I live a peaceful but warlike life. They can go fuck themselves."

Women were still not the main issue here. Pauli had set a tone of angst and anger, and the question of women was buried deep within other concerns—ambition, work, relations with other men, relations among us. Women often enter groups with the expectation of fretting over men and end with similar concerns. We had turned away from Chuck's problem.

Pauli looked at me and asked: "Are you a together person?"

I shrugged.

"Liar."

"I didn't say anything, Pauli."

"Yeah, but I can read your mind. In your head you just called me a mindfucker."

Goddamn if he can't read us—*sometimes*—not as often as he thinks he can, but sometimes. And nevertheless, for some reason that comes out of the intimacy of this abuse, of this sprawling male-abusive camaraderie, of this freeing of spite and aggression, I began to be fond of him. He had a way of keeping things moving and alive. We could play ball off him. And he had just been right about something and I respected him for that.

Pauli may have been hysterically confused and self-deluding. OK. But he was also, in his fashion, brave and smart. He didn't take as many chances as he thought he took, but he took some. "I like what you're selling," I said.

He threw his arms around me. Smell of male armpit soaking through his turtleneck and the shell necklace cutting into my cheek. "I'm also buying."

Breakthrough time!

Not on the lips, I prayed.

"Let's boogie. I get kind of mad at you sometimes, but I like your karma."

"Pauli, let's get you some men's consciousness-raising Berlitz training. This is *not* rock city. You are an M.D. and a board-certified shrink. We are grown-ups. I may die with a grammatical criticism on my lips, but so be it. English, friend, let's speak English."

"Hopefully," he said.

Rod called us to order. He knew that Pauli had something on his mind—OK? Our business today seemed finally to be the love among the sexes. As they say in the health magazines about almost any disease, (a) it is not easily detected in the earlier stages, and (b) the onset is often dramatic and painful. Love.

"I don't fall in love, man," Pauli said. "The love is in me. When you realize that, you're home free. The arrogance is in me, too, but I like it that way. Listen, I want it the hard way. I paid my dues. When my first wife left me, I stared at the wall for a year. No, nine months. But then I met Laurie. And it was great. And then it unraveled, and I met Jennie, and I realized that I felt the same way. Me to her, zap! Love. There it is. Couples are a sociology. Politics. The child trip. Marriage. But love is in *me*. It's all mine. So then I met Stanley." Pregnant silence. "And just last week, I met, really *met* Fred."

Wha?

"Which doesn't mean that I don't really get my rocks off more with women," he added.

"Which doesn't mean I don't still have my wife and kids, that's my main thing," said Fred.

They gazed tenderly at each other. It was love between these two, not sociology. The love that was in them stained all of us. They beamed.

Chuck said, "I've been thinking about a vasectomy."

Rod said, "I'm tired. I don't think I'm out of touch. I'm here. I'm centered. But I feel kind of sleepy."

I, too, felt outnumbered by the new couple, Fred and Pauli. This had not been part of the plan. Well, if it happened, it happened; and, Pauli explained, it happens in women's groups, too, and many of his best lovers were feminists.

"I'm a feminist, Pauli," Fred said.

•

At the next session, Pauli cried, "Do you love me? I want to be accepted for what I am, not this, not that, but me!"

Rod said quietly, "Well, I accept you, but your aggressiveness sometimes——"

"I'm not a cafeteria where you can take this and not that. I'm whole, or I'm nothing! I'm something!"

Rod shrugged.

"Look, I'm into my yangness. I love Freddie over there." Fred was now

"I just took care of the postman for Christmas."

wearing an earring in his left ear. "He does his gig, softly, sweetly."

Fred whispered, "But I wish I had some of your power, Pauli."

Pauli burped. He had a habit of swallowing air. "I'm not arrogant. I'm *me*. If you perceive me as threatening, that's your problem. I'm me. You're you. I can't stand piggism, sexism, racism, or elitism in any form."

"I can't stand jargonism," I said.

"Man, you are a mindfucker."

Back to square one.

After a long pause, smells of anxiety and feet, Chuck said to Rod, "Where are you today? I don't feel you."

"I'm fine. My sinus. Just coming off some heavy antihistamine is all."

Chuck somehow brought up the matter of children and this led Pauli into talking about his vasectomy. Sex had never been better. You're not laying a trip on the lady, he said. She doesn't have to take responsibility; you do. You tell her up front you're not into babies. Zero population, blah, blah, blah.

Fred looked away, toward a pile of paisley pillows, when Pauli talked about such things. If he was embarrassed, he showed it by blankness. Or maybe he just felt blank.

"Well, if I don't stay with my wife," said Chuck, "I might meet a girl and we might——"

"Man, sex is never better. I had mine," said Pauli, "at the beginning of this awful decade, man, and it saved the Seventies for me. Man, it doesn't reduce your sex drive, it just turns it around and——"

"I know, I know the physiology of it."

"If you have any doubts, then don't do it."

"I have some doubts."

"Well, I'm telling you where I stand."

"Are we statistics?" I asked. "If we're into natural human relations, this 2.8 kids is just bullshit. How about my brothers who don't have kids? Do I get their quotas?" Without waiting for a response, I became distracted by the single earring Fred was now wearing. I asked him: "What does it mean?"

"It symbolizes that I'm different, a gypsy. It reminds me that I'm not like everyone else. I do my own thing."

"Anything else?"

Pauli and Fred, who were seeing each other outside, gave each other a long look. Pauli saluted me marine style. We were supposed to tell the truth here. And yet I was a mindfucker who only deserved loving putdowns. "It symbolizes," he answered.

"Uh-huh. Well, some places, I've been told it——"

"Yeah, OK, I'm bisexual, I'm gay, I mostly dig my wife and kids, but OK."

Pauli, smiling, tanned, loose-limbed, hate-filled, stood up and snapped another marine salute at me.

"I'm a violent man," said Pauli. "Do you know how close you are to getting a paste in the mouth?"

I said, "I know how close I am," and waited.

Nothing.

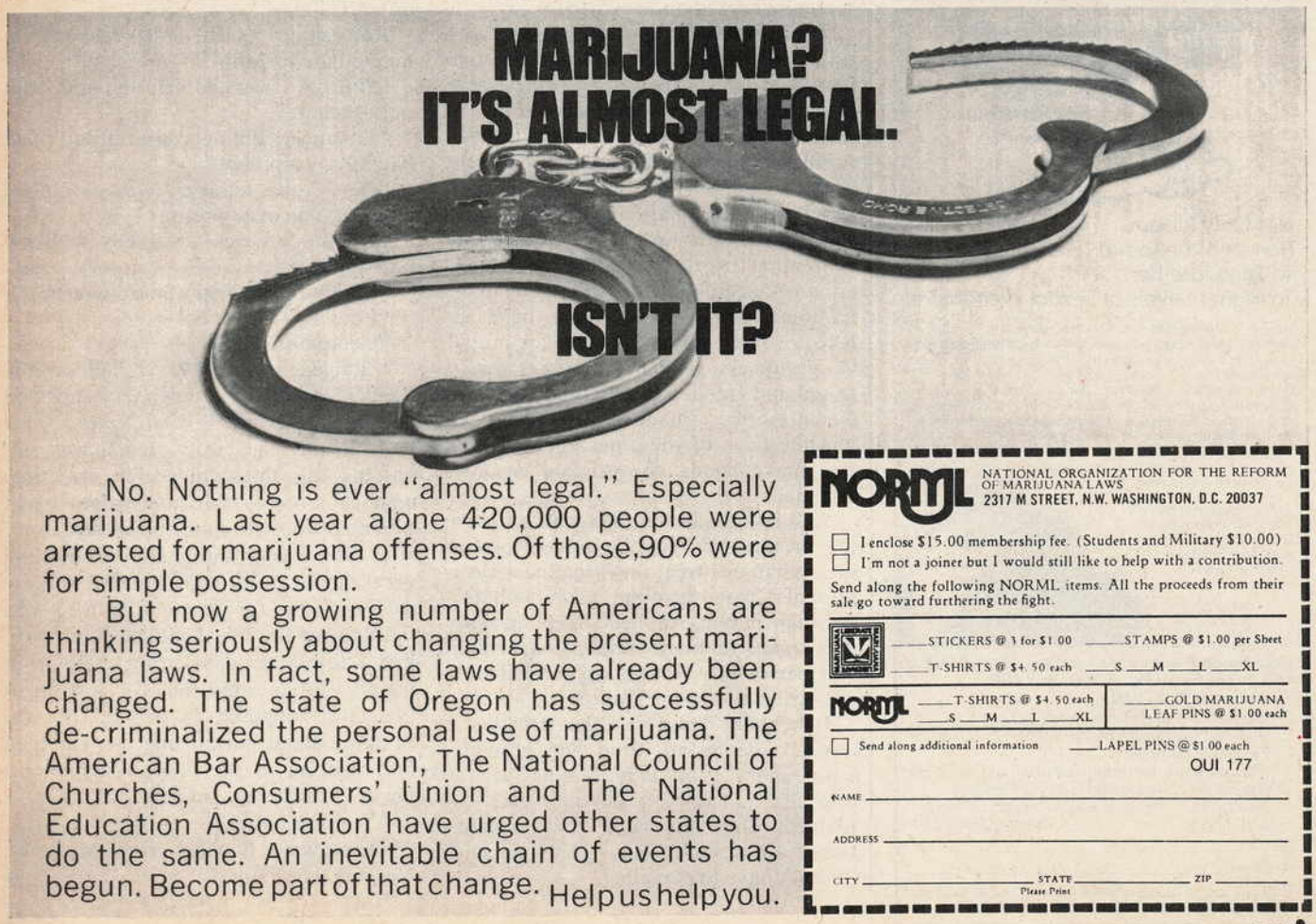
Rod spoke in a droning voice. "This has been a good session. We got some shit out. Yes. I think they want to close up the church, so see you next time."

As we left, I wanted to say to Chuck, "That Pauli, he——" but Chuck's cool eye caught me and I felt troubled at carrying resentment out of the room in which we wrangled/made friendships: We had no right to gossip outside the sweaty place of confession and support. (I take precautions to guard the identities of my fellow confessors.)

We nag and fuss at one another before beginning the real business. "Do you have to smoke?" "Do you need to stick your bare feet under our noses?" "Why do you always pull back, and then make us repeat what we said—are you deaf?"

"I guess I should sit closer."

We huddle. And I guess this nagging and fussing is a part of our business together. I wait for the matter of women and sexuality to come powerfully forward in this group that seems to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MEN'S LIB *I slapped the woolen foam-rubber bludgeon against the floor a few times. It felt ridiculous.*

imitate women's consciousness-raising in order to deal with traditional masculine issues of money, jobs, ambition, rivalry, power. Are we afraid of dying, is that why we don't manage age and disappearance? Are we afraid of women?

I'll wait and see if it really comes up.

The philosopher Henryk Stefanski—already this sounds serious—has pointed out that we are all creatures of manifold appetite. Food, water, sex, power, praise; oh, give me comfort. We differ in the proportions of our desires. Some yearn mainly for food; others for power; others for sex. "The saints among us hunger for grace." Few, however, belong in that category; most of us mix and match. But what manner of man, what manner of society, produces men whose great passion is to get along with other men in a way sketched out for them by women? "Men have a lot of trouble relating responsibly to each other," says Dr. Bernie Zilbergeld (it's what women have said about women), "so please return my call."

If you hold a mirror to the nostrils of the encounter movement of the Sixties, you will notice after a moment that the glass fogs. The corpse lives. And here, in that Unitarian room, it snorted, reared, wheezed and cavorted.

The preoccupations with self, with role, with grievance, with group solidarity at the expense of other allegiances, which has provided some of the comedy of feminist consciousness-raising, seems to be a part of adjustment to the encounter process. We males took to whining, complaining, bragging, harassing each other exactly as women and communal livers have done in similar circumstances. This doesn't seem to be feminine behavior, as some have alleged; it seems to be the behavior proper to groupness. When consciousness is raised and freed, it is raised and freed in the prescribed manner. The liberated join the flock of the other liberated; the free make bonds; the original becomes fashion.

And let me now confess where I leave the group: My privacy is precious to me. What this treat and treatment do is to make what is mine yours, what is personal public. Implied is a philosophy about soul (a mere index of yearning) and personality (the index of inefficiency), which leaves me chilled.

It happened one day that I came in anxious, depressed, tired and grieving. I was angry at my lady. She had let me down. I had let her down. I had explained. She had said, "No explanations." I had said, "Why?" She had said, "I don't have to explain."

Round and round we went, and where we came out, we didn't come out. The message my sleepless clutching of the sheets sent me was: *I can't handle it.*

And so, half-amused by finding myself in a group, I played the game. I told, in detail, about me, about her, about us. I watched glowing-eyed Pauli, happy with my discomfort; Rod, sleepy; Fred, thinking about himself; Chuck, sturdy and sad and checking me out against himself.

A lot of words.

And then Rod got up, left the room, and came back with a slapstick, made in Venice, California, and said, "Depression is blocked anger. Get it out. Here, it helps to pound. Hit. Hit the floor. Hit the pillow. Hit me."

I picked up the padded, thuggish, nonsense weapon and said, "This is called a slapstick. It makes people feel funny onstage when someone——"

"Naming it! Words! Mindfucker!" Pauli, of course. "Come on, man, hit it."

I slapped the woolen foam-rubber bludgeon against the floor a few times. It felt ridiculous. "This is ridiculous. I don't feel like it," I said.

"Do it, goddamn it. We're wasting our time with all this mindfucking talk of yours."

Rod said, "Herb must feel you're manipulative, Pauli."

"Shit no! I want to help the goddamn mindfucker."

"I'm angry. I'm depressed. I don't feel like hitting a pillow."

"Hey," said Chuck, "why don't we wrestle? You ever wrestle?"

"Not since I was a kid. Oh, with my kids some."

"Let's wrestle. You want to wrestle?"

"I don't——"

"Come on!"

I lunged at him. We rolled on the floor. I held his head down. He squirmed and flipped over. I tried to press his body to the rug. He twisted. I was embracing this thick, muscular, sweating, engineer's body—this man whom I had pitied so when he spoke of his sex-angry wife. He was grunting and whooshing great moans. I started to laugh, but there was no time for it, no breath. I was fighting for my life. I pinned him twice, but I think he was letting me. Or at least I was so angry that I was stronger than I'm supposed to be and he was thinking about not hurting me. I pinned him panting to the floor. I tapped his back. "You can get up now."

"You feel better?"

Tears were flowing from my eyes. Yes, me too, Pauli. ▣

ANIMALS SPEAK OUT *"Purring is a happy sound for gorillas."*

(Continued from page 80) which she started to open.

"No, Koko!" Patterson said, signing. "No. That's for later. Later food. Don't you tell me to be quiet, Koko! You can't eat that now. Be good, Koko.

"She has the same trouble as human children," Patterson explained. "She knows there's cake in there and she wants that cake now. But we're teaching her future and past ideas. First we're working on later. She already knows now and we're working on tomorrow and yesterday. It takes children a long time to understand those concepts, too."

Koko came over and stared at us for a moment, then reached out and took the hand of my photographer, Juneau. Very gently. She leaned closer, puckered her lips and began blowing kisses. Juneau bent down and kissed her in return, then Koko took both her hands and put them under her own armpits.

"Pretty Koko, oh you're so pretty and good!" Juneau cooed.

Koko growled softly.

"She's purring," Patterson said. "That's a happy sound for gorillas. It tells you they're feeling very good about things. 'Yes, Koko glad,'" she interpreted. "Good Koko," she signed.

As a student in Paris, even though I knew some book French, I was totally unprepared for the rapid-fire speech of the streets. For a month, I walked around bewildered and unable to understand people who spoke to me. It was the only time I ever felt utterly and completely stupid and it gave me an instant compassion for all the immigrants who had landed at Ellis Island. Today, for the second time, I felt that same stupid feeling as Patterson and Koko signed away to each other while I had to wait for a translation to know what was going on.

"How do you say hello in Ameslan?" I asked Patterson, eager to reach Koko.

"The way you normally do, by waving your hand."

I called Koko's name and waved. Koko stared and reached out for my hand. Her grip was strong, the palms surprisingly soft—warm but not wet. I waved again with my left hand.

"Say hello, Koko," I demanded.

"She won't," Patterson said. "She signs only to people who sign to her. People who don't know how and use only speech she'll generally just hug, kiss and hold hands with. She knows I've got to interpret everything she signs, so she just won't bother. With people who can sign but not very

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fluently, she'll sign back slowly and patiently as if she's dealing with someone who isn't very bright—which is the way she sees it. When she was younger, she signed to cats and dogs and anything else she met until she learned that people are the only creatures that sign back—and only certain people, at that. If you don't know how to sign, she kisses and hugs you to let you know she likes you, to reassure you.

"She loves to kiss. We kiss goodnight all the time and whenever she wants to bribe me to do something, she'll give me a peck on the cheek. She knows what a sucker I am for that."

Koko is very socialized, is toilet trained and enjoys playing with her own pets, which include a rabbit, fish and mice. It is sometimes suggested that talking apes discuss nothing beyond their own pressing body needs. I asked Patterson about that.

"It's just not true," she said. "Koko and I talk about all kinds of things. We discuss the pets sometimes and I teach her about difficult abstract ideas like life and birth. One day the mother mouse had babies and I said to her:

" 'Look, Koko! Mice, mice!'

"She looked at them, gave me a puzzled look and flashed back: 'Pigs, pigs.'

"With their hairless little bodies, they looked more like baby pigs to her than like baby mice."

Like most of the researchers in this new field of study, Patterson works on a shoestring budget and holds her breath for fear that the project will end abruptly for lack of money. At this moment, the San Francisco Zoo, which owns Koko, is threatening to take her away unless Patterson can replace her at the zoo with another gorilla. The going gorilla price tag is about $15,000. Patterson and a few friends have established The Gorilla Foundation, at 1790 Broadway in Oakland, hoping to raise the sum.

"We'd like to start a family with Koko and I'd like to spend my life with her. Perhaps we could get the Government to give us a bit of land where we could start a colony. There's a real threat that gorillas may be wiped out in the wild during the next ten or twenty years. Poachers are getting them because they bring big prices from zoos. The natives eat them in many places and use their internal organs in magic ceremonies. Also, the sex ratio is bad; there are many more males than females. And finally there's indirect killing—when the gorillas' land is taken away, where do they go? What do they eat? It's like with the Indians whose reservations are disappearing.

"Sooner or later, African governments say that they need the food more than they need gorillas. Then it's goodbye, gorillas. It's a hard thing to convince those nations that gorillas are a very valuable asset."

•

The gorilla is the largest of the four species that together are called the great apes. These apes—which also include orangutans, chimpanzees and gibbons—are man's closest relatives and are believed to share a common ancestor with man. Understanding how apes think, feel and communicate is vital to man's understanding of his own development. Researchers have been trying to make contact with apes for almost 100 years but the early attempts all seemed to bolster the belief that language was a skill unique to man.

In 1916, Dr. William H. Furness tried to teach English to a young orangutan. Dr. Furness was a physician and anthropologist who wrote several definitive books on primitive societies. He had problems because no primate other than man uses its lips and tongue to make sounds. After years of infinite patience, he succeeded in getting the orang to utter two words—poppa and cup. Suddenly the ape took sick, and as she was dying of flu in her bed, she plaintively called for water by repeating "Cup, cup, cup."

In the early Thirties, an expert in neural conditioning, Dr. Winthrop Kellogg, raised a female chimpanzee he called Gua along with his own infant son. A professor of experimental psychology at Florida State University, Dr. Kellogg, with his wife, Luella, treated the chimp exactly like a human child in every respect, scolding her when she was naughty, praising and encouraging her when she did as she was told. By the time Gua was 16 months old, she understood 100 English words and could carry out simple instructions—but she never once tried to speak on her own.

In the Forties, a research psychologist at the Yerkes Laboratories of Primate Biology in Florida was given a chimp to raise as a human. Dr. Keith Hayes and his wife, Cathy, named the ape Viki and worked with her for three years. Though she learned to understand well over 100 words, Viki struggled to speak just four—momma, poppa, up and the ever-present cup. The Hayeses wrote a book about their experiences—*Ape in Our House*—and recorded some of the experiment on film.

But it wasn't until the early Sixties that major advances in animal-human communications were made. Dr. R. Allen Gardner, a professor of behavioral psychology at the University of Nevada, Reno, and his wife, Beatrice, a psychology lecturer at the same school and an expert in the study of insect behavior, watched the films of Viki the chimp. They were struck by an odd paradox. Though the chimp was obviously having a desperate time speaking her four little words, her hands seemed fluent and expressive. Each clumsy attempt to speak was accompanied by a graceful, eloquent gesture. The Gardners concluded that the problem was not so much in Viki's brain as in her mouth.

Most anthropologists agree that the first human language was probably a system of signs, with speech developing much later. Adriaan Kortlandt, a Dutch researcher, reported that chimps in the wild make submissive gestures to one another much like our hat tipping, while pioneer primatologist Robert Yerkes suggested around 1925 that a gestural language might be the key to communicating with apes.

But it wasn't until 1966, when Allen and Beatrice Gardner were awarded some grant money, that anyone was able to test this theory. They bought an eight-month-old African chimp, named her Washoe and began teaching her Ameslan. Washoe took to her studies eagerly, and by the time she was seven years old, she could sign 175 words and understand hundreds more. She asked for food, toys and social games, carried on extended conversations and even invented new words to cover strange objects or unfamiliar ideas.

Early critics of the project doubted whether the chimp used language in a meaningful way. No proof existed, they argued, that Washoe could understand words used abstractly. Perhaps she was not very different from the dog that fetches a ball or bone on command. Washoe's language instructor, Roger Fouts, a Ph.D. candidate at the University of Nevada at that time, set out to dispel these doubts. He went to the window of Washoe's house trailer, peered out at the gathering dusk and then went to the chimp. "Washoe," he signed, "there's a big black dog with big teeth outside, a dog that eats little chimps. Do you want to go outside now and play?"

Her response was like a child's to the

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ANIMALS SPEAK OUT *Apes have a highly developed sense of humor and enjoy playing pranks. One afternoon Fouts was carrying Washoe when, without warning, she pissed on him. She signed, "Funny."*

threat of a bogeyman. Her hair stood on end.

"Does Washoe want to go out?" Fouts repeated.

"No, no, no!" she signed, frantically shaking her head from side to side as she turned down an invitation to her favorite activity.

Of course, it was all a lie; there was no dog at all. So Washoe could have had no sensory clue—no scent, sight or sound—to provoke her terror. Fouts and the skeptics had their proof that chimps can indeed "see" merely by interpreting symbols.

Apes have a highly developed sense of humor and enjoy playing pranks. Like other practical jokers, however, their idea of what is funny may not always agree with their victims'. One afternoon Fouts was playing piggyback with Washoe, carrying her around the room, when, without warning, she pissed on him. He threw her off and gave her a dirty look.

Undaunted, she grinned and signed, "Funny, funny!"

"I didn't think it was so funny," Fouts recalled.

By 1970, the Gardners had completed their Washoe project and had plans for a new study in which infant chimps would be raised by deaf instructors who communicated by sign language only. With no possible signal confusion between human speech and gesture language, they theorized, fluency would come about fast. This project is still in its early stages but seems to be producing results.

The Gardners also agreed to let Washoe move to Oklahoma with the newly credentialed Dr. Fouts to join a colony of Ameslan-using chimps.

The Institute for Primate Studies in Norman, Oklahoma, is the brain child of Dr. William B. Lemmon, the clinical psychologist who built, populated and continues to manage it. It includes an "adult colony" complex for breeding and two man-made islands in the middle of a small lake where gibbons and young chimps live separately but within signing distance of one another amid miniforests and grassy plains. The institute exists for the study of ape behavior in social settings but Dr. Lemmon also hopes to contribute to the survival of chimpanzees at a time when they are gravely threatened in the wild.

"It's red with white trim and a little tasseled hat goes with it."

At the institute, Washoe has increased her vocabulary to 200 signs and Fouts is convinced that her limits are nowhere near being reached.

"She's still a youngster," he points out. "She can learn a new sign in a couple of minutes, but we don't push her. We're not so interested in giving her a big vocabulary as we are in seeing how she uses the signs she already knows."

Do chimps use much sign language with one another?

"It depends on the chimps. If they've been home reared and Ameslan is their first language, they use it readily. We've compared young chimps to young children, and one of the differences we've found is that with the chimps there's less eye contact. A lesser chimp doesn't want to look a stronger one straight in the eyes; that's aggressive."

Chimps readily use curse words just like humans. Several months after Washoe came to Oklahoma, she was put into a holding cage where she got upset. She grabbed the bars, rocked back and forth, hooted and screamed. Along with the tantrum, she ran off a series of signs that included one her handler did not recognize. She ran the back of her hand under her chin, followed by "Jack, give me drink."

When Jack asked another handler what the first sign meant, he learned it signified dirty—specifically being soiled by shit. Washoe was so indignant about being caged that she was taking it out on her keeper by insulting him with "Shitty Jack, give me drink!"

Fouts explains that chimps naturally learn to use the sign for dirty as a profanity, even though they have been taught only its literal meaning. However, they never use the sign for sex—to hug—as an expletive; it takes a lot of human repression to make that leap, it seems.

Until moving to Oklahoma, Washoe had never met another chimp and did not know she was one. When first introduced to the other chimps at the institute, she constantly referred to them as "those bugs." After a few weeks, though, she learned to enjoy the other chimps and even to teach them Ameslan.

The institute runs a program in which chimps are raised in foster homes, in

order to make comparisons with the social development of humans. A female named Lucy was adopted when she was just a day old by a family of Norman psychotherapists, Dr. Maurice Temerlin and his wife, Jane, who raised the chimp alongside their own son. The experiment was described in Maurice Temerlin's book *Lucy: Growing Up Human*.

The Temerlins always refer to Lucy as daughter or sister and include her in all family outings, shopping trips and vacations. She has the run of the house and she enjoys sipping wine and cocktails during the late afternoon happy hour. Whenever she gets smashed, she poses in front of the mirror making crazy faces and guffawing to exhaustion.

Fouts began Lucy's Ameslan lessons at her home in 1970, when Lucy was four. Like other chimps raised by humans, Lucy was able to learn signs much faster than those in the colony where Ameslan is in competition with the natural calls and gestures of the species. Lucy now signs more than 100 words and can understand hundreds more. When she runs into something new, she usually invents a sign for it.

The first time she bit into a radish, she spit it out in disgust and signed "Cry hurt food!" When she tried an onion, she called it "cry food," and after enjoying a bit of watermelon she named it "candy fruit," which is what she calls it to this day. When she was almost full grown, her parents put her on a leash to keep her from running away during short walks near the house. Lucy soon invented a sign for the leash, a crooked finger held to her neck. Now whenever she wants to go for a walk, she just flashes the crooked-finger sign.

Ameslan-using chimps sign to themselves all the time, to express feelings or thoughts much as we talk to ourselves. When they need to make a panic rush for their potty chair or the bathroom, for example, they flash "Hurry, hurry" as they scamper.

One day while Fouts was giving Lucy her language lesson, Jane Temerlin left the house and got into her car. Lucy ran to the window and watched sadly as her mother drove away; and as she stared at the car disappearing from sight she signed, "Cry me; me cry."

"She wasn't signing for my benefit," Fouts explained. "She was just commenting to herself that she feels bad when her mother leaves the house."

Last August, Washoe had a baby, but complications arose, and the baby died. Those attending the chimp reported that Washoe wept profusely and tried to make the infant respond to her by making the Ameslan sign for "baby."

Like human children—or adults, for that matter—chimps use language to avoid being blamed for something they shouldn't have done. A few minutes before a language lesson, Lucy dropped a pile of turds on the living-room carpet. As soon as Fouts spotted the mess, he confronted her.

"What's that?" he signed and pointed.

"Lucy not know," she replied.

"You do know. What is that?"

"Dirty dirty."

"Whose dirty dirty?"

"Sue's!" [Sue is a graduate student.]

"It's not Sue's. Whose is it?"

"Roger's!"

"No, it's not Roger's. Whose is it?"

"Lucy's dirty dirty. Sorry Lucy."

And she looked truly contrite.

"Sometimes Lucy will put people on," Fouts said. "She'll make wrong signs and you know damn well she's just trying to annoy. She does this a lot with the new grad students, and when they insist that she give them the right sign, say for a flower or a toy, she'll just stick out her tongue and laugh at them. Children do that, too. It's a way of testing a relationship."

Most of the apes raised in a human environment enjoy looking at magazines. Maurice Temerlin reports that Lucy ignores TV but regularly leafs through magazines such as *Time*, *Newsweek*, *National Geographic* and, during those special sexed-up days each month, *Playgirl*. While in heat, she studies the photos of naked men and gets more and more excited. She stares at the penis making "good food" sounds, a low guttural "uh-uh-uh." She strokes the penis with her finger, turns to the next nude layout and does the same. But when she reaches the centerfold she opens it out, positions her own genitals over the photo and rubs and bounces back and forth until her passion is satisfied. Occasionally, Temerlin notes, she gets a little kinky and pees directly on the penis, after which she loses interest in the magazine.

When strange men visit the house during heat days, she leaps onto them and rubs her loins against their chest or arms. Significantly, she does not behave sexually with either her foster father or her brother, only with outside males. This is another piece of evidence that the incest taboo is widespread instinctually among primates. Noted authority on chimpanzee behavior Jane Goodall reports that even in the wild, maturing males leave the tribe and seek new groups in which to work out their sexual drives.

However, when chimps get angry,

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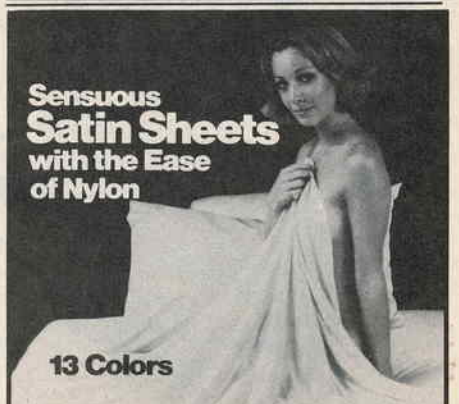

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An expert tells you how to get back in shape!

Our files show that thousands of men want to get back in shape, but don't know how to go about it. We decided to ask an expert, Mike Fretault, leading fitness authority. Here are his answers.

Q. How can I get back in shape?

A. There is only one answer to that: get more exercise.

Q. Won't sports do the trick?

A. Sure, sports are great, provided you practice a "complete" sport like jogging, swimming or rowing a few hours every week. Unfortunately, most men don't have the time or energy for that.

Q. How about calisthenics?

A. Also very good, but even a beginner's program should comprise at least 200 to 300 repetitions. Most men find calisthenics tiring and boring and give up after a few workouts.

Q. Isn't there an easier way?

A. There is one outstanding home training method I use and recommend. It's fast, it's easy and it keeps you interested because during every workout you actually see your strength increasing on the built-in Powermeter gauge.

Q. What's it called?

A. Bullworker® training. It's based on Isometric techniques which have been proven to increase strength three times faster than conventional methods.

Q. How long does it take?

A. The introductory "get back in shape" program requires only 70 seconds of exercise per day. The complete advanced training program takes about 5 minutes.

Q. What kind of results can I expect?

A. After 2 or 3 weeks of introductory training, most men can see an increase in strength of around 10% and measure an extra inch or two of muscle on their shoulders, chest, biceps–and an inch or two less flab around the waist.

Q. But it's hard work, isn't it?

A. Absolutely not. Most men between 15 and 65 in good general health can run through the full program without getting tired. Bullworker training is progressive so you perform better each time, yet the training always seems easy to you.

Q. What can I expect from continued training?

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it's bad news, because even a 90-pound ape is four times stronger than most men. Late one afternoon, during a language session, Lucy's parents entered the room. That put Roger Fouts at the bottom of the primate pecking order and Lucy rushed at him, grabbed his arm and nipped. Fouts sensed the growing ferocity behind her attack and, when she ran back to the hallway to gain momentum, then charged at him screaming, he signaled desperately: "Make a sign!"

Lucy stopped in her tracks.

"Tickle Lucy!" she demanded.

"Who tickle?"

"Roger tickle Lucy."

"Ask politely."

"Please Roger tickle Lucy."

Her emotion just burned away. Having to use language took the steam out of her, proving Freud's contention that without language, we would still be clubbing one another from tree branches.

People who work closely with the great apes on language training soon realize that the differences between apes and humans are not very significant.

"Maybe in a month or two it starts coming to you," Fouts muses. "You walk in there with that big man/animal dichotomy in your head and soon the differences start looking gray and after a while even the gray goes away."

In talks with researchers, problems of money come up time and time again. Projects are either being held back or are in danger of being stopped because relatively small sums of money are wanting. The great national foundations and Government agencies that dole out grants for the most absurd projects suddenly become niggardly when it comes to funding studies for talking to animals. After all, animals don't pay taxes, fight wars or vote in elections. So who cares what they may have to teach us about life on our planet and how we might possibly preserve it?

As we get to know our animal friends a little better, we see that humans are losing elements of their essential uniqueness in the mammalian scheme of things. Man is no longer the only language-using animal; nor is he the only tool-making animal. As these definitions of humanness become obsolete, the inclination for us to distinguish between ourselves and other animals should diminish. The realization that we are all animals of varying capabilities might prove to be a more helpful and productive sensibility than we have ever had before. ▣

DANCING CLASS
Further Fashion Information

Bet you can't wait to change out of your mule-skinner chic and into something sleek that will be a credit to your dancing feet. We've put all our denim into cold storage to make room for all this stuff, and we think that we have become better persons for it. You can be a better person, too. Here's how and where.

Pages 70 and 71: Mike's vest, pants and shirt at Whitehouse & Hardy, Chicago; Kent Shop, Dallas; Alandales, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Tie at Marshall Field, Chicago; Bonwit Teller, New York; Wilkes Brashford, San Francisco. Shoes at Robert Vance, Ltd., Chicago; Cromwell, Houston; Gary's & Co., Los Angeles; McDuffee Shoes, New York. Anita's jump suit at Kamali, Ltd., shops in Beverly Hills and New York. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. All of the girls' jewelry is available at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bonwit Teller, New York; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Dominique's skirt at Kamali, Ltd., shops in Beverly Hills and New York. Blouse at Fashion Studio, Miami; Henri Bendel, New York; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. Shoes at Lilly Bleu, Los Angeles; Sharon Bovaird, Inc., New York; Cyrk & Company, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Donald's tuxedo, shirt and tie at Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Bloomingdale's, New York; Britches of Georgetown, Washington, D.C. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. Billy's skirt at Bottega Glaseia, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston; Frank Murphy's, Minneapolis; Bloomingdale's, New York. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. Papo's vest and pants at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; May Company, Los Angeles; B. Altman, New York. Shoes at Capezio shops nationwide.

Pages 72 and 73: Papo's jacket and pants at Le Dernier Cri, Beverly Hills; Camels Hump, in Harvard Square, Cambridge, Massachusetts; Bachelor Quarter's, Chicago; Le Mans, New York. Shirt at Marshall Field, Chicago; Bonwit Teller, New York; Wilkes Brashford, San Francisco. Tie at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York. Shoes at Bally of Switzerland shops in Beverly Hills, Chicago, Houston and New York. Rita's dress at Fred Leighton in New York. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. Mike's suit at Marshall Field, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; May Company, Los Angeles; B. Altman, New York. Shirt at Wilkes Brashford, Beverly Hills; Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bloomingdale's, New York. Papo's jacket at Wilkes Brashford, Beverly Hills; Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bloomingdale's, New York. Pants at Woolf Brothers, Kansas City; Bloomingdale's, New York; Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh; I. Magnin, San Francisco. Shoes at Robert Vance, Ltd., Chicago; Cromwell, Houston; Gary's & Co., Los Angeles; McDuffee Shoes, New York. Donald's suit at Lytton's, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Burdines, Miami. Billy's dress and jacket at Fashion Studio, Miami; Henri Bendel, New York; Joseph Magnin, San Francisco. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco.

Pages 74 and 75: Papo's vest and pants at Whitehouse & Hardy, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Shirt at Bamberger's, Newark; Macy's, New York. Shoes at Bally of Switzerland shops in Beverly Hills, Chicago, Houston and New York. Anita's skirt at I. Miller, Atlanta; Bloomingdale's, New York; London Bridges, San Francisco. Blouse at 801 Madison Ltd., New York. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. Rita's dress at Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Bergdorf Goodman, New York. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. Mike's suit at Marshall Field, Chicago; Raleighs, Washington, D.C. Tie at Marshall Field, Chicago; Bonwit Teller, New York; Wilkes Brashford, San Francisco. Shirt at Joseph Magnin, Beverly Hills; Lytle Pressley, Columbia, South Carolina; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Paul Stuart, Inc., New York. Shoes at Wilkes Brashford, Beverly Hills; Brittany Ltd., Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Bloomingdale's, New York. Denny's jacket and pants at Morry's, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas; Jerry Magnin, Los Angeles; Bonwit Teller, New York. Shirt at I. Magnin, Chicago; Sakowitz, Houston; May Company, Los Angeles; Lord & Taylor, New York. Tie at Marshall Field, Chicago; Bonwit Teller, New York; Wilkes Brashford, San Francisco. Shoes at Bally of Switzerland shops in Beverly Hills, Chicago, Houston and New York. Billy's top and pants at Kamali, Ltd., shops in Beverly Hills and New York. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. Anita's dress at Madam B's, Boston; National Clothing Fashions, Chicago; Eva Corporation, Monroeville, Pennsylvania; Hudson Smitty's, New York. Shoes at Charles Jourdan shops in Beverly Hills, New York and San Francisco. Dominique's dress at Madam B's, Boston; National Clothing Fashions, Chicago; Eva Corporation, Monroeville, Pennsylvania; Hudson Smitty's, New York. Shoes at Lilly Bleu, Los Angeles; Sharon Bovaird, Inc., New York; Cyrk & Company, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. ▣

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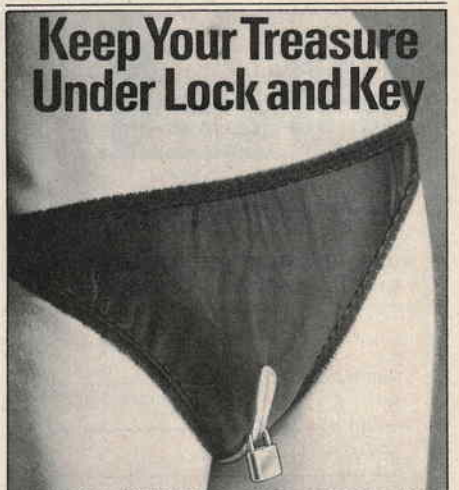

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(Continued from page 28) fuck film was lousy, but it seemed to get better as the tequila fuzzed over our eyeballs. After the main feature, there was a half hour of coming attractions. Those highlights were a great deal more exciting than the feature, in much the same way that sports highlights on the evening news are much more interesting than watching entire games.

Sue stared at the screen in rapt attention. I drew her close to me and ran my hands lightly over her breasts. Her nipples stiffened instantly. Sue's left hand moved onto my leg and she moved it up to my crotch without taking her eyes from the figures on the screen. For the next ten minutes we continued to feel up each other's body. I could tell that Sue was getting hotter and hotter because she kept squirming around in her seat. She was wearing a wrap-around skirt, which I pushed up, and I massaged her pussy through the thin nylon of her panties. They were sopping wet from her juices. Sue leaned over and whispered urgently, "Let's go home."

We got up and walked down the aisle, but at the last row of seats, I stopped and sat down again. "Sit on me," I said. Sue took off her panties as I unzipped my jeans and let my dick spring out. She turned around so she was facing the screen and straddled my legs. Then she sat down and my stiff cock slid into her easily. Sue rested her elbows on the seat in front of her and began rocking up and down. I scrunched down in the seat to make the angle easier for deep penetration.

I have never seen Sue so steamed up as she was that night. Over her shoulder, I saw a close-up of a three-foot cunt being jackhammered by an enormous dong. All of a sudden the man drew out and sprayed great gobs of come in slow motion across the girl's body. I remember wondering why the guy always had to pull out and then I felt Sue squeeze my cock with all the force she could muster. She reached down and tickled my balls, which were hanging over the edge of the seat, and I felt myself explode within her. Sue let out a sigh of sexual relief, relaxed her muscles and hopped off. Then we went to my place and pretended we were making our own hard-core movie.

DAN C.
Oak Park, Illinois

My husband and I honeymooned in the Carribbean, and we once tried to make love in the sea. Bill sat down in about two feet of water and leaned back on his forearms. I gave him a hand job, but he had trouble keeping his penis hard in the cool water. Finally, I sat on him and managed to get his half-hard member into me, but it wasn't easy, because my own natural juices kept getting washed away by the salt water. I leaned forward and stuck my boobs in his face, but he soon complained that all he could taste was salt. So we gave up and went inside to take a shower. Now *that* was erotic; we rubbed ourselves all over with soap and then gave each other vertical body massages. Unfortunately, a tub is just too small for any decent fucking. Why don't they make standard tubs for two just as they make double beds?

MARILYN D.
Abilene, Texas

When I read the *Sex Tapes* about getting it on in strange places, I fondly remembered the old apple tree in my parents' back yard. The year I was a senior in high school, Leslie and I spent a lot of time in that apple tree; we always told my folks that we were going to check out Newton's third law of physics.

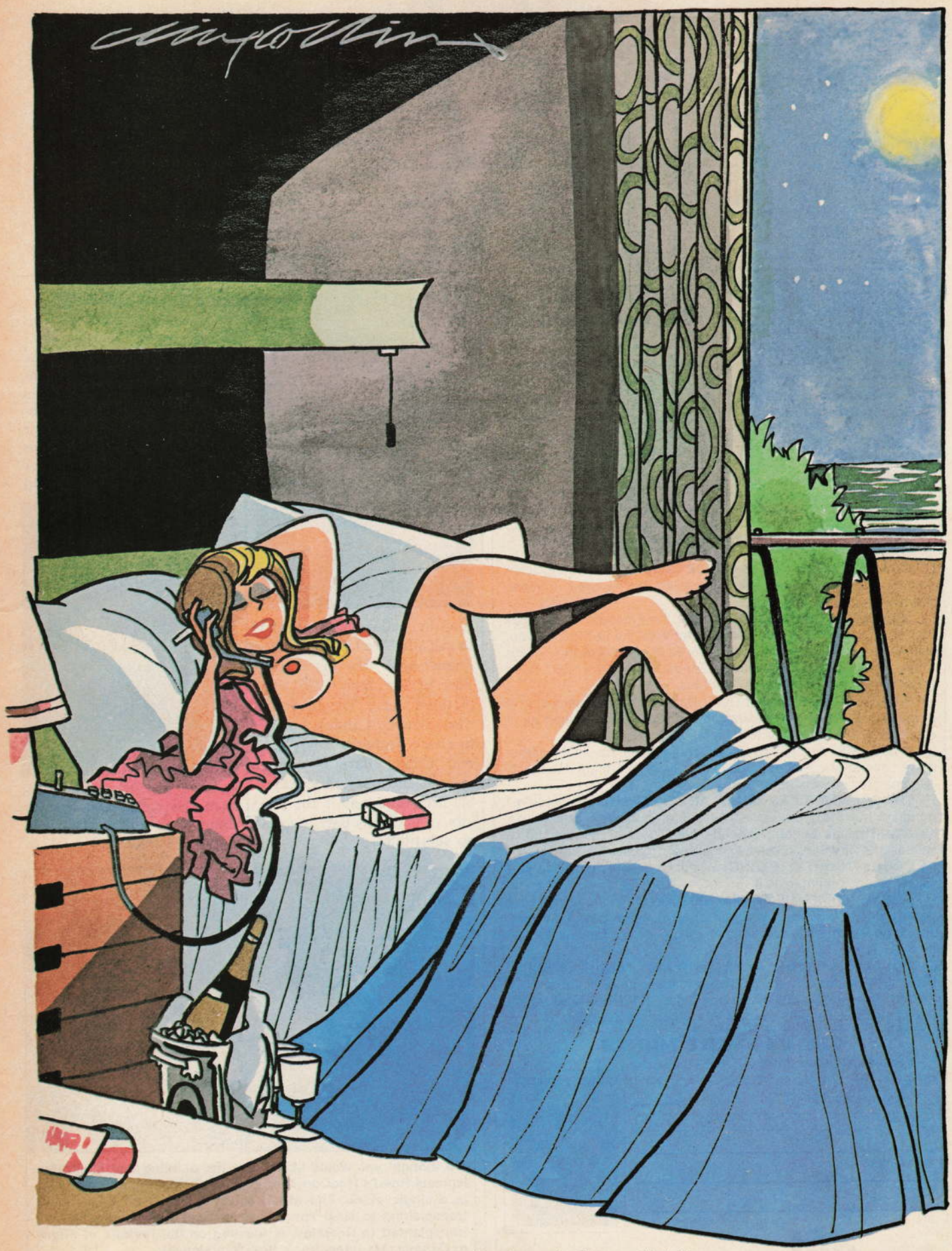
Most of the time Leslie and I just leaned up against the trunk and necked a lot, but one night Leslie got so hot that she pulled off her pants, climbed up on the first branch and dared me to go after her. The branch was only about four feet off the ground so I grabbed Leslie's feet and made her sit. To give her encouragement I nuzzled my face into her crotch. I was afraid to actually fuck her because I didn't want to get her pregnant, but her teasing was really getting to me, so I decided to drive her crazy with my tongue.

I put my hands on her fanny and pulled her bushy mound closer to my mouth. My tongue snaked out and I tickled her already distended clit. Leslie grabbed on to the branch above her to keep from falling out of the tree. It was late in the fall and a couple of apples came pummeling onto my back. I paid no attention and continued to massage Leslie's juicy pussy lips with my mouth and tongue until I felt her begin to tense and squirm uncontrollably.

I stopped for a while and then began the whole process over again. This time she got even hotter than before and it wasn't long before she went off into a huge spasm of an orgasm. She pulled so hard on the branch above her that what seemed like a ton of apples rained down on my back and neck. Ever since then, both Leslie and I have to smile every time one of us mentions the time she had a two-bushel orgasm.

CASEY L.
Ypsilanti, Michigan

Readers with similar or dissimilar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*



"This is room 251. Send up the house dick."

WE

Contributor flash: Philip Agee (*Inside the Company: CIA Diary*, Stonehill) and Steve Weissman (a former editor of *Ramparts*), the authors of this month's *The CIA in Europe*, are researching a new CIA book. Since we heard from Agee last (*CIA vs. USA*, OUI, September 1975), he made a first trip to Moscow and exposed the CIA in Jamaica.

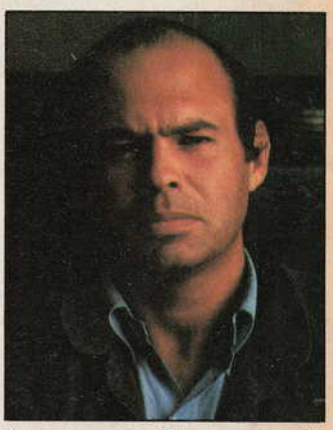
The real Candy revealed

Our good name and Candy Barr's have been sullied. The Florida State UPI wire recently ran a story about a wheelchair-ridden evangelist, one Carolyn Torbert, who claims to have been a hooker, a drug addict and a stripper under the name of—good God!—Candy Barr. Several

Florida readers have written to ask why the UPI's Torbert doesn't look like the Candy Barr of the June 1976 OUI, pictured above. The answer is this: The UPI didn't bother to check Torbert's story. The real Candy Barr is sweet, smooth and tasty. A delectable dish. The lady in the picture. OUI's Candy Barr. Accept no substitutes.

I Giacobetti

Since we last visited Francis Giacobetti on the June 1975 *We* page, our friend the French photographer has made a movie (*Emmanuelle II*) and taken lots of photographs. The ladies who appear in the Giaco portfolio in this issue were shot by him over the past several years. "Old



pictures are like postcards from the past," Giaco says. "Sometimes the past itches; I always scratch it."

COMING IN FEBRUARY OUI

☐ **CONVERSATION WITH GRACE SLICK:** San Francisco's madcap momma of rock, her spaceship still in orbit, touches down for a candid interview.

☐ **NAILING YOUR FILES:** Remember the Freedom of Information Act? It means that you can find out what the FBI has on you. But, as Robert Wieder discovers, the Feds can make the finding tough. Plus a list of what Jane Fonda, Jack Anderson, Allen Ginsberg and others found in their files.

☐ **MY LIFE AS A WOMAN:** David Dalton spends a semester in a charm school for transsexuals and discovers that, when all is said and done, it's easier to be a fella.

☐ **B MOVIES:** Hollywood never could have made it without those second-line features you see on very late night TV. Mitch Tuchman reviews the genre.

☐ **THE ALL-AMERICAN DEATH ANGEL:** Michael Reynolds reports on the most prolific mass murderer in recent American history—Thomas Eugene Creech—detailing his connections to satanists, delinquent bikers' gangs and organized crime.

☐ **CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING:** Where, how, in what guise and with what equipment to do it.

☐ **GREAT MOMENTS IN CIA HISTORY:** You've read about dope traffic, Chile and the stock piles of nerve gas. Now read about the less publicized doings of Washington's famous gentlemen adventurers.

☐ **CONFESSIONS OF A YEAR-ROUND TENNIS ADDICT:** Clifford Irving reports on his uncontrollable passion for a sport that he took up for fun—along with his girlfriend—and which ultimately took the place of sex and other important things.

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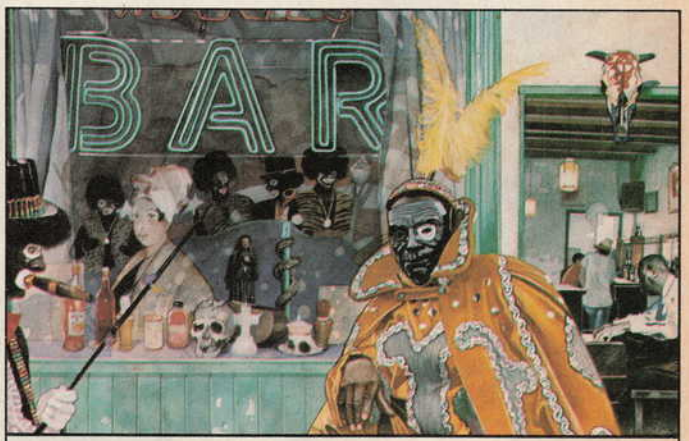
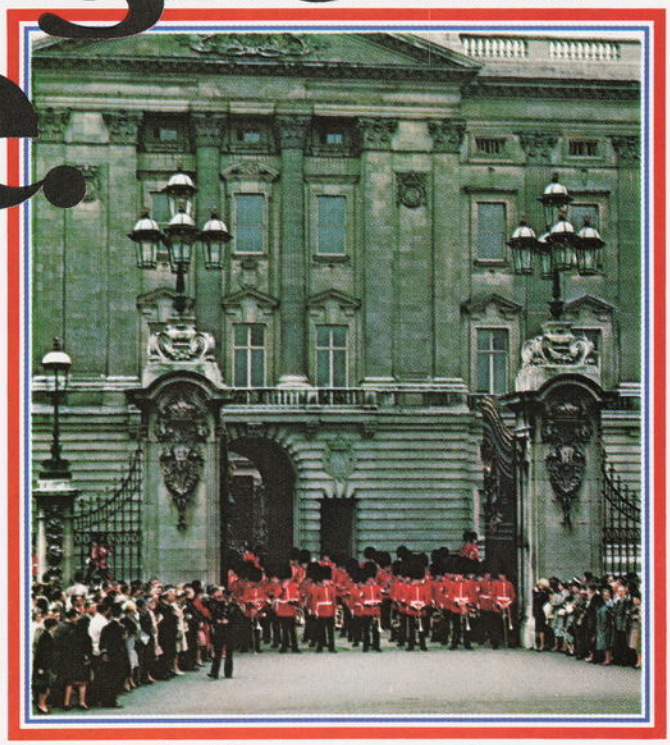


We thought you would like to see the painting that illustrates Ishmael Reed's *HooDoo That VooDoo*, beginning on page 124, in a single piece. The artist, Julian Allen, is an Englishman transplanted to New York. Novelist/poet Reed, a Southerner transplanted to Berkeley, is feasting on the reviews of *Flight to Canada*, his latest book (Random House).

Marantz plays Buckingham Palace.



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